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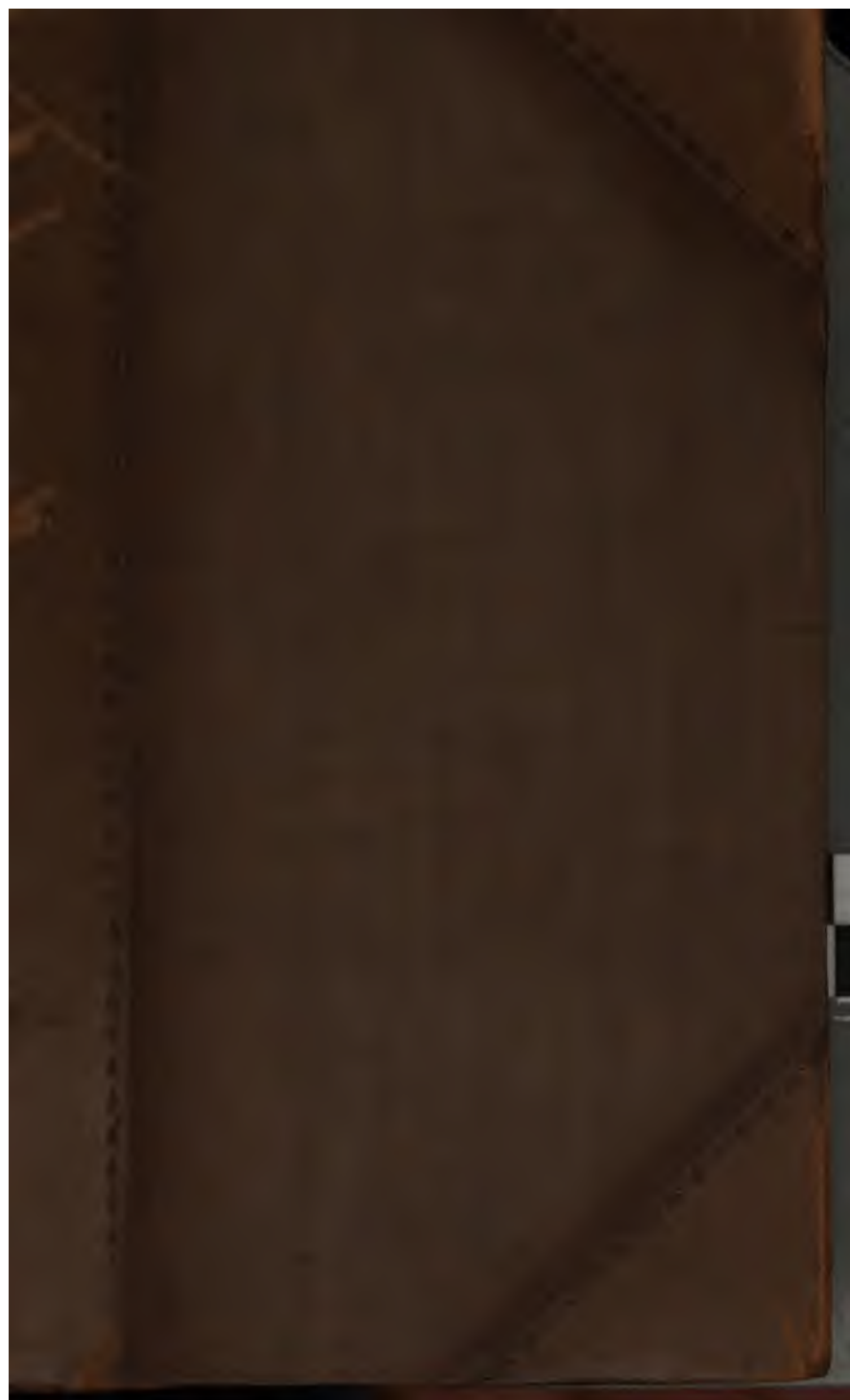
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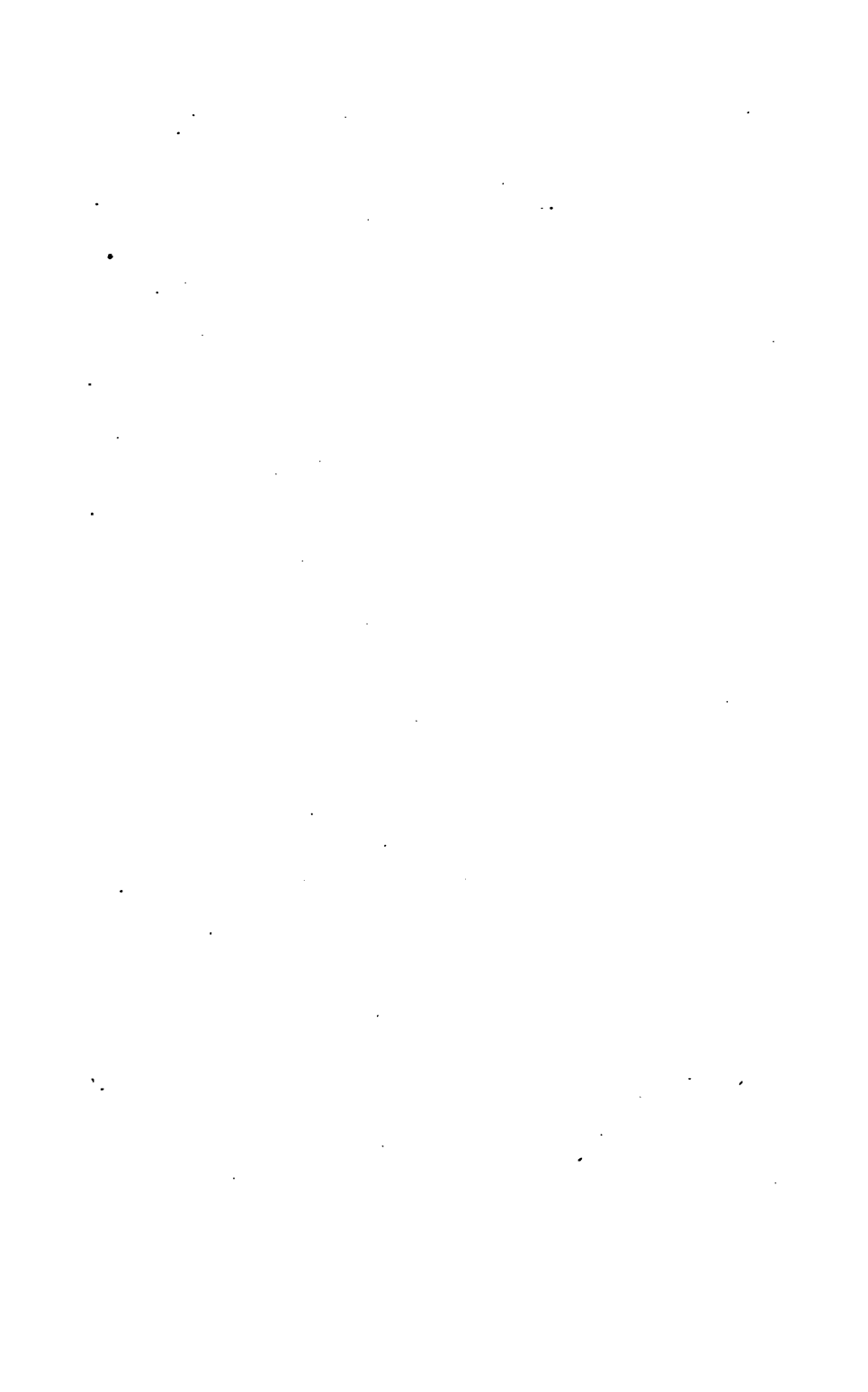
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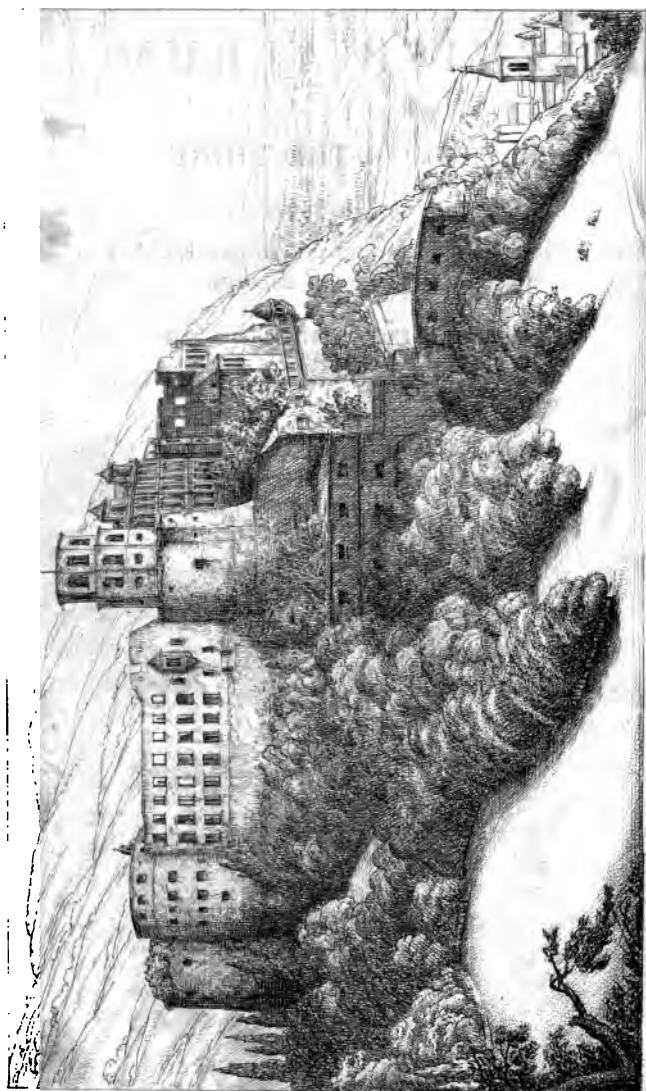












THE  
**RHENISH ALBUM;**

OR,  
**SCRAPS FROM THE RHINE:**

THE JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLING ARTIST  
THROUGH HOLLAND, UP THE RHINE TO STRASBURG, AND  
RETURNING THROUGH BELGIUM.

**With Notices of Public Edifices, Hotels, &c.**

TABLES OF EXPENSES, AND OTHER INFORMATION USEFUL TO THE  
TOURIST.

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WITH VIEWS AND A MAP.



"Vater Rhein."

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LONDON: LEIGH & SON, 421, STRAND.

1836.

358.

**LONDON :**  
**Printed by WILLIAM CLOWES and SONS,**  
**Stamford-Street.**

## THE AUTHOR'S HINT

TO A

LENIENT PUBLIC.

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A PREFACE is particularly required when the Author of a work feels it necessary to apologize for the result of his labours. With a suspicion of the weakness of his cause, he cannot permit himself to be ushered into the presence of so redoubtable a judge as the Public without due preparation.

The following Journal was not originally written for publication. It was the result of good spirits, occasional leisure, and a wish to preserve a few memoranda for the benefit and amusement of travelling friends.

Had the humble scratcher of these rough etchings conceived that his notes were to meet the eye



of criticism, he would have put his wits to school, and they should have appeared in print more worthy of competing for the prize of public favour. As it is, the blame of hasty descriptions and crude opinions must be attached to his friends—the Publishers; who, ever on the alert for the latest topographical information, requested the use of his unpretending “Rhenish Album.” It was in vain that he pleaded the shortness of the time devoted to the journey, and the consequent confusion in the arrangement of the information noted down. They insinuated with so much earnestness the claims of the Public on them, and their claims on him, that he consented at length to cross a few *t*-s and to dot a few *i*-s, in order to render the manuscript more agreeable to the printer, and a more fitting candidate for a summer season's approval.

The result of a hasty journey must necessarily be in many respects unsatisfactory; and it is unfortunately the characteristic of a personal narrative to abound with the obtrusive egotistical singular pronoun. All that is here treated of has been written about before, and the Author can readily

believe that his claim to novelty is consequently forfeited. He met with no romantic adventures, possessed no singular advantages, and made acquaintance with no remarkable people. He made no profound inquiries into the state of the various Constitutions, and obtained no startling information on abstruse subjects. He is, in fact, a very ordinary traveller, whose private labours have been introduced before their years of discretion into public society.

With this candid statement the Author trusts that the reader will be somewhat conciliated in favour of one who never yet offended in a literary capacity, never having hitherto been guilty of public writing. He trusts his little offspring will be found to possess few of the recognised evils of a great book, whatever may be the amount of its smaller offences. If he has dismissed many subjects abruptly, he has the authority of Molière for believing—

*“ Si notre esprit n'est pas sage à toutes les heures,*

*Les plus courtes erreurs sont toujours les meilleures.”*

He consequently launches his little pleasure-boat with diffidence, hoping that the more important steamer bound on the same course will not succeed in swamping so trifling a navigator, by the more imposing volume resulting from wheels within wheels.

READER—BE LENIENT!

## PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS.

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### THE WINES OF THE RHINE.

THE earliest vines planted on the banks of the Rhine were during the reign of the Emperor Probus, in the third century after Christ. It also appears by documents in the Convent of Lorsch, that during the eighth century the culture of the vine was a considerable branch of industry along the line of the Bergstrasse, the Strata Montana of the ancients. A tradition still accepted in the lower Rheingau asserts, that Charlemagne first introduced the Orleans grape into the vineyards of Rüdesheim.

The strong wine of the vineyards of the Valley of the Rhine is not produced beyond the Binger-loch, up to which point the course of the river is from east to west, by which the vineyards are exposed to a southerly aspect. The forms and even surface of the eastern hills also contribute to increase the heat of the valley. The north and east winds do not descend directly from the summits of these smooth mountains to the vineyards, but display their pernicious influence on vegetation on the opposite shore, where cultivation is consequently impeded. It also appears that the quality of the vine is materially developed in the mineral districts, and that a greater degree of maturity is attained in the schistous mountains of the Rheingau than in other portions of Germany.

The wine-growing district of the Rheingau is divided into an upper and a lower canton; the former comprising the villages situated on the heights along the forest, the latter consisting of those which extend along the stream in the valley. The more elevated vineyards profit most in warm years, and in temperate seasons the lower plantations produce the best grapes. The bold and stony soil of the mountain produces the roughest wines, and those best adapted for keeping: the lower hills, with warm and gravelly soils, afford the more spirituous and volatile wines, whilst the most wholesome are those which are reared on medium elevations, since the light and porous nature of the soil profits by the rain and dew. The lowest cantons generally produce less nutritious wines, the soil being damp and heavy; and the wine requiring to be kept a considerable time.

The principal cantons of the Rheingau for the produce of the vine are the following. *Assmannshausen*, which produces an excellent red wine. *Rüdesheim*, where on the principal mountain the Orleans grape yields a wine of the first quality; besides this, are the wines of *Rottland* and *Kinterhausen*, which are also of a high character. *Geissenheim*, on the Rodenberg, and the Capellengarten. *Johannisberg*, on the Schloss-berg, or hill on which the palace stands, a vineyard occupying upwards of sixty-three German acres, producing yearly twenty-five pipes of 1300 bottles each. There are besides this celebrated vineyard, those called *Drittel* and *Kirchspielweinberge*, but which are of an inferior quality. It having being discovered formerly that the Johannisberg wine was improved by a later vintage than had usually

taken place, the grape is now gathered fifteen days later than the other produce of the Rheingau. In moderate years a bottle of this wine costs from four to five florins, sometimes it fetches even double that sum. *Hattenheim*, which produces the celebrated Markebrunner wein. The vineyard of the ancient convent of *Eberbach*, the *Steinberg*. *Kidrich*, on the *Grafenberg*. *Rauenthal*, on the *Haupsberg*.

The other wines of the Rhine are on the left bank; those of Nierstein, Worms (the Liebfrauenmilch), Dieuheim, Laubenheim, Bacharach, Valley of Steeg, Mannebach, Diebach, and Oberwesel (Engehölle), and on the right, Hochheim, Wickert, and Kostheim.

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#### ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY OF THE RHINE.

THE Batavi occupied that portion of modern Holland which lies between the Rhine (*Rhenus*) at Leyden (*Lugdunum*), and the union of the Waal (*Vehalis*), the Maas (*Mosa*), and the Rhine beyond Arnheim (*Villa Arnoldi*). Then came the Gugerni, who were shut up between the Maas and the Rhine, and on the opposite bank the Usipii Sicambri, who were separated from the Catti by the river Luppia (*Lippe*), and who occupied the modern Guelderland. On the same side were the Catti, who inhabited the country between the Rhine, the Lippe, the Saale (*Sala*), and the Maine (*Moentis*, or *Mænus*). On the left bank were the Ubians, who peopled the territory as far as the Mosel (*Mosella*), whose

banks were occupied by the Treveri. The coast from Mayence (*Mogontiacum*) to Strasburg was in the possession of the Vangiones, the Nemetes, and the Triboci, while the opposite bank, now the Duchies of Baden and Darmstadt, was held by the Marcomanni, or the Alemanni, and nearly wholly covered by the Hercynian Forest. To the right and left, from Rotterdam to Strasburg, the two territories were respectively called Gallia and Germania. The people who inhabited the left bank were likewise called Germani, and those beyond were termed Belgæ, who occupied a vast tract of land between the possessions of the Atrabantes and the Eburones, and those of the Celtæ, or French.

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#### COUNTRIES THROUGH WHICH THE RHINE FLOWS.

- From Rotterdam to Emmerich, both sides, Kingdom of Holland.  
 „ Emmerich to Coblenz, left side, Kingdom of Prussia.  
 „ Ditto . . . Bingen, right side, ditto.  
 „ Coblenz to Mayence, left side, Duchy of Nassau.  
 „ Bingen to Mayence, right side, Duchy of Hesse Darmstadt.  
 „ Mayence to Worms, both sides, ditto.  
 „ Worms to the Lauter, right side, Rhenish Bavaria.  
 „ The Lauter to Strasburg and Basel, right side, Kingdom of France.  
 „ (Beyond) Worms to Basel, left side, Duchy of Baden.

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#### VALUE OF MONIES.

Without allowing myself to be puzzled more than was

necessary about the various monies, I always presented an English Sovereign in payment, and

Received at Coblenz for £2 . 13 thalers, 10 silver groschen.

Wiesbaden, 1 . 12 florins.

Frankfort, 1 . 11 florins, 48 kreuzers.

Carlsruhe, 1 . 11 ditto, 46 ditto.

Strasburg, 1 . 26 francs, 5 sols.

Three five-franc pieces = 7 florins.

DUTCH COINS.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Gold . 10 Guilder piece	17	6...5	Guilder piece	.8	9
Silver . 3 Guilder piece	5	3...1½	Ditto	.2	7½
1 Ditto	1	9...28	Stiver piece	.2	4
5 Stiver piece	5	5...2	Ditto	.2	2
			1 Ditto	.1	1
Copper . 1 Cent		½			
½ Ditto		¼			

PRUSSIA.

Cologne—In thalers, silber groschen and pfennings.

Thaler = 3s. 1d. English.

Gold ducat, 2½ thalers, or 30 silber groschen, or 360 pfennings.

Frederick, 5 thalers.

Mayence—In florins and kreuzers.

Gold—10-florin piece.

Louis d'or, 11 florins.

20-franc piece, 9 florins 30 kreuzers.

Silver—2 fl. 30 x<sup>r</sup> piece, four of which—7 florins. A thaler is

1 florin 45 kreuzers; six-kreuzer piece, 2 silber groschen.

GENERAL PRICES IN RHENISH GERMANY.

Beds, from 48 kreuzers to 1 florin.

Dinner, 48 do. . . 1 do.

Breakfast. .30 do. . . 40 kreuzers

Tea . . .30 do. . . 40 do.

Saloon, private, 5 francs a day.

Diligences from 6 to 10 silber groschen per German mile. 30 lbs.

to 40 lbs. luggage allowed.



PRICES OF WINES.

<i>Mosel Wines.</i>				thal.	sl.	gr.
1831	Pisporter	.	.	.	0	20
1831	Braunenberger	.	.	.	0	16
1827	Schwarzberger	.	.	.	1	10
1831	Ansbruck	.	.	.	1	10
<i>Rhine Wines.</i>						
1827	Niersteiner	.	.	.	0	24
1827	Rüdesheimer	.	.	.	1	5
1827	Steinwein	.	.	.	1	0
1831	Hochheimer	.	.	.	1	10
1831	Rüdesheimer	.	.	.	1	20
1831	Steinberger	.	.	.	1	25
	Ditto, Cabinet wein	.	.	.	5	0
<i>Ahr Wines.</i>						
1831	Ahrweiler	.	.	.	0	16
1831	Walportsheimer	.	.	.	0	20
1831	Ditto, Ansbruck	.	.	.	0	28
<i>Schloss Johannisberg Cabinet Wein.</i>						
1822	Roth Lack	.	.	.	3	20
1825	Ditto	.	.	.	2	15
	Port, 1806	.	.	.	2	0
	Champagne	.	.	.	2	0
	Madeira	.	.	.	1	15
	Bordeaux	.	.	.	0	26

The German post consists of two German miles, or three leagues, each mile being equal to  $4\frac{1}{2}$  English miles.

The ordinary distances are marked by stunden, or leagues, each stunden being half a German mile. It is however difficult to give an accurate account of German distances, especially of long and short stunden.

1 German mile = $4\frac{1}{2}$ English	6 German miles = $27\frac{1}{2}$ English.
4 do. . $18\frac{1}{2}$ do.	20 do. . 92 do.
5 do. . 23 do.	50 do. . 230 do.

## S T E A M E R S.

## STEAM CONVEYANCE TO ROTTERDAM,

*By the Batavier.*

PASSAGE MONEY.	State Cabin.	1st Cabin.	2nd Cabin.
From London to Nymegen . . .	£4 3 6	£3 2 8	£2 1 9
"    "    Cologne . . .	4 7 6	3 5 8	2 3 9
"    "    Coblentz . . .	4 17 10	3 13 4	2 9 0
"    "    Mayence . . .	5 8 0	4 1 0	2 14 0
"    "    Mannheim . . .	5 13 9	4 5 6	2 17 0
"    "    Schroeck . . .	5 19 7	4 9 9	2 19 10
"    "    Strasburg . . .	6 7 6	4 17 3	3 5 6

Fares from London to Rotterdam :—Chief Cabin, 3*l.*; Second Cabin, 2*l.*

\* \* State Cabins on Deck, particularly convenient, and adapted for Families, 4*l.*

Coach, 6*l.*; chariot, 5*l.*; small four-wheel ditto, 4*l.*; carriage, two-wheel, 3*l.* Horse, 6*l.*; Dog, 10*s.*; with a considerable reduction going up the Rhine.

Every information respecting her, and the passage up the Rhine, may be obtained of the Agent to the Company, Mr. W. May, 123, Fenchurch-street.

## GENERAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY.

## LONDON AND HAMBURGH.

*From off the Custom-House.*

WITH HIS MAJESTY'S MAIL.

Every Wednesday and Saturday morning.

*John Bull*, Capt. John Palmer Corbin.*City of Hamburgh*, Captain Henry Wittingham.*Columbine*, Capt. Robert S. Stranack.*William Jolliffe*, Capt. Alexander Downie.

Fares.—Chief Cabin, about 5*l.*; Fore Cabin, 4*l.*; Children under 10 years, half price. Four-wheel carriages, 10*l.*; two-wheel

ditto, 6*l.* 6*s.* Horses, 8*l.* 8*s.* Dogs, 1*l.* each. Freight, 1*s.* a cubic foot. Small packages, 7*s.* 6*d.* each, with 15 per cent. primage.

Agent in London, Mr. I. Norman, 1, Water-lane, Tower-street ;  
at Hamburg, M. C. E. Delaval.

### LONDON AND CALAIS,

*From off the Custom-House, or Tower.*

Calling off Margate, weather and tide permitting.

*To Calais*, every Sunday, Wednesday, and Saturday morning.

*From Calais*, every Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday evening.

*Belfast*, Capt. Joseph Middleton.

*Lord Melville*, Capt.

Fares.—Chief Cabin, 1*l.* 10*s.* ; Fore Cabin, 1*l.* ; Children under 10 years, half price. Four-wheel carriages, 4*l.* 4*s.* ; two-wheel ditto, 2*l.* 2*s.* Horses, 3*l.* 3*s.* Dogs, 5*s.* each. Freight, &c., 1*s.* a cubic foot. Small packages, 3*s.* each, and 15 per cent. primage. Parcels to and from Calais, 2*s.* 6*d.* each.

Agent in London, Mr. I. Norman, 1, Water-lane, Tower-street ;  
at Calais, Mr. Greenfield, broker ; Mr. C. de Rheims.

### LONDON AND BOULOGNE.

*From off the Custom-House or Tower.*

Calling off Margate and Ramsgate, weather and tide permitting.

*Harlequin*, Capt. James Corbin.

*Brockelbank*, Capt. John Middleton.

*From London*, every Tuesday, Friday, and Sunday mornings, returning every Sunday, Tuesday, and Wednesday night.

The Packet leaving London on Sunday carries merchandise, and brings merchandise from Boulogne on her return.

Fares.—Chief Cabin, 1*l.* 10*s.* ; Fore Cabin, 1*l.* ; Children under 10 years, half price. Four-wheel carriages, 4*l.* 4*s.* ; two-wheel ditto, 2*l.* 2*s.* Horses, 3*l.* 3*s.* Dogs, 5*s.* each. Freight the same as to Calais.

Agent in London, Mr. I. Norman, 1, Water-lane, Tower-street ;  
at Boulogne, Mr. Sievers.

**PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS.**

**XV**

**BRIGHTON AND DIEPPE.**

*Belfast, Captain Henry Cheesman.*

Every Wednesday and Saturday, returning every Monday and Thursday.

Fares.—Chief Cabin, 1*l.* 10*s.*; Fore Cabin, 1*l.*; Children under 10 years, half price. Carriages, 1*l.* 1*s.* per wheel. Horses, 3*l.* 3*s.* Dogs, 5*s.* Freight, 1*s.* a cubic foot. Small Packages by agreement.

Agent at Brighton, Mr. P. Black; Dieppe, Mr. Geo. Chapman.

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**LONDON AND ROTTERDAM.**

*From off the Custom-House or Tower.*

WITH HIS MAJESTY'S MAIL.

Every Wednesday and Saturday morning.

*Attwood, Capt. R. Stranack.*

*Britannia, Capt. Robert Stranack.*

*London Merchant, Capt. Isaac Mowll.*

*Ramona, Capt.*

*Sir Edward Banks, Capt. William Norwood.*

Fares.—Chief Cabin, 2*l.* 2*s.*; Fore Cabin, 1*l.* 15*s.*; Children under 10 years, half price. Coach, 6*l.*; chariot, 5*l.*; gig, 3*l.* Horses, 6*l.* Dogs, 10*s.* For freight apply to the agents. Small packages as per agreement. Primage, 15 cent. Fare to Cologne, 3*l.* 5*s.*; Mayence, &c. in proportion.

Agents in London, Messrs. De Bie and Rahn, 4, Crescent, Minories; at Rotterdam, Messrs. Smith and Co., and P. A. Van Es; at Cologne, Mr. Simonis.

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**LONDON AND ANTWERP.**

*From off the Custom-House or Tower.*

WITH A BAG OF LETTERS FROM THE POST-OFFICE.

*Attwood, Capt. William Morfee.*

*Tourist, Capt. Charles Berners Bridge.*

From London, every Sunday and Thursday morning, returning every Sunday and Wednesday.

Fares.—Chief Cabin, about 2*l.* 2*s.*; Fore Cabin, 1*l.* 15*s.*; Children under 10 years, half price. Coach, 6*l.*; chariot, 5*l.*; small

four-wheel ditto, 4*l*.; gig, 3*l*. Horses, 6*l*. Dogs, 10*s*. For freight apply to the agent. Small packages as per agreement. Primage, 15 per cent.

Agents in London, Messrs. De Ble and Rahn, 4, Crescent, Minories; at Antwerp, Mr. C. Brequigny.

### LONDON AND OSTEND.

*From off the Custom-House or Tower.*

Calling off Margate, weather and tide permitting.

*From London*, every Saturday morning, returning every Tuesday evening, or Wednesday morning.

*Earl of Liverpool*, Capt. Henry Lomax.

*Brockelbank*, Capt. John Middleton.

Fares.—Chief Cabin, 2*l*.; Fore Cabin, 1*l*. 10*s*.; Children under 10 years, half price. Four-wheel carriages, 4*l*. 4*s*.; two-wheel ditto, 2*l*. 2*s*. Horses, 4*l*. 4*s*. Dogs, 5*s*. For freight apply to the agent. Small packages as per agreement. Primage, 15 per cent.

Agent in London, Mr. I. Norman, 1, Water-lane, Tower-street; at Ostend, Mr. R. St. Amour.

### BRIGHTON AND HAVRE.

*Mountaineer*, Captain Stephen Jarman.

Every Sunday and Thursday, returning every Tuesday and Friday.

Fares the same as from Brighton to Dieppe.

Agent at Brighton, Mr. P. Black; Havre, Mr. Chanoine.

One cwt. of *personal* baggage is allowed to each chief-cabin passenger, and 1*s*. per cubic foot will be charged on all above that quantity. Passengers are requested to have all the packages composing their baggage distinctly marked with their names, and to take the whole on board with them. Baggage is not subject to examination on quitting London, but remains in the custody and under the controul of the persons to whom it belongs; and the Company is not liable for any damage or loss of it, nor for unavoidable delays or accidents, nor sea risks of any kind whatsoever.

Travellers who do not convey all their baggage or property with them should employ an agent to forward it to its destination, as they will otherwise be subjected to much loss and inconvenience. We recommend for this purpose Mr. Chinnery, of Custom House Chambers, Thames-street, London, who is properly authorised by the Board of Customs, under bond of 1000*l.*, and whose correspondents, for receiving and forwarding goods, are at—

Calais . . .	Messrs. Isaac Vital and Son.
Paris . . .	Mr. Walker, Marché St. Honoré, 26.
Bruxelles . .	Messrs. Pratt, Library, Place Royale.
Geneva . . .	Mr. C. B. Freundler, Rue du Rhone.
Nice . . .	Mr. P. Natta.
Genoa . . .	Mr. A. G. Barchi.
Leghorn . . .	Mr. C. Cutting.
Florence . .	Mr. S. Lowe.
Rome . . .	J. del Bosco, at Messrs. Torlonica.
Naples . . .	Mr. Charles Freeborn.
Dresden . .	Messrs. L. & J. Meyer, Mittlere frauen Gasse.
Hamburgh . .	Mr. C. B. Arnold.

Mr. Chinnery will be happy to communicate any information as to duties, and the mode of sending packages, on application, personally, or by letter.

Goods must be examined when they arrive in London; therefore, packages that are *locked* should have the keys attached.

Packages of value should be insured from sea-risk.

Passports may be readily procured in London for France, at the Passport Office, 6, Poland-street, Oxford-street; or of Durant St. André, Consul General, 4, Tokenhouse-yard; and also of Mr. Black, Ship-street, Brighton: for Rotterdam, of J. W. May, Esq., Consul, 123, Fenchurch-street: for Belgium, of H. Castellain, Esq., 3, Copthall-court, Throgmorton-street: for Hamburgh, of the Hanseatic Consul, 76, Cornhill.

## TABLE OF EXPENSES.\*

1836.		£.	s.	d.
July 19th.	Fare to Strasburg by Batavier . . .	4	17	3
	One-third of expenses prior to starting . . .	0	1	10
	Dinner on board Batavier, wine, coffee, and liqueur . . . . .	0	5	6
	Incidental expenses of refreshment, &c. . . . .	0	4	0
20th.	Breakfast on board Batavier . . . . .	0	2	0
	Steward . . . . .	0	2	6
<hr/>				
		flor. st.		
	Passports at Rotterdam, one-third share . . . . .	0	0	8
	Dinner at New London Hotel . . . . .	1	11	
	(One-quarter) share of carriage to the Hague, turnpikes, and <i>trinkgeld</i> (drink money) . . . . .	2	7	
	( $\frac{1}{4}$ share) churches at Delft 3, Schiedam 3 . . . . .	0	6	
	Supper at the Hague (the Golden Lion) and Seltzer water . . . . .	1	10	
21st.	Beds and breakfast . . . . .	2	6	
	Toll at Wood 1 st., bath at Scheveningen 1 fl. 2st., Schiedam 3 st. . . . .	1	6	
	Dinner and wine at the Hague . . . . .	1	15	
	Waiter . . . . .	0	16	
	Palace in the Wood . . . . .	1	0	
	Washing 7, letter 6, note-book 4 . . . . .	0	17	
	Trekschuyt to Leyden . . . . .	0	13	
<hr/>				
		fl. cts.		
22nd.	(One-third) guide at Town Hall at Leyden . . . . .	0	33	
	(One-third) Museum at Leyden . . . . .	0	33	
	(One-third) Botanical Garden . . . . .	0	16	
	Altenburg Castle . . . . .	0	8	
	Bill at Leyden (Plaats Royal) . . . . .	3	40	
	Return-coach to Haerlem . . . . .	1	6	
	Beer and schnaps at Hillegom, driver, &c. . . . .	0	13	
	Trekschuyt to Amsterdam . . . . .	0	75	
	Refreshment on road side . . . . .	0	30	

\* The abbreviations imply, fl. *florins*; st. *stivers*; cts. *cents*; th. *thalers*; sl. gr. *silber groschen*; pf. *pfennings*; krs. and xrs. *krouzers*; fr. *francs*; s. *soles*; cs. *centimes*.

## TABLE OF EXPENSES.

xix

		fl. cts.
July 23rd. (One-third) Museum at Amsterdam . . .	33½	
Palace at Amsterdam . . . . .	0 85	
Bill at Cattermole's Hotel—supper, lodging, breakfast, dinner . . . . .	5 70	
Washing . . . . .	0 35	
Ferry over the Amstel, having missed the trekschuyt . . . . .	0 5	
Schiedam and milk on road . . . . .	0 22	
(One-half) coach to Loenen . . . . .	0 37	
Trekschuyt to Utrecht, and steersman . . . . .	0 50	
Gate at Utrecht (at night) . . . . .	0 5	
24th. Bill at Utrecht (New Castle of Antwerp), sup- per, wine, bed, &c. . . . .	3 3	
Lemonade at café . . . . .	0 40	
Diligence from Utrecht to Nijmegen . . . . .	3 85	
Luncheon at Amerongen . . . . .	0 50	
25th. Bill at Nijmegen (Rotterdamsche Wagen) . . . . .	3 40	
Passport . . . . .	0 30	
26th. Bill on board Prince Frederick steamer . . . . .	4 35	
27th. Bill at Cologne (Grosse Rheinberg)—		
	th. sh. pf.	
Private dinner . . . . .	1 2 0	
Half-bottle pisporter . . . . .	0 10 0	
Seltzer water . . . . .	0 4 0	
Sugar . . . . .	0 2 0	
Coffee . . . . .	0 15 0	
Bed . . . . .	0 16 0	
Breakfast . . . . .	0 10 0	
Dinner, 2nd day, table d'hôte . . . . .	0 16 0	
Wine . . . . .	0 11 6	
Servants . . . . .	0 9 0	th. sh. pf.
	4 18 4	
28th. Cathedral at Cologne . . . . .	0 6 0	
St. Peter's Church . . . . .	0 10 0	
Bridge, and brandy at the Bellevue gar- den at Deuz . . . . .	0 6 0	
Diligence to Bonn . . . . .	0 23 0	
Tea at Bureau, waiting for Diligence . . . . .	0 6 0	



## July 29th. Bill at the Star at Bonn—

	al. gr.	pf.	th.	al.	g.	pf.
Tea . . . . .	5	0				
Breakfast . . . . .	5	0				
Lodging . . . . .	8	0				
Half-bottle wine . . . . .	6	3				
Seltzer water and sugar . . . . .	2	4				
Servants . . . . .	5	4				
Breakfast . . . . .	8	0				
Lodging . . . . .	8	0				
			1	18	0	
Washing . . . . .	0	12	0			
Wine and Seltzer water . . . . .	0	12	0			
Baumschule Gardens—refreshment . . . . .	0	12	0			
(One-third) University at Bonn . . . . .	0	5	0			
Wine at Vinea Domini Garden . . . . .	0	5	0			
The Kreuzberg Church . . . . .	0	6	0			
Refreshment at the farm connected with it . . . . .	0	10	0			
Dinner and wine at the Bellevue Hotel, Draitscherbad . . . . .	0	25	0			
Bill at Honnef—tea, bed, breakfast . . . . .	0	26	6			
30th. Ticket for the Drachenfels . . . . .	0	5	0			
Wine at the café on the summit . . . . .	0	7	0			
31st. Bill at Königswinter—dinner, tea, bed, and breakfast . . . . .	2	12	1			
Ferries across the Rhine . . . . .	0	3	0			
Wine at Rolandseck . . . . .	0	8	2			
Coffee on board Frederick William steamer . . . . .	0	2	0			
Supper at Coblenz (Hotel des Géant)—						
	al. gr.	pf.				
Côtelette . . . . .	2	0				
Potatoes . . . . .	1	0				
Salad . . . . .	2	0				
Cheese . . . . .	2	0				
Half bottle Seltzer water . . . . .	2	0				
Sugar . . . . .	1	0				
Half-bottle Bordeaux . . . . .	10	0				
Quarter ditto Rüdesheimer . . . . .	11	2				
			1	0	5	

## TABLE OF EXPENSES.

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	th.	slg.	pf.
Aug. 1st. Bridge . . . . .	0	0	8
Ticket for Ehrenbreitstein . . . . .	0	5	0
Soldier (one-third) . . . . .	0	2	0
Wine and Seltzer water . . . . .	0	2	8
Dinner (Géant Hotel)—			

	slg.
Potage . . . . .	2
Côtelette . . . . .	2
Potatoes . . . . .	1
Cheese . . . . .	2
Half-bottle wine . . . . .	5
Seltzer water and sugar . . . . .	3

—	0	15	0
Bill for lodging and breakfast (Géant) . . . . .	1	28	0
2nd. Bill on board steamer . . . . .	0	24	8
3rd. Bill at Mainz (Rheinberg)—			

	flor. kreuz.
Tea . . . . .	0 36
Lodging . . . . .	1 0
Passport . . . . .	0 18
Tea . . . . .	0 36
Coffee and Cognac . . . . .	0 36
Half-bottle Seltzer . . . . .	0 6

—	3	12	0
4th. Bath at Wiesbaden . . . . .	0	34	0
Expenses at Cursaal . . . . .	0	26	0
5th. Bath at Wiesbaden (Schützerhof) morning . . . . .	0	34	0
Ditto . ditto, evening . . . . .	0	34	0
Washing at Wiesbaden . . . . .	0	26	0
Bill at Wiesbaden (Einhorn)—			

	xrs.		xrs.
Dinner . . . . .	40	Spirits . . . . .	24
Wine . . . . .	10	Bed . . . . .	48
Liqueurs, &c. . . . .	8	Breakfast . . . . .	24
Bed . . . . .	48	Tea . . . . .	24
Tea . . . . .	24	Seltzer, &c. . . . .	12
Breakfast. . . . .	24	Servants . . . . .	50
Dinner . . . . .	36	Wine . . . . .	5
$\frac{1}{2}$ Wine, &c. . . . .	24	—	

6 47 0

	flor. xrs	
Aug. 5th. Expenses on road, walking to Frankfort . . .	0	26 9
6th. Bethmann's Museum, (one-third) . . .	0	12 0
Ices in the Komodien Platz . . .	0	24 0
Passport . . .	0	6 0
Bill at the Pariser Hof (Frankfort)—		
	fl. xrs.	
Supper, cutlet, salad, cheese,		
Medoc . . .	1	5
Lights . . .	0	18
Breakfast . . .	0	36
Soup, côtelette . . .	0	36
Coffee . . .	0	24
Breakfast . . .	0	36
7th. Lodging . . .	1	36
	5	11 0
Barge from Frankfort to Mayence . . .	0	32 0
Schnaps . . .	0	6 0
8th. Ticket for Festival at Mayence (Anlage) . . .	1	33 0
Bill at Mayence (Rheinberg). . .	5	6 0
9th. Bill on board Concord steamer—		
	sl.gr.	
Breakfast . . .	12	
Dinner . . .	12	
Ditto . . .	26	
	1	20 0
Diligence from Leppoldshafen or Shroek		
to Carlsruhe . . .	0	44 0
Palace at Carlsruhe and Museum (one-		
third) . . .	0	24 0
10th. Bill at Carlsruhe (Zähringer Hof)—		
	xrs.	
Wine, Seltzer, and sugar . . .	18	
Breakfast . . .	18	
Lodging on the floor . . .	10	
Servants . . .	10	
	2	26 0
Quarter share of return carriage to Baden-		
Baden . . .	1	45 0
Refreshment on road . . .	0	46 0

## TABLE OF EXPENSES.

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Aug. 10th. Bill at Baden-Baden (Zähringer Hof)—

	fl.	xrs.	
Mulled wine . . . . .	0	48	
Breakfast . . . . .	0	30	
Côtelette . . . . .	0	12	
Lodging . . . . .	1	0	
Servants . . . . .	0	8	
			2 38
			flcs. cs.
11th. Diligence to Strasburg . . . . .	5	50	
12th. Bill at Strasburg, au Corbeau . . . . .	17	84	
Expenses at café, &c. . . . .	3	0	
			flor. xrs.
13th. Dinner on road, &c. . . . .	1½	0	
14th. Bill at Carlsruhe . . . . .	2	20	
Breakfast at Bruchsal . . . . .	0	62	
Wine at Wiesloch . . . . .	0	18	
One-third of fee at Heidelberg Castle . . . . .	0	8	
15th. Bill at Heidelberg (King of Portugal) . . . . .	5	fcs.	
			flor. xrs.
Opera at Mannheim . . . . .	0	36	
16th. Bill at Mannheim (Hotel du Rhin) . . . . .	3	19	
One-third share of return carriage from Strasburg . . . . .	8	0	
Castle at Mannheim . . . . .	0	6	
Dinner at Lorsch, &c. on road to Darmstadt . . . . .	1	20	
Hay-cart into Darmstadt . . . . .	0	12	
17th. Bill at Darmstadt . . . . .	1	0	
Breakfast . . . . .	0	18	
Dinner at Gros Gerau, &c. . . . .	1	0	
Conveyance to Gustavusburg . . . . .	0	37	
18th. Bill at Mayence (Rheinberg) . . . . .	1	31	
Fare by steamer to Cologne . . . . .	8	10	
			th. sh. g.
Dinner on board . . . . .	0	8	
19th. Bill at Cologne, &c. . . . .	0	28	
Diligence to Aix-la-Chapelle . . . . .	3	2½	
20th. Bill at Aix-la-Chapelle (Hotel du Rhin) . . . . .	1½	0	
Passport . . . . .	5	fcs.	

	th. sh. p.	
Aug. 20th. Diligence to Liège . . .	2	2½
	fr. cts.	
21st. Bill at Liège (La Pommelette). . .	5	85
Coach to Brussels . . .	10	0
Expenses at Namur, &c. . .	3	0
	fr. sols.	
22nd. Bill at Brussels (Hôtel Imperial) . . .	5	10
Railroad to Vilvorde . . .	0	10
Expenses at Vilvorde . . .	0	10
	cts.	
Coach to Mechlin . . .	0	90
Dinner at Mechlin, &c. . .	2	0
Fare to Antwerp by Diligence, perhaps about . . .	2½	0
Bill at Antwerp and other expenses (Hôtel St. Antoine) . . .	5	0
	£. s.	
Fare by Steamer, Attwood, to London . . .	2	2
Expenses on board, &c. . .	0	10
<hr/>		
Making the total expense, for five weeks, under .	£30	0- 0

## ERRATA.

- Page 79, "Nijmegen," or "Nymwegen."  
 " 86, for "Wo ist da," read "Wer ist da."  
 " 242, for "Whig," read "Whigg."  
 " 286, "Gutenberg," or "Guttemberg."

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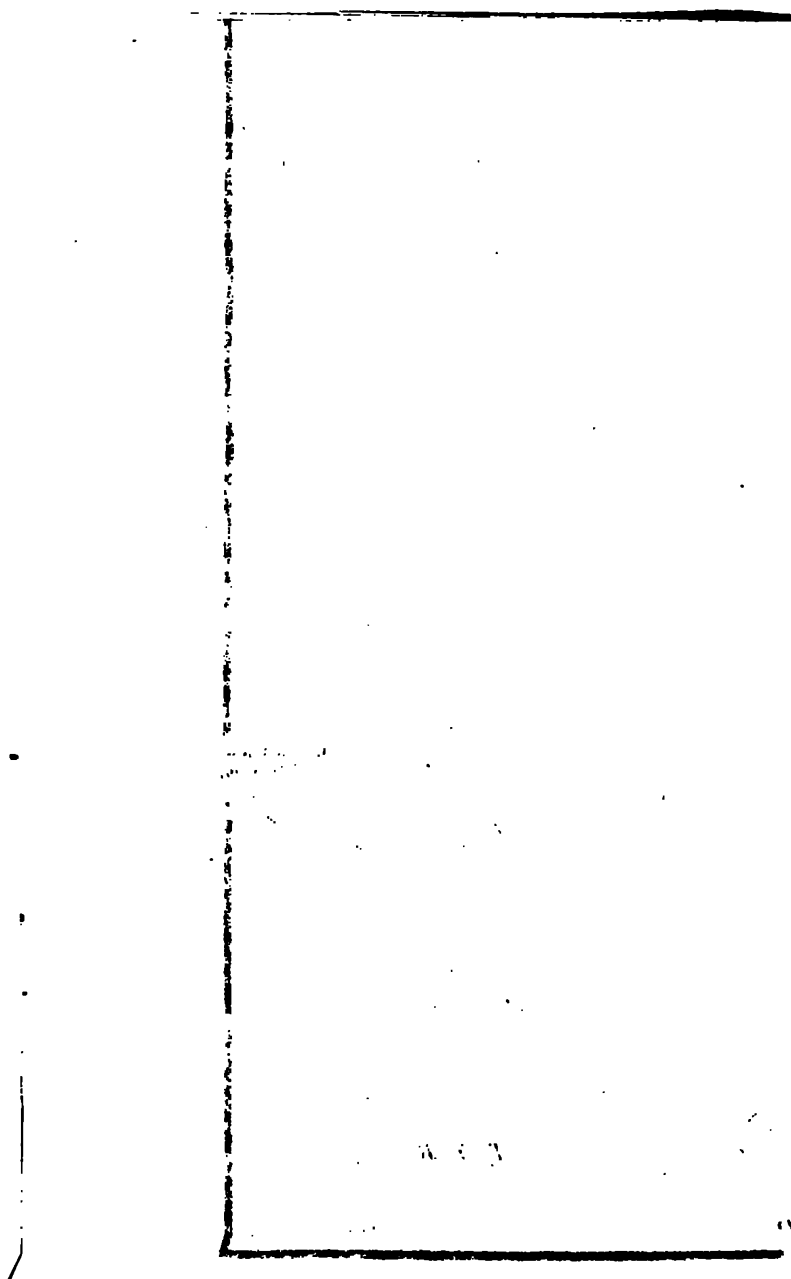
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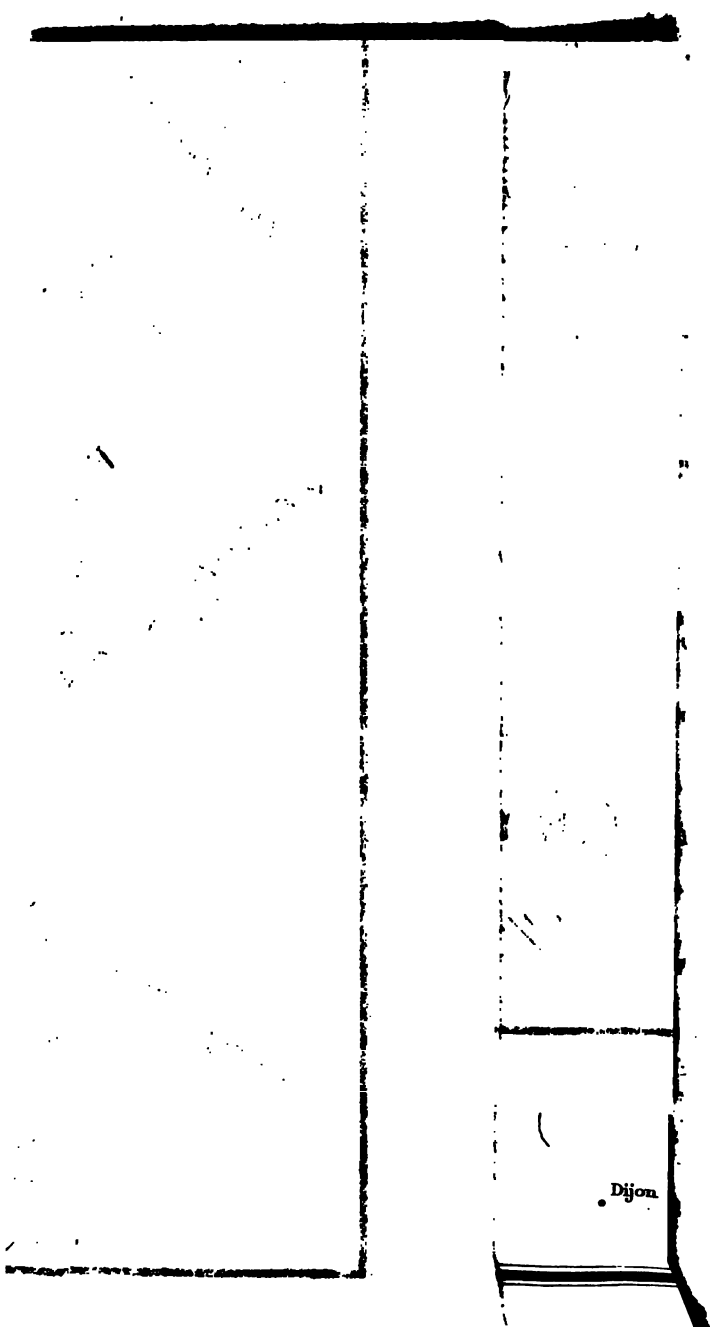
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Dijon

# THE RHENISH ALBUM,

OR

## SCRAPS FROM THE RHINE.

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### CHAPTER I.

*The Reason for the Trip—Necessaries—Knapsack advantages—Passport Difficulties—The Batavier; Characters on Board—The Passage—Night Watch—Coast of Holland—Helvoetsluys—Rotterdam.*

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**Fare** from London to Rotterdam, by Batavier steamer, 2*l.* 2*s.*

**Distance** from London to Rotterdam, 217 miles, or about 26 hours.

Do. from Do. to Helvoetsluys . . . . . 178½ miles.

**Objects of interest at Rotterdam**—The Exchange, the Old Town Hall, New do., Schieland Huis, Cathedral of St. Lawrence, Marine-Office and Dock-Yard, Theatre, Lutheran Church, Anatomical Theatre, Botanical Garden, Vauxhall, Statue of Erasmus, Arsenal, &c.

**Hotels**—Hotel des Pays Bays, and the New Bath Hotel, on the Quay, facing the Maas; New London Hotel, formerly Boar's Head, just behind the Boompjes; the Great and Little Schipperahuis, &c. &c.

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WITH the mortified feeling of a veteran warrior, who is doomed, after sharing the glory of a hundred victories, to be either in an hospital or on half-pay at the precise moment when the last and greatest battle of all is fought, deprived of his crowning laurels by this gap in his career, I, although a veteran in peaceful campaigns alone, listened to



every five-hundred-mile-tourist as he grew in stature and glowed in fancy, while retracing his steps to the Rhine, probably his only journey. I determined to retrieve my character as a traveller, by adding my insignificant form to the boat-loads of my dearly-beloved countrymen who, every spring, enthusiastically commit their bodies to steam-boats; and their thoughts to paper.

I resolved, however, not to travel *en voyageur Anglais*, that is, with a good sum of money, Herries' circulars, letters of introduction, a great deal of luggage, and a very slender stock of patience. Mine, said I, shall be a philosophical, and occasionally a peripatetic ramble. So I purchased a knapsack, a suit of gambroon, an oil silk cloak, a thick pair of laced-up shoes and gaiters, a travelling cap, and a broad glazed belt. Thus prepared, I felt *en voyage*, and as I occasionally re-practised my shoulder-knot, my fancy stole to the Rhine, and revelled on its banks.

But, thought I, shall this be a mere philosophical trip?—shall not beauty, like that which I am about to behold, have a fitting handmaid? I therefore determined that the art of painting, in one of its lower branches, should attend on my memory. Accordingly, I obtained from Roberson and Miller's, in Long-Acre, one of their convenient sketching portfolios, and a tin box of prepared colours adapted for travelling; and, by this refined contrivance, allowed my artistic longings to cast an additional burthen on my already shrinking shoulders.

*Apropos* of knapsacks! As an economical traveller, I am bound to assert, that as a man cannot well spend more cash than he has, it behoves him to consider

wherein he can save expense without injustice to himself or others. The charge of portorage is considerable; *ergo*, it must be avoided. The trouble of inspecting baggage on board, whilst waiting for the loading of vehicles, or whilst doing anything, including the tedious packing-up—these troubles are great; *ergo*, they must in common prudence be avoided. The annoyance and hinderance of custom-house examinations is the very essence of nuisance; *ergo*, that also *must* be avoided. Inestimable knapsack, thou art the *desideratum*! Thou not only savest trouble and expense, but thou shieldest from wreck a virtue—patience. Therefore, oh! ye stout and good-humoured travellers, take up your knapsacks and begone.

Then came the passport—that foreign portrait of travelling human nature—that sheet of suspicion—that type of a wall between friends and foes—that incessant voucher of identities—that greatest of earthly nuisances. For the information of the three or four happy individuals in England who may not have been subjected to the influence of a passport, I beg to define it as a broadside of Autolycus impudence, repeating after that king of knaves —“Your affairs there?—what?—with whom?—the condition of that fardel?—the place of your dwelling?—your names?—your ages?—of what having, breeding, and anything that is fitting to be known, discover.”

Went to the Prussian minister, his master's being the most important state to be visited. Agreeably informed that he only granted passports to his own countrymen; thought it a bore—and said so between my teeth. Next directed to the Dutch ambassador's

for his mark, intending, Neptune permitting, to land at Rotterdam. No effects. Was trundled off to his deputy, the Dutch consul, in Fenchurch Street, where at last, on payment of five shillings, I obtained a *Laissez librement passer* without the trouble of a second call. Paid another visit to his Excellency of Prussia, and got his counter-signature for the privilege of entering "les Etats de Prusse via Rotterdam." Took it finally to the French Passport-office, to ascertain whether it were necessary to get a signature in case of entering the French territory at Strasburg. The old musterer of passport-seekers, knowing better than myself how such things are managed, treated me like a convicted dolt, and shrugging his shoulders, as he grumblingly mumbled, "Mais non, Monsieur, ce n'est certainement pas nécessaire," politely but hastily showed me the door.

Whilst at the Dutch consul's, I booked my place by the Batavier, for July —, 1835, from London to Strasburg, at an expense of 4*l.* 17*s.* 3*d.*, by which mode a considerable reduction is effected.

On my birth-day, having attained an age not worth recording, I proceeded, in company with two knapsack companions, to the stairs at Wapping, opposite to which lay the Batavier. Advantage the first derived from knapsack!—no coachman's insinuation, "And for the heavy luggage, Sir;" no porter had the conscience to ask if he should put one of his fingers to our light appurtenances. Surveyed our floating hôtel—a large, black-looking, rounded whale of a vessel. Confound the outward-bound steamers! what a swell!—A comfortable cabin on deck, and a platform on the roof of it, completed

her odd appearance. The vessel left her moorings at about half-past nine o'clock, and majestically out-steamed the ejaculations of jealous coal-whippers. "Yah! ye black-looking Dutchman! there's a shape! a whale without its good looks!" She is, however, notwithstanding her black looks, a very fine vessel.

An English nobleman, Lord \* \* \* \* \*, his pretty daughter and her pretty companion graced our company. But, alas! even the peerage does not prevent apprehensions of sea-sickness, and his Lordship yielding to the precursive violence of Neptune on the bosom of the Thames, not many miles below Wapping, calmly retired to one of the state-cabins to await his fate in a packet-bed amidst the usual conveniences.

Among the company, there was a fair, fat, Dutch Jewish lady, and her son, whom she had been visiting in London. Her looks betokened the forlorn condition of her London-stricken mind, and she only seemed to breathe or to be capable of a smile, when we had passed through three dense fogs unto the Boompjes of her own darling city.

There was an Irish officer, completely tired of his country's service, who was constantly annoyed by being mistaken for a German, being ignorant of the language, and disliking its sound, and who suffered from a disease, closely resembling sea-sickness, but which he attributed to a different cause. By his side was a gentlemanly Prussian officer, belonging to the garrison of Bonn, who had been to England to indulge his mania for British dogs. On presenting to me his pet quadrupeds, with

their birth, parentage, and education, price and age, properties and qualities, fully detailed, according to the statements of the disinterested individual who had sold them a bargain, he appeared to have been "pretty considerably bitten," not by the dogs, but by the biped. There were, besides, two other military men, officers of the Duke of Baden's army, who had been also speculating in English animals—but wisely, not on their own account, but on that of their royal master. Four horses and two English grooms composed the stable portion of this group. I fancied, whilst talking to these knowing ones in horse-flesh, that there was a malicious twinkle in their eyes, as if they did not think much either of the Grand Duke of Baden, or of his equerries.

Near the Prussian dog-fancier sat an eccentric-looking invalid, enveloped in layers of Macintosh's best, who was greatly annoyed at the perpetual working of the tail of a spaniel, that was indulging in his proprietor's lap at the expense of his neighbour's nerves. He evidently wanted either presence of mind, or absence of body, for he unresistingly twitched and winced, in fact he did all but move. Rheumatism and Wiesbaden were evidently the Alpha and Omega of his thoughts.

On the opposite bench was one of those indefatigable topographers, who, before they have left the Pool of London, have devoured all their guide-books, their layers of maps, and have even invaded their ample stock of sandwiches. He knew exactly where he was until we had passed Gravesend, beyond which he surreptitiously obtained information by prowling about in

the neighbourhood of more experienced travellers. Parading the deck — the aristocratic portion, I mean — was an odd-looking young man, who might by some have been considered handsome, had Nature formed him of a different sex. His dress savoured so little of a trip of a day and a half and a night, that I for some time imagined he had come on board merely to take an affectionate leave of his papa and mamma, until I beheld no chance of his retreat. His dress was the only thing about him which indicated study ; but for what earthly reason, with his shape, he refused to follow the decorous routine of skirts to his upper garments, he could have best announced. After finicking about the deck till his small nature was thoroughly exhausted, he sank into a *pose de Cupidon*, in a favourable situation for commencing a tiny war of two insipid grey eyes with the pretty daughter of the sea-ridden lord.

As for myself, I got into conversation with a small but intelligent German, who had, for weighty reasons, become a naturalized Englishman, but who could not resist once revisiting his native country. From him I elicited sundry information respecting my future progress through a portion of his father-land. I confess to being easily gulled by any foreigner who will have the complaisance to flatter my national vanity. Such, perhaps, was the case in this instance ; but I fancied, independently of all such predilection, that my companion was a well-informed, agreeable man, possessed of a most decidedly radical turn of mind.

Scorning such every-day “ places under Government ”

as Wapping, Greenwich, Woolwich, Sheerness, and the Nore, I hasten to the ample glories of the Channel.

Having encouraged a mental and bodily preparation for the forthcoming bluster of the elements, I awaited the first of those progressive attacks, which, like many other acts, make sad inroads on the British constitution. But hour after hour escaped, and no turbulent spirit bestrode the deep sea ; its gentleness at last became insipid, and made me almost believe we were going the wrong way ; for on a previous passage I had enjoyed all the luxuries of mountains high. The whole surface of the ocean was as placid as a pool untroubled by school-boys' boats ; and save the semicircular waves leaping from the paddles ; there was no motion to prove that it was not a mere mirror wherein to reflect the beauties of heaven. To be becalmed in a sailing-vessel is sufficiently unpleasant, but I think it even worse to be applying a two-hundred-horse power to cut through an unresisting fluid.

It seemed as if all the rough salt water of the Channel had gone to pay a visit to the German Ocean or the Atlantic, and had requested the feeble fresh element to supply its place. However, on we went, dashing and smoking away, like an angry man venting all his spleen against the dead wall of an imperturbable temper.

Evening arrived, but no breeze came with it. Disappointed at so unromantic a commencement to my trip, I resignedly cast a last look at the unpromising sky, and, joining my two fellow-passengers, we united our corps with that of the two military deputy horse-connoisseurs, and were quickly involved in clouds of tobacco-smoke, which

leaped and curled to German songs and English toasts. Other corners of the vessel may have held more elegant company, but I doubt if the bulky Batavier ever bore a merrier burthen than the little knot of Germans and English who established themselves, *en bivouac*, at the door of the steward's strong-hold on the night of the — of July, 1835.

Slowly, but surely, the deck was relieved of its living load, and when the last "Gute nacht, mein Herr, schlafen Sie wohl," had died upon my ear, I was alone pacing the now somewhat chilly deck, gazing alternately at the twinkling fires of heaven, and the flashes of the sea as the furrows from the paddles drove lightly past. To an unscientific mind this nocturnal brilliancy is extremely poetical: the depths of the water, illumined by the phosphoric flakes, seem to swarm with life, and the eye in vain attempts to penetrate the mystery of these fairy vesper vigils.

For the sake of attending an invalid companion, I mustered sufficient courage to descend from my midnight observatory to the realms beneath, where, deeply affected by their situation, lay the victims of the Batavier. To find oneself on the sea at all is a strange departure from ordinary habits and ideas; but, to ape comfort in such a prison as a steam-boat, with the "hell of machinery" shaking sleep out of its accustomed sweetness, is laughable in theory and distressing in practice.

Casting myself on a couch, for I could not insult my domesticated feelings by the pretence of a bed, I indulged in a few of those reflections which are natural to



nervous people at twelve o'clock at night "on the wide unbounded sea."

The sea struck my benighted mind, of course, as an anomaly; and my fancy travelled back to the time when the first insensate mariner ventured upon its fickle bosom. The category of intention seemed inadmissible, for what was he to gain by it? I therefore settled in my own mind, that by some accident the original Cook was launched into the water against his will, and that his signal of distress—probably a primeval shirt, floating in the early atmosphere of the early world—was the type of all succeeding sails.

I was roused from these philosophical reflections by the violent expectoration of my Irish friend, who was something extremely like sea-sick, but who "denied the fact;" I volunteered to act the part of steward at short notice, and between the paroxysms of his abortive retchings, his discourse teemed with gratitude for my attentions, and assertions of the un-marine origin of his illness.

Having resolutely persuaded myself that I felt no chill from stalking up and down *à la belle étoile*, I endeavoured to procure from the somnolent steward some cordial stimulant to cheerful night thoughts. Failing in this, I calmly, yea, even coldly, awaited the approach of dawn. For a description of this phenomenon to Londoners, I beg to refer them to licensed novel-writers: I had seen many, but none had ever struck me so forcibly. The first appearance of the sun was similar to the dome of a mosque, glowing with a roseate hue; and beneath

the body of the luminary, but separated from it, was an oblong mass of the same colour lying on the ocean horizon; as they ascended the forms united, and the sun was itself again.

We now approached the dwarfish, inhospitable-looking shores of Holland, and made our way through three distinct masses of fog, which, like a coast-guard, seemed to greet the arrival of visitors from a kindred atmosphere. My spirits brightened with the brightening of the sun; and having refreshed myself by my customary ablutions and a hasty cup of Mocha, I basked again in its early rays, and shook off the remaining vestiges of a sleepless night. One by one, the drowsy and unrefreshed woeers of sleep stole from their heated nests, and made their appearance on the deck, amidst the splashing and scrubblings of the male chambermaids, who were making the vessel comfortable. The hoarse voices of the crew of the pilot-boat just hailed us in time to prevent our passing over their luckless Dutch bodies,

A merry-faced, weather-beaten, sturdy little Dutch skipper leaped—actually leaped on board, and volubly paid his morning's salutations to the captain; but though there was “a light in his laughing eye” as well as in his blackened pipe, he imparted the tidings that it would be impossible to proceed to Rotterdam for many hours, as the passage by Brielle, or Brill, was not possible for want of water. Sailors are seldom deficient in presence of mind: our worthy captain determined to defeat this shallow trick of Neptune, and gave the necessary orders for proceeding round by Helvoetsluys. Having been the

other road, I was pleased at this "untoward event;" but the fact of having to steam it farther by some scores of miles seemed a terrible infliction to some of my fellow-travellers, and not the least so to my retired Irish officer, who, though decidedly not sea-sick, disliked water as sincerely as the veriest boon companion.

Nearing shore we had opportunities of surveying the Dutch coast, the greater part of which is beneath notice, being below the level of the ocean, protected from its ill-nature by the mounds which nature or Dutchmen providentially cast up for the safety of sundry villages, whose existence is hinted at by the tops of spires curiously peeping above the horizon of sand-hills.

Passing the isolated districts of Schouwen and Goree, divided by arms of the sea and sand-banks, the vessel entered the mouth of the Flakkee, or Haringvliet, an ample river, bounded on either side by the peculiar but not unpleasing features of a Dutch marine landscape. There is a calm in this species of scenery, which forcibly strikes the traveller who has visited more romantic regions. The small features of the country intersected by lines of dwarf trees, the air of neatness and prosperity, the smiling verdure, and the picturesque vessels wending, slowly but steadily, their watery way, contribute to the formation of a picture which, although a cabinet production, breathes in every line the hand of the Great Master.

The vessel stopped a short time at Helvoetsluys, where some government officers came on board as quietly as though they were doing business on their own account,

and not as public functionaries. I have observed that the Dutch are too sensible to be ostentatious, and too busy to be impertinent.

On turning up one of the channels to the left our huge vessel got aground, and after lying across the stream, which it completely occupied, and having been subjected to various manœuvres, we were again afloat, to experience a similar accident. Having escaped the "dangers of the sea," we laughed away fresh-water evils; and after passing within sight of Dordrecht, we pursued our course past the *spiritual* attractions of Schiedam to Rotterdam, where we arrived at one o'clock.

The Boompjes, or Boomtjes, is not unlike Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, except that it is infinitely more imposing. The houses are of noble proportions, and generally ornamented with sumptuous wrought-iron railings and elevated ornamental doors.

Shouldering our knapsacks, we lightly stepped on the watery soil of the Batavi, and proceeded to the Custom House near the landing-place on the quay.

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## CHAPTER II.

*Custom House—Passport Authorities—Cathedral—  
New Town Hall, National Architecture—Table  
d'hôte—Vegetable Luxury—Delft—New Church—  
Tomb of William I.—Old Church—The Hague.*

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Distance from Rotterdam to Delft, ..... 9 miles.

Do. from Delft to the Hague, ..... 5 miles.

Usual fare by Trekschuyt, in four hours, 12 stivers.

Objects of Interest at Delft—Arsenal, Military School, Old Church,  
New Church, Prinsenhof, Stadhuis.

Hotels—The Doelen, Town Hotel, &c.

At the Hague—The Museum, Palace in the Wood, Palaces of the  
King, Prince of Orange, and Prince Frederick, the Binnenhof,  
Royal Library, Cabinet of Medals, Cannon Foundry, Theatre,  
Town Hall, St. James's Church, the New Church, Schéveling,  
or Scherveningen.

Hotels—Marshal Turenne, the two Doelens, Golden Lion, &c.

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In a barn warehouse were crowds of uneasy travellers awaiting the fiat of the functionary, whose ungracious office it is to disturb the complacency of the fair sex by foul suspicions, and to excite the ire of males by being in authority over them. Advantage the 2nd of knapsacks! With an incredulous eye the man in office asked if that were all our luggage; and on hearing this startling fact confirmed, he smilingly permitted us to depart, to the exceeding envy of the victims of baggage-waggons, male and female, native and foreign.

Our passports had previously been deposited in an unpretending box of an office at a little distance beyond the Custom House, on the quay. Thither I re-

paired to obtain these important documents, which I discovered in the hands of an inquisitive couple, who were leisurely surveying the manifold permits, discussing at the same time huge basins of smoking porridge, the first course of their official repast. It appeared that I could not obtain them immediately, whether because these hungry *employés* were yielding to their lower nature, or from weightier state regulations, I leave others to guess. I at length prevailed upon the two sexes concerned to relinquish my passports, "signed, sealed, and delivered," in consideration of certain reasons palmed off on the occasion, with more profit to them than to myself.

On the quay are two of the first hotels in Rotterdam, the New Bath Hotel and the Hotel des Pays Bas. With a knapsack feeling we avoided the attractions of fashion, and modestly took our way to the New London Hotel, formerly the Boar's Head, under the guidance of a fellow-passenger, an agreeable lawyer of Amsterdam, who proposed favouring us with his company to the Hague, whither we intended journeying in the afternoon.

Depositing our knapsacks at the hotel, we sallied forth to survey the lions; my first impressions having been abstracted by a former visit, I was left to enjoy the newly-excited ideas of my English companions. What with gable-ends and slanting houses, interminable canals, and industrious dogs, our eyes were fully occupied whilst perambulating this picturesque city.

The Cathedral of St. Lawrence is the only ecclesiastical edifice deserving attention. The organ is considered superior to that of Haerlem. The nave is separated from the choir by a beautifully executed brass balustrade. This ornament evidently belongs to that period of refine-

ment in certain manufactures, when almost every house in Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and most of the principal Dutch cities, was guarded from the assaults of bipeds and quadrupeds by railings of such beauty, that the charms of our own cast-iron elaborate patterns fade before them: the former have all the sharpness and eccentricity of individual manual labour, while the latter bear the stamp of mechanical stiffness and precision.

The whole character of a Dutch house is that of wealth, neatness, and comfort united: these brick mansions are rescued from the ignominy attendant upon dead walls, by small square perforations and baby-house doors. But to continue my rounds.—We passed the New Town Hall, which rudely arrests the attention by a large portico of six Ionic pillars, the pediment of which is surmounted by a peristyle, and ornamented with statues. Having been impelled by a sense of justice to express my satisfaction at the older mansions, I am tempted by the same spirit to laugh outright at this specimen of the ludicrous in modern architecture. The whole style is vulgar, and the clumsy statues are, notwithstanding their elevation, beneath criticism: it would have been well, indeed, if the sculptor had prudently resolved upon placing them far above the assaults of offended taste.

• I know of no greater civil insult, save an attack on the liberty of the subject, than the erection of edifices which must descend to posterity as so many libels on the taste of the age in which they were constructed. Few governors condescend to feel that the embellishment of a metropolis or important town is a national affair. When the petty tool of power, and even the brief potentate himself, who inflicts on his country an evil of this

description, lie mingled with equal might in the all-com-mingling dust, the nation remains a living image, and pays the debt incurred by corruption and folly. Had Russia followed a restrictive code of narrow policy; had the founders of the metropolis of that empire been swayed by false views, St. Petersburg would in all probability be an unsightly mass of Russian designs, instead of rearing its noble head in the pride of Italian splendour. Now that models have been obtained, the genius of that country may expand: it has now a better field for exertion than it could possibly have discovered amidst the puerile conceits of barbarian architects.

Under an arbitrary government, the most gorgeous edifices may be reared at the nod of the sovereign; but one of the few evils of a form of government like our own is, that so much prudence, so much intrigue, so much, in fact, of every counteracting influence is exercised, that if, indeed, the right architect be chosen, his design is crippled for want of funds, and his taste is annulled by the capricious dictates of ignorance. Improved we certainly are; but much remains to be rescued from corruption before architecture shall become a national object. While we have legislators like the late Member for Oldham, who prided himself upon never having been within the walls of the British Museum, we shall have very little reason to smile at the Town Hall of Rotterdam.

Pursuing our walk, we passed the brazen statue of the modest Erasmus; and, proceeding to the farther end of the Boompjes, took a distant view of the Arsenal.

Our leave of absence having expired, we repaired in



all haste to the *table d'hôte*, fully prepared to do justice to our first continental repast. After the soup, the waiter handed a plate to one of my companions, who, with most amusing surprise and consternation, rejected the proffered dainty, exclaiming, "Confound the fellow! I'm not going to eat peas with the shells on!" Peas in their coats they were, sure enough; so, with an immense command of muscle, and waiving all vegetable prejudices, I commenced an attack upon these full-dressed foreigners, and managed to prove to the surrounding Dutchmen that one Englishman, at least, could venture upon peas with their shells. You may run down the morality of nations with impunity, but respect their food.

Having dispatched our Schiedam, paid our bill, amounting to one florin, eleven stivers each, and complimented the pretty hostess on her *table d'hôte*—peas unshelled included—we mounted the *voiture d'occasion* which we had hired to take us to the Hague, and at half-past four bade adieu to the *slantindicular* houses of Rotterdam, and to its amphibious inhabitants.

Travelling in Holland, as far as the mere *roulage* is concerned, is very agreeable; for the roads are smooth, and generally strewn with a bed of fine sand, partly proceeding from the friction against the small bricks with which they are occasionally paved. The dust, however, unlike its more volatile neighbour in Germany, rises only to the height of a couple of feet, and then returns "dust to dust."

We halted a short time at Delft, and paid a visit to the church, in the principal square, where repose the ashes of William I. of Orange, who was shot by Geraerts

in 1684. A noble monument has been raised over his remains: it is a medley of marble and bronze—columns and statues—a king and a dog. The latter deserved a monument; for, as in death he faithfully reposes by his master's side, so in life he several times shielded him from imminent danger. Too often the false tombstone bears a double burthen of material weight and perjury on the remains of one whose character should be interpreted by the reverse of the fulsome inscription; while the fidelity of the brute creation meets with an occasional scanty memento.

We were at first inclined to take off our hats on entering, but were deterred by personal considerations, and recollected that it is not so heinous an offence in Holland as elsewhere to remain covered in a place of worship. The Dutch are rational, even in matters of religion: it was the fault of their ancestors that they built chilly cathedrals; the moderns, however, are resolved it shall be no fault of theirs if visitors to their churches catch their death of cold, for want of head-covering, in these asylums for the dead, and yawning receptacles for the bare-headed living. Yet neither the Quakers nor the Dutch are behind their neighbours in practical morality.

But to return from my wonted rambling. Besides the other attractions of this superb tomb is a bronze figure of Fame, supported on one leg, the enormous weight of which is said to be about 3000 lbs. I was at first inclined to doubt this assertion; but I recollected that there are many in the world to vouch for the overpowering weight of Fame.

This handsome monument accords but ill with the de-

solate look of the whitewashed walls—the result of a besetting sin of most deans and chapters throughout Holland. The tomb of Grotius, the ancestor of the respected Member for the city of London, (who perhaps pines for want of his Latin termination,) will be interesting to all who respect learning. A child, bearing an inverted torch, mourns over the sage, whose effigy is represented in a medallion.

The view from the steeple is extensive; but, like the harmonious chapter of life, the best prospects are in the distance. The only peculiarity in the exterior of this edifice is, that the bells, doubtless for some offence against the laws of harmony, have been dislodged from their legal station, and are sullenly hanging outside the belfry window. Near these disgraced functionaries is a machine purporting to be a telegraph; one, indeed, rather common in Holland, but of whose nature I am profoundly ignorant.

The other church—the old one, I believe—presents to the architectural eye some rich tracery; to the nautical eye, the tomb of Van Tromp; and to the mercantile eye, the sacristan waiting to be paid. The basso-relievo upon the tomb of the English-threshing admiral, by V. der Hulst, is worthy of notice from the rarity of the subject—the defeat of an English fleet.

Passing the building (now barracks) in which the Prince of Orange was murdered, we walked along the canal, under the shady trees, to the farther end of the town, and rejoined our carriage.—Arrived at the Hague, we drove to the Golden Lion hotel, near the Museum, and bade adieu to our Amsterdam acquaintance, with the promise of a speedy visit to him in the capital.

## CHAPTER III.

*The Hague—Residence of the Court—The Hout, or Wood—Inquiries, and unexpected Answer—Royalty questioned—Palace in the Wood—Japanese Rooms and Orange Saloon—Royal Museum—Forced Entrance and Dialogue—Curiosities—Picture Gallery.*

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From the Hague to the Palace in the Wood, half a league.

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I NEVER yet could record my firm geographical belief as to the positive, comparative, or general beauty and size of any city in Christendom. The Hague may be larger than Leyden, or Haerlem than Utrecht, and I be none the wiser. My mind retains more details than sums total. If I have, however, an idea on the subject of the Hague, it is that of an extensive, well-built town, with somewhat fewer canals than either Rotterdam or the capital. It has the advantage of being the occasional residence of the Court, an event which, in despite of the stream of extravagance and affectation necessarily attendant upon it, gives a decided stimulus to amusement and commerce. It must have derived additional prosperity from the evacuation of the former southern capital by the Ruler of the Orange merchants; and, to say the truth, it has a much more comfortable look than the desolate capital of Leopold, still bleeding from its revolutionary wounds.

The principal features of the Hague are the Palace in the Wood and the Museum, both of which are exceedingly interesting objects. The walk to the palace is extremely agreeable. The road lies through the wood, which appears to be a considerable pet with the Haguers, who would doubtless resent any attack upon its dense foliage with a remnant of the spirit which formerly animated the De Witt mob. Here and there amidst its shady recesses are snug *cafés*, where the denizens of the town repose from their mercantile fatigues, indulging in soothing reflections on the obstinacy of their sovereign, and the probable rise in the price of tobacco.

Avoiding the dusty high road which traverses the wood, we plunged into a sequestered path to the right, and were speedily lost in the labyrinth which lay deepening before us. I shortly espied a smiling damsel tripping merrily along, her dark path illumined by cheering thoughts of Dutch love and civil matrimony. I accosted her in French, requesting to be directed by so charming a guide to the object of our search. She shrugged her rotund shoulders, and rounded her jovial physiognomy into a smile; and, following her example, we conjured up incomprehensible shrugs and smiles, confessing mutual ignorance,—she of what I wanted, and I of what she replied. I looked in her eyes, and thought it strange that two beings formed on the same principle, with a host of properties, qualities, thoughts, and sensations in common, should thus be debarred from exchanging ideas—particularly such innocent ones as those connected with erratic travellers and the right road. As a last resource, I mustered the slender stock of German of

which I was (not) master; and, with a feeling of triumph at having two strings to my bow, muttered a request in what I considered German accommodated to Dutch organs, in the same strain as the unsuccessful attempt at Gallic inquiry. The same good-humoured shrug and smile again rewarded my proficiency in living languages; and, to crown all, the little damsel yielded to the power of a laugh which had been considerably disturbing her attempted decorum. Having recovered from her amusement, she again addressed me, but infinitely more to my surprise; for my own native English, slightly punished, tripped most musically from her laughing lips.

“ Shall you speak English, Sir?”

“ Most assuredly I *shall*, my dear,” replied I, laughing in my turn. “ Why, what a deal of trouble might have been saved, had I but been able to guess that your charming lips could thus honour our language.”

Smiling, bowing, and curtseying became the order of the day; and what with our agreeable surprise, and male and female innocent coquetry, the required directions were doubtless neither accurately delivered nor accurately received. As she came so she went, with a light step and smiling face; and I hope all will believe that when distance had separated us, and our looks occasionally met as we turned back to survey the path, such collision was the result of mere accident.

Those who have wandered in the trackless forests of the New World have a just right to smile at our bewilderedments in the wood at the Hague; but I arrogate to myself a decided superiority of adventurous feeling over

those pitiable tourists who feel the soil of a country on the soft rugs of their carriages, and breathe the atmosphere of a land within four well-cushioned walls. I will not give the dimensions of the wood, lest I destroy the *prestige* in favour of my perseverance.

We were once again driven to ask our way to this enchanted residence, and, from a variety of circumstances, I have every reason to believe it was his Dutch Majesty himself who favoured me with an answer to my question. I had seen him before ; but on this occasion, being intent upon the object of my pursuit, I bestowed little attention beyond the customary civilities on asking for information ; besides which, as I have had the honour of beholding upwards of thirty sovereigns, my loyal curiosity was considerably deadened. All I can say, therefore, is, that the descendant of all the Stadtholders is by no means a cheerful-looking personage.

Following his kingly directions, we at length got a glimpse of the object of our search, and, crossing a bridge, entered the gates of the court-yard of the Palace in the Wood. The exterior of this edifice has nothing remarkable to plead for itself : it is on a par with some of our old English gentlemen's seats, and far, very far, from deserving comparison with our aristocratic palaces. It is, however, as nice a box as a monarch need desire for repose, after the hot work of interchanging protocols. By an arrogant impetus, perhaps peculiar to ourselves, we boldly ascended the handsome steps which conduct to the front door ; and having vainly attempted to gain admittance, we resumed a becoming humility, and gently tinkled at a side door to the right of the royal entrance.

The apartments of this *casa de campo* are neatly furnished, without offering any particular characteristics of royalty, save the Japanese rooms, which are decorated in very beautiful style. The walls are hung with exquisite embroidery, representing foliage and birds of the richest plumage, raised from the satin ground. These beautiful specimens of handicraft were presented to the Queen of Holland by the Governor of Batavia, as I had been informed on my last visit; or from the Emperor of Japan to the King, as stated by our cicerone on the present occasion. But I must quit these more lady-like beauties, to do justice to the Orange Hall, or Painted Saloon.

This large apartment is covered with works of art, which are painted on the walls: there are forty productions, from the pencils of nine painters, directed by the magician of the gorgeous hues—Rubens.

The first sight of this noble gallery, and the after contemplation of its varied tales, alike oppress the mind of the artist. The harmony of the general design, and the comparative equality of the execution of the pictures, charm the eye, which wanders at a loss where to permit the judgment to begin the interpretation of these mystic and glowing signs.

The entrance-door represents Hercules and Pallas opening the portal to peace. This is, perhaps, the feeblest of all, and has rather a meagre appearance. To the left is the Birth of the Prince Frederick Henry, by Everdingen, above which is Aurora faithfully performing the duties of her *light* office. To the right are the Muses,



by Lievens. In one of the dark corners is the Education of the Prince, and his Initiation in the Mischief of War, by Zeegers.

The Procession of the Standard is by Brey. On the other dark side are the Trophies taken from Mendoza, the Spanish General, also by Brey. Next to it is Vulcan and the Cyclops, a fine bit, by Rubens. On the other side of the Hall is the Spouse of Vulcan, partly by Rubens; and over the windows the Marriage of the Prince, by Honthorst, opposite to which is his Election as Stadtholder, by Van Thulden. To the left is the Brazilian Offerings, by Zoutman; next to which is a Sacrifice to Jupiter, by Grebber. Opposite to the latter is the Jubilee, by Van Thulden; and Spanish Captives, by the same artist, who died before he had completed this piece. Between the pillars are four Nassau heralds, the one to the right of the large picture being a portrait of Rubens. Above are small medallions of victories.

The large piece to the left of the entrance is the Triumphant Entry of the Prince into Bois le Duc, by Jordaens: this painting is on canvass. To the left of this gorgeous picture are portraits of the Wife and Daughter of the Prince, by Honthorst; and above, the Prince, by Zoutman. To the right is Charles I. of England, by Everdingen; below which is a procession. To the right of the windows at the top are the Great Elector of Brandenburg and the Daughter of Frederick Henry. Opposite is the arrival of Charles I. with Marie; below which is Time punishing Wickedness, a bright bit by Rubens. Over the large piece by Jordaens is the Death of the

Prince, by Grebber ; by whom also is the portrait in the lantern, representing Amelia of Solmes, the widow of the Prince, who erected this mansion for her residence. This splendid Hall was constructed and decorated to commemorate the termination of hostilities between Spain and Holland.

The Museum is contained in a building called the Hotel Maurice, near the Binnenhof, and the piece of water the Vivier. Admission to it is obtained every day in the week except Thursdays and Saturdays, by means of a ticket, which is easily procured.

Not having had time to set on foot the necessary inquiries, I was forced to rely on the politeness of the keeper of the institution to admit my party without the usual formality. He very considerately acceded to my request, but with business-like punctilio assured me that although he was willing to depart from the lawful track in this instance, he desired that it might not be considered as a precedent. No sooner had he disencumbered his conscience of this oracular declaration than his faithful, but occasionally pliant spirit received a fresh assault. In the Hall were heard loud voices, evidently proceeding from individuals at issue upon some important question. From the unpleasant elevation and sharpness of the one and the imperturbable dogmatism of the other, I had no difficulty in settling that France had declared war upon Holland. As the delegate from the former country pushed his way towards the apartment in which we had just finished pleading our cause, I guessed, from the obtrusive rudeness of his manner, that he was in the wrong. The

unpretending keeper met him in his career of rebellion by a simple question, whence arose a conversation.

“Avez vous un billet, monsieur ?”

“Ma foi, non ; je ne savais pas que cela etait necessaire !”

“Oui, monsieur, il l’est.

“Dam ! c’est ennuyeux ; chez nous-on voit la galerie magnifique du Louvre sans billet—on y entre sans façon.”

I was tempted to tell him that he had certainly entered the Museum at the Hague sans façon ; but the old keeper calmly replied—

“Mais, monsieur, vous n’êtes pas ici à Paris, et à la Haye il faut se conformer aux lois Hollandaises.”

This sage advice was lost on the half monkey, half tiger being, who still bullied, and, as the Persians would say, upheld with a dirty hand the cause of the Louvre and free admission, until I could resist no longer, and ran myself into the thick of the fight, addressing the mouthing Gaul as follows—

“Monsieur, il est bien vrai que vous avez au Louvre une galerie superbe, mal éclairée, mais c’est egal ; mais monsieur, il n’est pas egalelement vrai qu’on y entre sans difficulté tous les jours.”

“Mais, oui, monsieur,” retorted the flippant one.

“Pardon, monsieur,” rejoined I with gravity, “vous savez aussi bien que moi que les Parisiens n’y entrent qu’une fois par Semaine, le Dimanche, et alors ils se traînent d’un bout à l’autre sous les yeux d’une foule de gardiens. Il est vrai que les étrangers ont le privilège d’y entrer tous les jours, Samedi excepté, par moyen de

leurs passeports. Ici, monsieur, à la Haye qui que ce soit, natif ou étranger, a le droit d'y venir, pourvu qu'il ait un billet, qui est facile à obtenir. Monsieur, je vous salue."

So saying, I left him, somewhat abashed, and presently had the satisfaction of hearing him, in the most conciliating tone of a Parisian *petit maître*, solicit permission "to view the beautiful gallery of the Hague."

I have observed Englishmen in similar circumstances; and they have been quite as loth to give up the point as Frenchmen; but after silently conferring with each other by significant looks, have proceeded upon their knowledge of human nature to bring forward reasons from the depths of their purses, which, without hurting national vanity, eloquently appeal to individual prejudices. The Frenchman's *amour propre* supplies him with noisy, and often unsuccessful reasons, while the philosophy of England, drawn from the college of loyal impressions—the Mint, effects a silent revolution in the most stubborn hearts. Some may feel disposed to term the former the influence of reason, and stigmatize the latter as bribery. I suspect that the tongues of such are weightier than their purses.

Owing to this perverse Frenchman, we were for some time prevented exploring the Chinese and Japanese Museum, which occupies five rooms of the ground floor of the edifice. Although by no means a splendid museum, it contains many curious relics.

Without discussing the merits of the various Ching-Chi-Nang-Fo eccentricities, I will proceed to the objects more interesting to the unscientific observer. The first,

with some, may probably be the elaborately finished model of a Dutch house, made for the Muscovite Peter, whereby he might infuse notions of comfort and decency into the minds of his fellow-barbarians. This toy was refused the honour of being the origin of Russian civilization, the economical Czar not deeming it prudent to take it at the estimated value, 30,000 florins, or about 2625*l*.

Objects of a more classical and historical nature are displayed in some of the other rooms, such as the suit of armour of Admiral de Ruyter; the clothes in which William I. was assassinated, the ball which killed him, and a piece of shattered bone extracted from this unfortunate founder of Batavian liberty. The patriot will not view without emotion one of the most unimportant-looking trophies of the Museum: it is the wooden ball covered with the heads of the nails driven in by the confederates at their covenant against the merciless Duke of Alva, of execrated memory. In how small a compass are enregistered the simple oaths of fidelity of some of the noblest of earth's patriots! Would to heaven such a calendar of devotion could announce the fall of the barbarian manacles from the fettered form of unhappy Poland! But the Warsaw denunciation is the herald of that most effectual of all revolutions, by which time hurls the mighty wicked to the dust, and raises the lowly unto power. Humble ball, with thy iron oaths, thou art pregnant with a deep moral and a glorious example! The chair occupied by Barneveldt in prison comes also to appeal forcibly against tyranny. . . . If I stop longer in this Museum, I shall rush forth into

the highways and byeways of the Hague preaching a crusade against the abuse of power, whether regal, aristocratical, democratical, or *ragamuffinical*!

Ascending the staircase from the Hall, we entered the Picture Gallery, which consists of seven rooms and a cabinet. In obedience to that clamorous annotator on exhibition catalogues, the *vox populi*, we paid our first respects, like true Britons, to Paul Potter's celebrated symbol of the freemen of Albion, or, in other words, his Dutch John Bull. It is, as every one knows, a noble production. The execution is somewhat harsh when viewed near, but, as none but artists have a right to smell out the merits of a picture, or to apply their texture-loving fingers, carefully moistened, to pet corners, it behoves all to retire to at least twice the length of the canvass before they venture upon an Ah! of wonder, or an Oh! of disappointment. The details are admirably pencilled, and even the sheet of gloom hung up for a sky harmonizes by degrees with the tawny animal, the stunted tree, and the quiet landscape.

But, to my mind, the finest picture in the collection is the Dissection, by Rembrandt, which has been removed from Amsterdam, where it was deposited in an obscure tower. The golden light and the transparent shade of this admirable picture remove all sense of gloom from its deep tone, while the humane treatment of the *subject* dispels a feeling of disgust at the otherwise repulsive incident. The corpse is less an image of death than a vehicle of colour; it adjusts the equilibrium of warmth and coolness, and supplies a focus of brilliancy which irradiates the whole scene. The heads of the attendant

professors are exquisitely painted ; they beam with life and intelligence, and are grouped with the beautiful variety displayed by Nature in all her compositions.

Amongst the numerous productions which grace the collection are, Simeon and the Infant Jésus, by Rembrandt ; a curious head of Juno on a gilt ground, by Raffael ; a beautiful interior, by Gerard Dow ; a portrait of Paul Potter ; a very curious production from the joint pencils of Rubens and Breugel, who have introduced us to Adam and Eve in Paradise, the originals of mankind being indebted to Rubens for their forms, and the scene of their happiness being spread with verdure by Breugel. This partnership in painting is morally impossible if the two artists aspire to equal power ; but if the practitioner in the minor branch be willing to subdue his claims in favour of the nobler portion, a very extraordinary production may be the result. My own taste is in favour of undivided honours. I love to trace the operations of one mind—to behold its successful struggles with difficulties, and to revel in the completion of an uniform plan. Besides these are, a bold portrait of the Confessor of Rubens ; a fine picture of game, by Weenix ; and in the small cabinet, portraits of two of Rubens' wives, and a candlelight piece. There are some interesting portraits by Holbein, who must in his day have been the bugbear of all the antiquated coquettes of the court ; for not a defect of the most unimportant size escaped his microscopic vision. There are some specimens of the modern Dutch historical school, but as I have an innate detestation of the maudlin, frigid classicality of all schools trenching on the David principles, I cannot afford to

bestow a word on them. I am fully convinced that an artist who pollutes his dawning energies by the worship of this unnatural school will only rise in bathos as he increases in power of pencil. Deficient as is the English school in academical propriety and correctness, it has within itself the germs of deep feeling and original power. One Wilkie is worth a host of Davids, even as in the glorious realms of poetry one resplendent Shakspeare dims the lustre of a thousand refined Racines.

## CHAPTER IV.

*Lion Hunting—Walk to Scheveningen—Its changed Appearance—Bathing Machines—King of Wurtemberg—New Bath House—Trekschuyt to Leyden—Pleasures of Trekschuyts—The Dutch Rhine—Legden—Plaats Royal.*

Distance from the Hague to Scheveningen ..... 2 miles.

Do. to Leyden..... 11 miles.

Fare by Trekschuyt, 13 stivers; by Diligence, 1fl. 35 cents.

Distance from Leyden to Catwyk. .... 5 miles.

Objects of Interest in Leyden—The splendid Street in which the Town Hall is situated; Pictures in Town Hall; Castle of Altenburg; Church of St. Peter, and Monument of Boerhaave; Church of Notre Dame; New Church and St. Pancras; the University, Museums, and Botanical Garden; the Rapenburg. Hotels—The Golden Ball (Goude Bal); Smitz' Amsterdam Town Hall (Stadthuis van Amsterdam); Gelderland Arms (Wapen van Gelderland); the Star, the Sun, the Plaats Royal, &c.

AFTER perambulating the town till we were sufficiently fatigued to authorize a retreat, we retired to our hotel with



a confused mass of churches and palaces, straats and grachts, hofs and houts, mingled in hopeless confusion. Amidst these floating ideas I distinguished the wide-spreading courts of the old palace, the picturesque Vivier platz, the spacious Voorhout and its noble mansions, the unattractive façade of the Heir Apparent's hotel, and the noble elevation of the palace of Prince Frederick.

I should have stated previously, that before this exhibition-hunting portion of our day, we had paid an ante-breakfast visit to the neighbouring village of Scheveningen or Scheveling. This sea-bathing resort is at about two miles' distance from the Hague, and the road lies through an agreeable wood, which is more calculated to shield the traveller from the inoffensive sun of Holland than from the fogs of the neighbouring sea-coast, which come leisurely (like everything in the country) creeping up the avenue. On the road the king's palace in the Hoog Straat may be surveyed, should the traveller be curious in such matters. The road then lies along the Nord Einde over the Scheveningen bridge into the wood, to enter which the tax of a stiver is levied.

At the end of the avenue is the fishing town of Scheveningen, celebrated as the spot where William I. landed on his native soil after twenty years' absence. It appeared to me wonderfully changed since my last visit in 1825. It had at that time all the humility of an unpretending fishing town, known only for its one historical association, and possessing no earthly attraction but its little fleet of fishing-boats and its purveyors of shell-formed figures.

On entering this *ci-devant* village, I was struck with

its altered appearance. The spirit of aristocracy pervaded its once tranquil domain, and some innovating genius appeared to have imported from Germany the very stone and cement of a *badhaus* and *Cursaal*, which now rear a lofty front on the former insipid line of sand-hills stretching from the village church along the western frontier of this land of waters. Those who wish to avoid a lengthened knee-deep excursion through the shingles had better proceed by the other road to the New Bath House, a handsome edifice for the convenience of the bathers: but of that anon. The fishing-boats were all out on active service, and their little dusky forms might be seen floating about on the distant horizon.

Hastening to the *box* office in front of the Bath House, we purchased tickets for ten stivers each, marked with the number of the machines we were to employ, and trudged across the damp sands to our respective sentry-boxes. To our surprise we found that instead of being drawn into the water, we were destined, after leaving our apparel in the dressing-rooms, to run a considerable distance before we should be able to immerse even our feet in the refreshing flood. On my expressing astonishment at this inconvenient arrangement, the guide replied to my inquiries respecting some more ample machines which stood close at hand, by two words, *billet* and *guilder*. Catching his meaning, I posted off with disordered apparel to the *bureau de billets*, and procured fresh tickets at an advanced price for a *diligence*-machine, which I need hardly say was preferable to the stationary affair.

While luxuriating in the ocean, I could not help reflecting on the little difference man, by all his eccen-

tricities of humour and feeling, is able to make in those natural enjoyments which are the birthright of mankind. In a theatre or a ball-room, the solitary stranger feels alone amidst the crowd, but on the giddy mountain-height, or the bracing shore of the ocean, he resumes a happier tone of feeling, and once more revels in the ecstasy of domestic devotion. Traveller, should, therefore, the busy hum of stranger man fall discordantly on thine ear, and thy mind be unable to pierce through adventitious differences, retire to the eloquent solitudes of the land, and there regain thy wonted composure and thy good-will towards thy brother man.

After the bath we retired to the sumptuous café, and ordered breakfast. Whilst lounging on the steps, I was struck by the unusual attentions paid to a middle-sized elderly gentleman, with a good-humoured expression and grey mustachios. At first I conceived this to be a homage paid to beauty, in the shape of two pretty girls leaning on his arm; but I soon found that it resulted from no such troubadour feeling, the small personage in question being no less than the King of Wurtemberg, who, it will be remembered, married the Princess Royal of England.

The Bath House is a handsome edifice, consisting of a centre and two wings. The interior arrangements are excellent, and there is a fine saloon, commanding a view of the sea. Breakfast is charged sixty cents, and the table d'hôte is two guilders. We returned to the Hague by the more exposed road which leads from the elegant back front of the Bath House over a slightly undulating moor, to the Lange Voorhout quarter of the town. The

rest of the morning was passed as I have already described. If other travellers feel as I do, they will leave this agreeable place with regret.

After the table-d'hôte we hoisted our knapsacks, and went in search of the trekschuyt to Leyden, which we boarded in gallant style, contenting ourselves with the roof of the *roef*, the whole interior being already occupied. Unfastening my chair-stick, and lighting my pipe with the gravity of a native, I seated myself, and began my observations, much to the amusement of the good people crowded into the small space around the steersman. With the latter I commenced a conversation neither in French nor Dutch, but in English; for having jokingly said to him, making a sign as well, "Give me a light, my good fellow," he replied in excellent English, "Here's one at your service, Sir." Rather surprised at his good accent, I questioned him, and found that he had served a considerable time in the English navy. I also discovered that he entertained very wonderful notions of everything English.

Having carried on a running fire of fun and good-humour, I suddenly recollected that I had left my slippers behind at the Hague; and as much for the sake of the experiment as for the value of these old servants, I dispatched a rough, unsealed pencil-note by a passing trekschuyt to the head-waiter of the Golden Lion at the Hague, requesting him to forward these stray goods the next day to the hotel at Leyden.

Relying on my knowledge of the Dutch character, I accepted a wager as to the result of this inquiry; and sure enough, the middle of the next day witnessed the

arrival of my slippers and a small bill due to the conveyancers.

The liking I entertain for trekschuyt travelling may probably be a defect in my mind ; but there is something so calm in gliding through the water at an easy rate, that, stretched on the sunny deck with my friendly meerschaum and optimist reflections, I am a picture of content. Occasionally exchanging a friendly whiff with a jovial burgher—the only mutual language between us—dealing in knowing winks and nods with the brawny steersman, or cultivating a tender expression with a round-faced beauty of eighteen, and smiling respectfully at her full-blown mamma : these and a thousand other devices of a guileless mood cheer me on my trekschuyt way. Impatient spirits complain of its being too slow, and rheumatic ones of its being too damp. Not being the victim of either disease, I am forced to resign myself to the effects of my constitutional cheerfulness.

Shall I, however, expose my favourite by asserting that it proceeds at no greater rate than three or four miles an hour ? and that on many canals the luggage and passengers are shifted from one boat to another several times. *N'importe ! Vive le trekschuyt !*

At eleven miles from the Hague, having paid our fare of thirteen stivers each, we shouldered our pocket trunks, and marched in military order over the drawbridge and through the gate into the celebrated town of Leyden, which stands in the midst of the fertile tract of land called the Rhynland, and tramples on the ancient bed of the Rhine. A portion of that river flows through the city, and spreads itself by innumerable canals, which

attend on Dutch commerce and encourage Dutch doctors.

On passing the gate to the right, there is a good hotel, kept by M. Smitz, whence start the various diligences. As, however, we had been recommended to a modest little house, we took a walk farther up the street, and entered the Plaats Royal, in the Nord Einde, kept by an elderly lady and her daughter.

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## CHAPTER V.

*Leyden—Museums—Mummies—Botanical Garden—  
Rapenburg—Town Hall—Broad Street—National  
Architecture—Castle of Altenburg—Passports.*

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LEYDEN is celebrated for its memorable siege by the Spaniards in 1573, and for the heroic defence of its inhabitants; for its university, which, unlike some of more aristocratic tendency, imposes no perjury-creating oaths on those who desire to obtain a national education; and finally, for the fearful explosion of 1807, when, in time of peace, a single vessel with gunpowder on board spread more mischief than whole fleets have effected in time of war.

It is a fine town, and has some noble streets. That in which the Town Hall is situated would do credit to any capital, from its extent and from the imposing style of the houses. The Rapenburg, though of a totally different character, having a canal in the centre and on either side

rows of trees, is also of ample dimensions, and will be viewed with melancholy interest as the scene of the fearful explosion to which I have just alluded.

Ill or well, our destiny, shaped by the tyrant Time, commanded us, on pain of being deemed sorry travellers, to leave as few corners of our hiding-places unexplored as we conscientiously could; so, yielding to our ever-recurring fate, we sallied forth from our humble abode, and did, as many wiser men have done before us, in similar cases, without a guide; that is, we followed the breath which escaped from our anxious bosoms up the first street which we beheld, and, by dint of some few tortuous inquiries and feebly-understood answers, we halted before the door of the Museum, whilst an obliging urchin, with a crust in his mouth and a satchel on his shoulder, posted off to the residence of the keeper, who speedily came shambling along the street, guided by as powerful an instinct for silver as that which leads the wolf to blood. Poor man! he little thought that, at the moment his quiet little eyes met mine, and with trembling breath he gave me the good day, I was forming such splenetic conclusions.

Having formerly visited the Upper Museum, I declined the trouble of receiving and inwardly digesting the verbal catalogue with which visitors are generally favoured by the voluble keeper. I confess that I am somewhat fatigued by the constant repetition of Museums in the course of journeys. I possess but few grains of the knowledge which estimates the beauty of specimens and the admirable arrangement of classes, nor can I

boast of that minute intelligence which can retail the number of butterflies, or expatiate upon the dates of the coins, medals, and cameos in the various museums of the world. So, with an argument explained by an exposed watch and a shaking head—an argument powerful with a business-like Dutchman, I requested that he would simply confine his parrot erudition to the new room of mummies and antiquities.

Could the swarthy sons of the Nile rise from their triply-painted tombs, how strange would they deem the homage paid to their shrivelled forms by the brightest as well as the dullest of the present race! the former with a glimmering light to aid them in their hieroglyphic scrutiny, and the latter with a *feeling* for antiquity which may be termed “un sentiment leger mais *touchant*.” The Egyptians thus brought to light would probably consider themselves very comfortably lodged in the Leyden Museum; but I fear some of their prejudices of *caste* would be sadly shocked by the juxtaposition here established. Even in this reported land of liberty and rationality, although the tomb is supposed to reduce all to an equality, I question whether the haughty aristocrat and purse-proud citizen, who have bought the privilege of lying in state, would not start from their final sleep at the invasion of their cold domain by a meaner lump of clay.

This collection contains thirty human mummies, arranged in layers in glass cases, and eleven specimens of the honours done to the animal creation. As the Egyptians thus preserved their own bodies, and deposited them in edifices apparently built for eternity, with the idea of



a material resurrection at the end of 3000 years, it is fair to presume that the proprietor of a canine mummy which lay grinning before me deemed, like the poor untutored Indian, that,—

“ ——— admitted to that distant sky,  
His faithful dog shall bear him company.”

Besides these are some Egyptian inscriptions, Etruscan and Carthaginian remains, and a few specimens of Grecian sculpture. It is in contemplation, however, to rearrange these curiosities in a better establishment. In a shed behind the Botanical Garden are numerous other antiquities belonging to the same collection. The anatomical preparations form a prominent feature in the noble museums of Leyden, which are appendages to the University.

Passing under an archway of the University, we entered the Botanical Garden, which has a very high reputation, and doubtless deserves it. Having already perambulated its motley-coloured paths on a former visit, I left my companions to indulge in their newly-excited ideas, whilst I cast myself on the lawn at the back of the University, and yielded to the influence of various feelings so eloquent until they are penned or spoken. Prompted to obtain a delivery of my thoughts near the shrine of learning which had given rise to them, I drew from my ample travelling sack-pocket the delightful volume of the old man, where the Brunnens of Nassau flow with philosophy, humour, and good feeling from the pure fountain *Head*. I turned to the strictures on education in the English colleges, and enjoyed the satisfaction derived from acquiring truth, but felt pained at the survey of the

manifold errors which blight the noble nature of England's sons, and restrict the sphere of their utility in maturer years.

Casting my eyes upon a hot-house which extended by my side, I felt the comparison come to my assistance. Like ranges of exotics stimulated by an unnatural atmosphere into a deceptive vigour and beauty, the minds of too many of our collegians are warped from their natural power and sensibility by strained exertions devoid of profit, and narrow views unbecoming the freemen of the earth. How many noble spirits are perverted by the effects of injudicious institutions and by the influence of unyielding orthodoxy ! How many annually issue from the precincts of the Universities, either enslaved by the thoughtless habits of gay college life or by the weight of worse than useless knowledge, who, settling down in their respective capacities as the arbiters of nations' destinies, become matured in the errors of their youth, and powerful in reasons to uphold

“ The right divine to govern wrong.”

Some good-tempered friend who may chance to cast his eyes on this particular page of my humble journal, may probably throw it aside, and dub me a destructive. But I am no destructive. I would not pluck a single floweret, or crush a single bud in the garden of national hope, even though a few sinecure snails or more noxious reptiles found refuge beneath their charms ; but if I could dislodge these intruders and prevent their future propagation in such fair quarters, I assuredly would ; guided by an instinct and habit which strike me as es-

entially orthodox. Luckily, my friends returned at this moment to turn me from these painful abstractions to their more cheering botanical wonders.

After viewing the scene of the explosion at the end of the Rapenburg, we crossed the canal, and entering Broad Street, proceeded to the Hotel de Ville, an antique and curious edifice, which seems to frown sullenly on some of its more elegant neighbours. A double flight of steps elevated us above the shambles on the ground-floor, and ushered us into a primitive hall, equally fit for the accommodation of man and beast. The inscription outside, bearing date 1574, the year of the glorious defence of Leyden, secures this venerable fabric from the gibes of modern architectural taste. Like the veteran whose mind chronicles nearly an age of events, and whose fame is recorded in distant annals, the outward fashion is unheeded while the perduring glory shines as a beacon to later days.

In the Burgomasters' Chamber is a picture on wood, with two wings, by Lucas Van Leyden, representing the Last Judgment. Also, an emblematical picture of Charity and Peace, by Ferdinand Bol; a portrait of the King of Holland, by W. Van der Kooy; seven portraits of Princes of Orange and Nassau; two burgomasters, by Fluijck and Mieris junior, &c. In the Council Chamber are the following. A picture by Van Bree, representing the heroism of the burgomaster Pieter Adriaenszoon van der Werff, during the siege of Leyden in 1574; another by Pieter van Veen, representing the deliverance of the city. The chimney-piece is the Continnence of Scipio, by Lievens. There are, besides, a picture of a female attacked by the

plague, and various portraits of officers of the militia, by Verschoten.

In the Audience Chamber is a chimney-piece of Brutus condemning his sons to death, some portions of which are fine, but if the principal character had been left out "by particular desire," one failure would have been spared. The Crucifixion on wood, with wings, is by Kornelis Engelbrechts. The remaining pictures are portraits of officers of the militia. In this room is also a plan of Leyden in 1574, a valuable reference to some of our novel writers who so voluminously comment upon the wars, revolutions, &c., of the interesting Low Countries.

Sauntering up and down the Broad Street, I could not help contrasting the richness and elegance of the houses on either side of me with the heavy, gloomy rows of perforated brick walls which harass the eye in every (not immediately new) quarter of London. My thoughts turned to Bath, Oxford, Cambridge, and other favourite towns; but in all my reminiscences I could conjure up no worthy rival to this street of residences. Oxford, as an imposing avenue of venerable ecclesiastical and scholastic foundations, is unequalled; but the noble street of Leyden is so grand in proportion and so rich in detail, that the comparison will not hold. Besides which, from some cause or other, the establishments in the High Street at Oxford are getting somewhat out of favour, and their noble forms are not able to rescue them from obloquy.

The principal cause of this inferiority, to be traced in so many ramifications of refinement, is the national character of the English, powerfully modified as it must necessarily be by the unbounded sphere of commerce in

its varied phases. That commerce might not, as it ought, become the fittest patron of the refined arts, none will venture to assert; but all who have observed the intense devotion to commerce which characterizes the most indefatigable people in the world, must feel that such an ultra-mercantile spirit is decidedly at variance with the growth and nourishment of the lighter arts of life. A man who, through a life of slavery, follows the instinct for gain at the expense of brighter feelings, is not the one to be influenced by the fascinations of poetry. His only recreations are physical renovations; his only employments are assaults on both mind and body.

Too many of the nobles of England, partaking of the apathy towards improvement which results from secure hereditary honours, are too ignorant of the first principles of art and science to be interested in their promotion, or to be capable of fostering them, and are far too eager in the pursuit of frivolous amusements to feel the yearnings of that elegant patriotism which views with intense delight the development of the nation's intellectual resources. One truth they certainly feel resulting from this inquiry—it is, that the more the moral capabilities of the people are cultivated, the more insecure is the tenure of those who rule not through the reason or the affections of the governed.

When artists shall by their deserts regain the intellectual power which they enjoyed in former times, and when the abortive effusions of ignorance and quackery, sanctioned by Committees of Taste, shall have been discarded for sounder modes, then may we hope to behold the metropolis of a mighty nation become a type of its intellec-

tual as well as its commercial wealth. When we reflect that the productions of the *dark ages* command our admiration in this century—over which the very star of reason is supposed to gleam, we are bound to confess that the refinements of art have not kept pace with our increasing knowledge and wonderful prosperity.

Owing to sundry blunders resulting from the improper nomenclature of the German word *burg*, pronounced by our casual advisers in all the varieties of abbreviation and prolongation, from *burre* to *beur-euk*, and owing to our availing ourselves of this doubtful name in each succeeding inquiry with as much infidelity to its original sound, we were some time in winding our way towards the next object of our peregrinations—the castle of Altenburg, justly celebrated in this part of Holland as occupying the only elevation besides the Dykes. It is now the property of an hotel keeper, who exacts a small toll from the curious for the privilege of passing through his property to this fort, the history of which I leave antiquaries to ascertain. The view from the summit is interesting, and enables the traveller to obtain a general knowledge of the city of Leyden.

Wishing to depart, we solicited our passports, but were told by the minor authorities that we could not obtain them until the next morning. As this did not exactly coincide with our views, I took the liberty of waiting on the Prefect himself at his bureau in the Hotel de Ville; and after considerable negociation, prevailed on him at length to release us from Leyden.

## CHAPTER VI.

*Return Carriage—Hillegom Beauties—Sea of Haarlem—Abrupt Termination of the Ride—Symptoms of Hunger—Hurried Passage through the City to the Trekschuyt—Opportune Bivouac—Amsterdam—Perturbed State of the Capital—Cattermole's Hotel.*

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Distance from Leyden to Haarlem, about 15 miles. Fare by Diligence, 2fl. 15 cents.

Distance from Haarlem to Amsterdam, 9½ miles. Fare by Diligence, 75 cents.

Objects of Curiosity in Haarlem—Church of St. Bavon, with its fine organ; Teylerian Museum; Society of Sciences, or Dutch Academy; the Collection at the Prince's Court; Anatomical Theatre; Lawrence Coster's House and Statue; the Town House; the Haarlemmer hout or Wood with Palace.

Hotels—the Golden Lion (Goude Leeuw); Wapen van Amsterdam (Amsterdam Arms); the Golden Fleece, &c.

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HAVING agreed with the driver of a return-carriage to take us to Haarlem for something above four guilders the three, we started in the afternoon without the precaution of dining before we set out—a considerable evil, as will appear in the sequel.

Leaving Katwyk and its potent flood-guards to the left, the road lies through Sassenheim, Lisse, and Hillegom, where our voiturier stopped to bait, allowing us time, not to eat, for we dreamed not just then of hunger, but to amuse ourselves by talking English to the pretty daughters of the landlady. Not understanding one word, they had only to laugh and look embarrassed at certain sounds which bore a sufficient similarity to ambiguous and rarely-used

words in their own language. By slowly repeating their own cherished Dutch, they hoped to make us understand one or two of their innocent little freedoms, but in vain; we listened and laughed, and talked and laughed again with all the unalloyed merriment of light hearts *en voyage*. I am inclined to believe that a sly salute bestowed on the eldest of the damsels by one of my youthful companions was fully appreciated without translation, and was considered the most striking argument used on the occasion.

The whole road lies along a narrow strip of land formed by the Lake of Haarlem to the right and the ocean to the left. With a firm belief in the fickleness of water, I can easily credit the assurance which all travellers receive of the treacherous character of this extensive lake, whose waters, however, possess one quality—that of imparting a brilliant whiteness to the linen steeped in it. Should I, therefore, ever write a dissertation upon the natives of Holland, I shall take especial care that the inhabitants of the surrounding villages are not allowed an undue credit for their superior cleanliness. This fact is a small proof of the difficulty of arriving at conclusions.

Within hail of Haarlem, our driver, in clear language, or rather by clear action, bade us descend; for opening the door of the carriage, and slowly lowering the steps, he significantly pointed to the neighbouring town, and, shaking his bullet head, uttered some peculiar-sounding phrases, which doubtless contained sufficient apology for thus taking French leave.

Unable to understand and unwilling to contend, we leisurely shouldered our knapsacks, and entered the town, which, for reasons best known to himself, our driver did



not seem disposed to do. Wishing, for weighty matters, to reach Amsterdam that evening, we made inquiries respecting conveyances, and found that the only chance we had of prosecuting our plans was to proceed by the *trekschuyt*, which was to leave Haarlem in a short time.

It was now that we fully experienced the painful effects of procrastination in gastronomic matters. Casting a longing eye on the restaurateurs' tempting window-larders, and, hurried onward by the accents of the clock, which kept time for the punctual *trekschuyt*, we resigned all hopes of St. Bavon and its organ, the Teylerian Museum, and the Haarlemmer Hout or wood adjoining the city, and with as much speed as was consistent with well-loaded knapsacks, we trudged, otherwise empty and dispirited, towards the canal where the barge lay awaiting its cargo. This was, as may be expected, at the farther end of the town; and to fit us for more difficult travelling, we occasionally had to retrace our erring steps, and arrived at length at the desired haven just as the last peal of the cracked bell had announced the immediate departure of the slow but steady "Yung Frau" and its motley crew.

Within hail formed the beginning of a previous paragraph, and must form a portion of this. Within hail of shore three unhappy Englishmen were slowly consuming for want of nourishment; and although I can now afford to laugh at my awkward situation on the afternoon in question, I still recollect that the rawness of the declining day added considerably to my hungry pangs, and, stimulated by the appeals of my starving countrymen, I managed, by signs and words, to obtain from the captain of our

slow conveyance something like a word of hope. Pointing to the landscape far in the future, and then three times to his widely-extended mouth, he smilingly gave me a nod of comfort. I plead guilty to having excited on this melancholy occasion a most vehement chuckle from the ample throat of a fair specimen of the broad-built fair sex, as I poignantly placed my spread hand on the seat of my disorder whilst explaining my views to our leader. I trust this breach of etiquette will not be recorded against me, and I also hope that whoever reads this plaintive page may have been equally hungry and equally despairing.

Luckily, the steersman's finger at length touched the spot he had before hinted at with it in the horizon. It was a narrow strip of land separating the northern extremity of the Haarlemmer Meer from the Y, both of which pieces of water seem ready to inundate this insignificant bridge of earth. Here we changed boats; and having a short time allowed for the transport of the baggage to the other canal, we flew on the pointed wings of hunger to a road-side Samaritan to get our wounds dressed and our tempers smoothed. Indulging in the luxuries of coffee and bread and butter, with intermediate layers of salted fish, we had scarcely felt that we were in luck's way, when the odious tinkling tore us from our comforts, somewhat appeased, but far from satisfied. It was like the angry summons of a peevish, squeamish invalid to a hungry attendant, whose natural cravings are stigmatized as the result of unconscionable gluttony.

With the remaining portion of our meal in our hands, we again entered the barge, and had ceased to be objects

of surprise or compassion as night drew on, and we were landed near the Haarlem Gate at Amsterdam.

Rejecting the offers of portorage proffered in Dutch and French by the hosts of clamorous *commissionnaires*, who bear the trunks of others higher than their own humble heads, we entered the Haarlem Street just as twilight was slowly creeping up it, and the night patrol was stalking down.

It struck me that my old acquaintance, the chief of the *Dams*, bore a troubled aspect; something had assuredly unhinged the heavy door of the Dutch mind, and the clusters, evidently political, which strewed the streets plainly demonstrated that there had been some crisis—perhaps tobacco had been forbidden;—this was a crisis not at all likely to end in smoke. Having cautiously hinted my suspicions to a *trekschuyt* companion who had silently honoured me with his company, he seriously detailed to me the nature of the tumults which had upset the Dutch centre of gravity, and procured the influx of a commanding body of troops, who now occupied every post in the city.

The farther we advanced, the deeper was the perturbation of the good denizens of Amsterdam; and it was only when safely lodged within Cattermole's Hotel, in Warmoes Straat, that we lost all expectation of beholding a Dutch *mouvement*. As foreigners we had excited a considerable degree of curiosity, not to say suspicion; and doubtless as we passed the agitated burghers, many a surmise as to our secret mission crept across their solemn minds. Belgian emissaries were reported to be on the *qui vive* within the walls of Amsterdam for any

demonstration which might be rendered profitable; and we might (save the mark!) be enrolled in the honourable company of spies by the awakened fears of an Orange mob. Having lived during turbulent times in Spain, and having already had the satisfaction of assisting at one revolution, "the glorious three days," I had no desire to participate in the glories of another, and therefore made up my mind that nothing was to happen. Accordingly, nothing did happen, except that the humble writer of this journal happened to fall asleep in a comfortable arm-chair after a most satisfactory meal of rump steaks and London porter.

## CHAPTER VII.

*Morning Perambulations—Dutch Houses—The Palace—Entrances—Sentinel—Interior of Palace—Ball Room—Roof—Museum—Portrait of Peter the Great.*

Objects of Interest in Amsterdam—The Palace; the Museum; the Exchange; the Town Hall; the Admiralty; the Marine School; the Arsenal; the Literary Society of Felix Meritis; the Cathedral or Oude Kerk; the Wester Kerk; the Nieuwe Kerk; the Lutheran New Church; New Catholic Church; the Athenæum; the Dutch Theatre and the French and German Operas; the Heer Gracht and the parallel streets; the bridge of the Amstel; the Promenade of the Port. In the environs, the village of Brock, remarkable for its pleasing appearance and cleanliness, is well worthy of a visit. Saardam or Zaandam, once the residence of Peter the Great, is also interesting.

Hotels in Amsterdam—the two Doelens, the Imperial Crown, the Sun, Second Bible Hotel, &c.

THE early sun of Amsterdam had just illumined the gable-ends of the canal-girt city when we commenced

our rambles, under the close inspection of the beleaguering forces of the suspicious Stadtholder. The fashionables of the Heer Gracht were not yet moving, but their noble mansions, reflected in the ample canal which runs between them, sufficiently compensated for the want of more stirring interest on the part of their occupants. The mansions in this and the neighbouring streets are of noble dimensions; the portals are of commanding magnitude, and profusely ornamented with tracery and iron work; the windows are in proportion, and are mostly decorated with small mirrors, attached to the inner part of the architraves, by which contrivance the domestic inmates can take a survey of the passing crowds without subjecting themselves to the intrusive stares of vulgarity or puppyism. Occasionally the reflection of a fair face in these tell-tale appendages betrays the proverbial innocent curiosity of the softer sex, and too often reminds the solitary traveller of the smiling faces he has left at home.

Those who have sojourned in Paris and other continental cities are not surprised at the cranes and pulleys which project from the upper story of even the most splendid mansions; but to a fresh English vision the novelty is strange and unpleasing. In Holland, where the doorways are of great magnitude, it is deemed necessary to introduce furniture or merchandize by means of this machine, whereas in England, with tiny entrances and contracted staircases, the most ponderous and expensive domesticities are dragged through these narrow channels at the risk of destruction to both. The proverbial neatness of the Dutch may probably be opposed to the introduction of dirt and hobnails into the recesses of their comfortable abodes.

The strange-looking chimneys peering above the ornamented gables complete the oddity of the scene. The rows of trees planted along the canals, and the rich brown barges, with their trim residences and occasional hanging gardens, are so many harmonious features in this scheme of eccentric propriety.

I plead guilty to entertaining a great respect for the Dutch and a considerable liking for their modes of life; indeed, I ought in truth to observe that I have a habit of feeling perfectly at home with man in all his varieties of character, and a strong tendency to gild my passage through life by an accommodation to circumstances.

Of course I do not pretend, in this personal narrative, to enter fully into the wonders of Amsterdam. This task must be left to guide-books; but, if I can inspire the same interest for the various objects herein noticed that I felt in them myself, I shall be satisfied.

Since the disunion of the two countries, the palace at Amsterdam has become of more importance, and the vestiges of the former *Stadthuis* are gradually seceding in favour of regal appurtenances. This noble edifice rears its quadrangular form in the centre of the Dam to the height of 116 feet, and is surmounted by a tower upwards of 60 feet high. One of the principal defects which first strikes the eye of the spectator is the want of a proper entrance. Various reasons are assigned for this: one is, that the seven small portals were originally intended for the representatives of the seven provinces; while another pretends that this plan was adopted as a precaution against the ingress of an angry multitude in case of

tumults. In the first case we conceive a very odd notion of patriots who could not enter the chamber of consultation by the same door; and in the second, we wonder that the accommodating architect did not suggest the propriety of an invisible entrance. It certainly matters little through what sized portal a sovereign enters his palace, provided he proceed to it through an avenue of loyal and patriotic subjects.

Wishing to visit the interior of this stupendous edifice, which, by-the-by, is said to rest upon 13,000 piles, we boldly advanced to the slightly-elevated terrace in front towards one of these seven mysterious portals. The sentinel immediately roared out some warning, which, not understanding, we could not have the honour of obeying. We had not proceeded above a few yards, when, by an awkward manœuvre, he managed clumsily to lower his defensive weapon, and at the risk of dropping it, made up to us in a menacing attitude, repeating in our ignorant ears his slighted warning. Not wishing to become the victims of this small conqueror of the Belgians (for he wore the decorative farthing at his breast), we slowly prepared to obey what we conceived to be the tenor of his *pointed* request.

Walking round the building, we discovered another door, at which a royal-liveried menial was lounging at full breadth. Having gained admittance, we were ushered through gloomy-looking corridors to the state apartments.

Compared with other palaces, this boasts little attraction, with the exception of the ball-room. This noble room is 120 feet in length, 60 in width, and 100 in

height. It was formerly the Hall of Justice; but as justice happens to be blind, she has allowed herself to be led into other quarters, and her former tribunal has devolved upon the nimble Terpsichore, who has established a minor temple amidst the "dolphin-tailed" Dutch. The colossal statue of Atlas will enable the spectator to estimate the size of the apartment. A portion of one of the decorations is a marble figure of Death, represented, as usual, as a skeleton; but over the naked majesty of this unadorned type a cloth has been so skilfully cast as to give it the appearance of an admirably-sculptured draped figure of the basis of the human frame. Justice had no squeamish ideas of deformity in one of Nature's noblest works; but the refined taste of Terpsichore's court cannot bear the intrusion of a skeleton in its empty revels. Unenviable is that state of mind and nerve which makes man shrink from the symbols of inevitable fate—symbols replete with instruction and beauty. But a truce to moralizing. The brilliant Beckford has ventured to unveil the mystery of Dutchmen's wide clothing by hinting at the necessity which finished off their shapes by dolphins' tails. This may perhaps sufficiently account for their aversion in this instance to be reminded of their latter end.

As a specimen of national character, and to show how very different the worthy burgomasters are from the tasteful French, I cannot help recording that, sacrificing show to comfort, they have covered the beautiful figured marble floor of this apartment with coarse flooring. I doubt if even the comfort-seeking English would have possessed such fortitude. Yet if I remember rightly, I was in-



formed, when visiting the New Palace at Pimlico, that a splendidly-inlaid floor, which had cost 3000 guineas, was about to be *protected* by an equally rich carpet!

This superb room must have a remarkably grand effect when fully lighted up; for besides eight large chandeliers, each burning twenty-four lights, there are eighteen lustres with nine lights, and around the room 450 smaller lamps. As a political economist, I am bound to assert that the extravagance of this lamp-lighting department of the state and the expenses of the present standing army are irreconcilable with the dictates of ordinary Dutch prudence.

Amongst the other rooms of the palace, the total number of which amounts to 164, are the following:—the King's bed-room, formerly the Chamber of Commerce; the Queen's bed-room, formerly the Secretary's apartment; the Audience-room, formerly the Burgomaster's sitting-room, with the following pictures:—Curius rejecting the offers of the Samnites, by Flink; Pyrrhus and Fabricius in presence of the elephant, by Bol; the Officers' room, formerly the Burgomaster's audience-room, with a picture by Lievens, representing Fabius descending from his horse to do homage to his son, and a ceiling also by Lievens; also a sculptured mantel-piece of the triumph of Fabius; the small dining-room, formerly the council-room, containing three pictures, the largest of which, by De Witt, is Moses assembling the elders before his ascent to Sinai, and a curious imitation of basso-relievo over the door; the marble gallery, 120 feet long and 21 broad; the orphan room, now a bed-room; the public dining-room, formerly the tribunal, with a picture by Bol of

Moses with the laws. Over the doors of these apartments are ingenious and well-sculptured emblems of their respective uses prior to their being adapted to the necessities of a royal residence.

Being delivered into the keeping of another guide, we ascended to the roof of this lofty edifice, fervently hoping that none of the 13,000 piles on which it depended might majestically sink in their muddy bed. If they at all resemble the ponderous beams which support the roof, such a consummation is not very likely to happen. An excellent view of Amsterdam is obtained, but a person must have been born under a watery trigon to relish so unearthly a prospect.

The Museum at the Trippenhuis next claimed our attention. Much of the indifference to appearances which till lately characterized the English public still distinguishes the Dutch from some of their southern neighbours. As long as they have a good collection of pictures, what care they for the habitation in which they are displayed! The house of Mynheer Trip was originally large enough to hold them; and in all probability until the sea, profiting by the expiring spirit of the nation, shall swamp their negative territory, the depository of these intellectual archives will still be the Trippenhuis. The liveliness which leaps at every innovation and the sedateness which opposes all changes are both caricatures of human nature; but I question whether the unnecessary vitality of the former will not sooner accomplish the important ends of civilization than the imposing sterility of the latter. The door is open: let us enter.

In the lower room are the largest and most important

works of art. The first which attracts the eye, from its size, situation, and merit, is the Feast of the Treaty of Munster, by Van der Helst, at the farther end of the apartment. This noble work called forth the praises of Sir Joshua Reynolds; and before its powerful yet minute execution the magic of Rembrandt's light and shade is diminished. It displays less of the poet than the historian; there is no partial sacrifice for the advancement of the general effect, yet there is no conflict of obtrusive details, each having its own place, colour, and tone justly assigned to it. It is in this particular that the effects of well-directed labour surpass those of tasteful accident. What industry creates feeling embellishes; but the creations of industry have a self-dependent existence, while the charms of feeling demand a substantial basis for their display. May the English school be one day impressed with this truth.

This surprising picture has, it is said, excited the admiration of numerous important amateurs. The Emperor of Russia is reported to have offered 30,000*l.* for it, and failing in this wholesale offer, he wished to obtain the centre figure alone. If this be true, the barbarian Autocrat deemed the division of Van der Helst as easy as the partition of Poland. Russia snatched from the stupidity of an English minister the Houghton Gallery for a comparatively small sum; but tried in vain to degrade the genius of Holland. Let us no more taunt the Dutch with being willing to sell even their fathers.

Opposite to this miracle of minutiae is the celebrated Night Watch, by Rembrandt; and a more complete opposite in every respect, except the similar meanness of

the frames, cannot be well supplied. In so large a work it were perhaps unjust to look for those mysterious and delicate tints which abound in the cabinet pictures of this master. On so large a surface the hand tires before the judgment is satisfied, and general effects of colour and light and shade are alone produced. The subject is enveloped in a mass of gloom, which oppresses the vision for want of those exquisite reflexes which alone relieve the monotony of shade. The spot of light which gleams through it brings forward no figure of interest, and the beholder insensibly turns towards the rival Treaty of Munster for relief, without detecting by the contrast any flimsiness of effect in the latter. The Night Watch is, nevertheless, a remarkably fine picture, and in a proper light, and with a suitable frame, much of its effect, which is at present sacrificed, would be recovered.

To the right of it is a fine portrait of Peter the Great by Gelder. It is an extremely characteristic production the bold intellect and rough dignity of the patriotic czar are admirably depicted. The story connected with it is amusing. While working at Saardam, Master Peter waited on the artist, and requested him to paint his portrait in his shipwright's clothes. The astonished limner hesitated, fearful of the result on the part of his would-be employer, but was still more surprised when the supposed mechanic produced the required sum and placed himself in attitude. All objections being removed, the portrait was begun, and completed to the satisfaction of both parties. Shortly afterwards, Master Peter again appeared before the artist in a costume unbecoming his situation, yet in which he desired to be again represented.

The artist in vain expostulated at so absurd a masquerade, but the former powerful argument, seconded by one of Peter's best looks, again prevailed. In truth he was a good subject (although a king), as well as a good paymaster. The painter was doubtless ultimately made acquainted with the rank of his sitter, and the second picture was presented by the Emperor to his friends the burgomasters. The first Master Peter was dispatched to St. Petersburg, and doubtless pleaded a better tale for the absent sovereign than his effigy clad in all the splendour of royalty.

In this room there are besides a Council of Burgomasters, by Rembrandt—a collection of boldly-painted heads, but without the exquisite pencilling and colour of his smaller works; and a meeting of Archers about to bestow the prize of a silver vase on the successful candidate, by Van der Helst.

In the upper rooms is a fine collection of Dutch cabinet pictures; but as it would be endless to recapitulate the gems by Wouvermans, Teniers, Ruisdael, Ostade, Dow, Mieris, &c. &c., which adorn the walls, I shall only assert that so many treasures were never before immured in such a series of garrets. In the front room are, amidst numerous others, the Roman Daughter, a Magdalen, and a Satyr, by Rubens; and a large picture by Flinck. In the last of the small rooms is a beautiful bit, the Schoolmaster, by Gerard Dow, which depicts that most awkward of all effects, candle-light, with scrupulous fidelity. If I recollect rightly, on the same side of the room there is also a candle-light scene, by Schalken. By a comparison the observer will glean

a very good lesson, and will not for the future share the ecstasy of the unlearned in art at the illumined brick-dust pieces by the monotonous Schalken. The portraits of a lady and gentleman, by Gerard Dow, are admirable specimens of his firm and delicate pencil.

This is truly a National Gallery in all but the edifice. Those who have that quintessence of taste which can approve only of the Italian school will be shocked by the absence of their idols; but those who can appreciate the genius peculiar to each country will find in the Amsterdam Museum much to delight and even more to instruct. Though the school be not the first, the Dutch painters are the first of that school; and if they have not incurred the difficulties of great attempts, they have successfully grappled with the minor mysteries of Nature.

After strolling about the town and paying a visit to our old Hague acquaintance, who, lawyer-like, lived in great comfort, we returned to Cattermole's Hotel, and speedily dispatched a slight repast prior to our departure for Utrecht.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

*The Outer Amstel—Too late for Trekschuyt—Philosophy of Walking—Country-houses—Dutch Enjoyment—Effects of Tobacco—Effects of Walking—Return Coach—Loenen—Unpromising Trekschuyt—Unpromising Companions—Agreeable Surprise—Concert—Democracy and Fashion—Cordial Doch an Dorroch—Gates of Utrecht—Night Ramble—Deceptive Canal—Hotel Hunting.*

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Distance from Amsterdam to Utrecht, 27½ miles.

Objects of Interest in Utrecht—The Cathedral, with its isolated tower, 388 feet high; the New Town Hall; the University; the Mall, a fine wooded walk; the Theatre.

Hotels—L'Hotel des Pays Bas; the Old Castle of Antwerp; the New Castle of Antwerp, &c.

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HOISTING our knapsacks and bidding adieu to Warmoes Straat, we proceeded up the Utrechtsche Straat through the gate, and turned our backs on Amsterdam. Expecting that we should shortly hear the bell of departure from the trekschuyt station, we leisurely took our way along the broad canal, the Amstel, out of which the one leading to Utrecht branches to the left. No bell, however, sounded, and we speedily gleaned from human tongues that we were in the pleasant predicament of being too late. We were informed that we should find a barge at Loenen; and little dreaming that the place indicated was half way between Amsterdam and Utrecht, we got the ferryman to convey us to the opposite bank, and after astonishing his weak nerves with twice his fare, we tightened our

knapsacks, which with us was synonymous to girding our loins, and proceeded on our road to Loenen. Without believing that the oppressive heat of the afternoon was expressly adapted to our discomfiture, we merrily trudged it for many a mile, but no Loenen appeared. Coming to the dilemma of two roads, each looking like the right one, we crossed a drawbridge, and entered a toll-house, where we refreshed ourselves with the pilgrim luxury of milk. Starting afresh, and giving up the *trekschuyt*, without asserting, according to the spirit of the fable, that the grapes were sour, we pursued our sun-scorched way.

Being a decided lover of pedestrianism, I easily reconciled myself to the task before us, and it mattered little to me whether we passed the night in the humble shed with merry boon companions, or in the cold hotel amidst stranger glances and obtrusive waiters. The road to Utrecht by canal is remarkably pleasing; and as the road proceeds by the canal side, I resolved to enjoy it by land, with the prospect of a more tardy arrival, than by the *trekschuyt*, in case we should not be able to overtake it, which, however, seemed not unlikely, from the known want of speed of this conveyance.

We occasionally cast wistful glances at the comfortable summer-houses which lined the road, and at the still more comfortable inmates, who ever and anon smilingly peeped from their snug recesses at our knapsack-laden, heated, and dusty forms. These retiring houses form a prominent feature in Dutch canal travelling; they are distinguished by the different inscriptions over the gates and doors, which imply either the peculiar advantage of the spot or the favourite avocation of the owner. Thus



the following are constantly to be met with:—"Berg Vliet, Weg Zigt, Padden Burg, Glyn Wyk, Over-vliet, Land Lust, Den Haring, Slood Wyk, &c." The great delight of a Dutchman in the middle ranks is to proceed by the trekschuyt with his family to some house of entertainment on the banks of a canal, and there to pass a few calm hours with schnaps and tobacco. His whole life is one of ease. He meets the casualties of trade with unexcited feelings, he yields to the fascinations of his favourite recreations with subdued satisfaction, and signs his will with a complacent recollection of the guilders he bequeaths, and of the mode in which a due portion of them are to minister to his lifetime enjoyments. All great smokers appear to be blessed with this imperturbable temper, at least while under the influence of the Virginian leaf. Raleigh consoled himself in the Tower with a pipe and a pen; and it was doubtless with a hookah in his mouth that the Sultan Mahmoud soothed his conscience whilst directing the beneficial extirpation of the Janiasaries. It therefore behoves every prudent man to bear about with him the calumet of peace, so as to avoid the between-whiles paroxysms of unoccupied smokers.

Having proceeded a considerable distance without arriving at Loenen, the weakness of human nature yielded to the temptation of a return-coach, which overtook us just as we were framing a code of pedestrian advantages. Having bargained with the usual success of travellers ignorant of the language, we cast ourselves into the carriage, and with necessitated brevity, uttered the name of our next station, Loenen.

Ere we had proceeded two miles, a mean-looking trek-

schuyt came in view ; and shrewdly guessing that, as the canal led to Utrecht, it might be bound to that place, we bade our driver hail it and determine this important question. To Utrecht it was indeed bound, as well as to the harness of the sorry animals who convulsively stumbled along the shore.

Not having time to do a mean action, we paid our driver his full fare, and leaped from the yielding indented bank into the blackest-looking barge that ever ploughed the sleepy waters of a Dutch canal.

I made my obeisances to my new and strange-looking companions in French, and received their Dutch returns in my ears and in my nostrils ; for with each abbreviated "Dag" a volume of that tobacco smoke came curling forth a welcome to us. Determined to evince a kindred spirit, I obtained a pipe from the steersman, and retorted in their native language—an action which at once dissipated all ideal differences, and established amity between the two nations. I am bound, however, to confess that the company, in appearance at least, was worthy of the boat. An entire suit could not have been mustered by the crew of four by which we were surrounded, and harmony was apparent in all the items of their outward forms. Not being in the least what is termed "a nice man," and having "not a bit of the gentleman" about me, I made myself exceedingly comfortable, and with the quiescence of an unbashful person I monosyllabically expressed to my unwashed companions the various ideas I formed of the charming scenery through which we passed. It is really astonishing with what ease and comparative accuracy a man may keep up a conversation

of transitory impressions by the aid of the smallest words, even few and far between, in a language the larger words of which are forbidden him, if he will but waive the pride of the linguist, and conduct his series of patches with unfailing good humour and perseverance. The very act disarms criticism; and I have constantly beheld the gradual relaxation of rigid muscles from the altitude of coldness and scorn down to the genial depths of companionship, when, armed with cheerfulness and simplicity, I have ventured beyond my depth with my little bundle of corks, so as just to keep my head above water. Many travellers view with suspicion what they dare not treat with contempt; ever wrapt up in their own cynical contemplations, they take a trip for the purpose of venting all their unpleasant humours, making the smiling world a universal infirmary. Such persons are greatly to be pitied; they have neither the means of rendering themselves agreeable, nor the vigour requisite to be decided Timons. From this it may be imagined that I consider myself a model of a traveller. I confess I do, and fervently thank my stars for it. I have not sufficient intellect to extract latent evils, nor courage enough to create dangers for the pleasure of surmounting them. In the course of my travels I have never the honour of fighting duels, relieving distressed damsels, nor of depriving any savage animal of his skin; neither do I belong to the class which, like Faulconbridge's aversion,—

“ Talks as familiarly of roaring lions  
As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs.”

I breathe peace and infect the atmosphere around me.  
Yet I never submit to imposition of a glaring nature;

and if the case demand industry, I leave no stone unturned to obtain redress. In my character of a passported man, I fearlessly call upon the legitimate protection of authority, &c. &c.

As it will appear from this that I am pretty well satisfied with myself, it is not wonderful that I should have been pleased with my democratic companions. They were as unlike the received notions of Dutchmen as can well be imagined, yet withal were truly Dutch. The steersman was a perfect specimen of full-sized happiness. His bulk would have appeared unpleasant had it not been accompanied by strength and activity; as it was, it bespoke an exuberant reparation of his system resulting from regular moderate labour, an easy disposition, and a sound appetite. To speak the truth with respect to the latter, it was so far beyond the ordinary specimens, that I do not bring forward quantities lest I be suspected of departing from the sober dignity of a continental chronicler. From the masses of dingy bread which this huge lump of good humour rapidly devoured, I always addressed him afterwards as *Mynheer Brot*, much to his amusement and that of his plebeian crew.

Happening, for want of thought, to hum an air from one of *Rossini's* operas, and having suddenly dropped the tune, I was surprised to hear one of my "unwashed artizans" take it up and complete it with an extraordinary degree of correctness and feeling. The civilizing bond of melody now united us, and with the freemasonry of sympathy we interwove our voices in tuneful harmony. I tried them with various airs, and they were never at fault; even God save the King and Rule Britannia

received the assistance of their voices. The two shortly struck up some music, exceedingly difficult for the human voice, the overtures to Oberon and Euryanthe, with many others ; and by a species of imitation of instrumental music, chimed in admirably, the one as a tenor, the other as a base. The precision of the time and the delicacy of the movements were as surprising as the largeness of the fund upon which they drew. As the moon slowly rose above the trees and we gently rippled through the glassy canal, their harmonious voices mingled with the evening breeze. I never recollect to have enjoyed the charms of vocal music more than on this evening : the unexpectedness of the pleasure, the ease of its accomplishment, and the undress tone of our minds, tended to impart to the whole scene a charm which the more studied preparations of art seldom equal. Here were two humble individuals, with patched clothes and labour-stained hands, familiarly running through musical productions which in England are deemed the exclusive property of rank and wealth.

Although there are enjoyments which the wealthy alone can command, the most valuable pleasures are those which Nature freely grants to all conditions. The situation of these men and their capabilities of producing amusement to themselves and others were arguments in favour of the beneficent intentions of Providence in the general diffusion of talent, and a satire upon the pretensions of the worldly and the arrogant.

I seemed to forfeit all abstract ideas of society and station. My mind clung to human nature. Redeeming the soul and reason of man from the bondage of circum-

stance, I could not refrain from indulging in Utopian contemplations, and beheld with my mental vision the triumph of mortal intellect when fostered by the Eternal Guide. I beheld the unchecked fertility of the universal mind ensuring unbiassed gladness in the heart of man. I viewed with ecstasy the restored harmony between the laws of God and those of man, and traced the bended knee of the race before the one Tribunal. My heart seemed to blend with my mind, and I partook of that intense and mysterious sympathy which unites the faculties of judgment and feeling into one ethereal whole. How trifling are the agents of the deepest feelings !

Burke affirms that there is a close agreement between the imagination and the senses. There must have been in this instance, since a simple appeal to my senses prompted my mind to very unusual flights. Whatever excites the natural flow of the imagination is a healthful recreation, and the refined arts are best calculated to stimulate the nobler functions of the mind. Too often, however, the hectic glow of unduly-excited fancy betrays into a series of intellectual debauches, which cause the most brilliant minds to totter on the verge of insanity. The happy equilibrium of the feelings and the fancy can alone produce that ever-attendant glow which imparts such vitality to social intercourse. Paroxysms of intellectual radiance, like periodical emotions of benevolence, are at variance with the sober standard of morality and the practice of every-day duties.

Having been fairly harmonized into a seventh heaven, it was with a feeling of regret we beheld the dark towers and roofs of Utrecht at a short distance from us. It is

difficult, even in one's native tongue, to express thanks for entertainment truly enjoyed ; it was therefore impossible for me to do it in Dutch, being extremely ignorant of that language. Therefore, with a philosophy fully recognized in all northern climes, I invited my musicians by signs to accompany us in a Dutch doch an dorroch at the neighbouring house of entertainment. We silently dispatched our parting cup, and even the bulky form of Mynheer Brot subsided from the tremulous action of unquenchable merriment to partake of the quiet and *cordial* feeling with which we parted on the shores of the canal, which had ceased to resound with our hearty Dutch concert.

Giving them friendly shakes and grateful smiles, we proceeded with our moveables on our shoulders amidst the darkness of night towards the gates of Utrecht. They were closed ; but on payment of the night dues, we were permitted to enter, and to thread our way to the Oude Kasteel van Antwerpen.

By repeating this name, I asked my way of some of the few inhabitants who were abroad at this late hour. Whether from their stupidity or my own I know not, but after trudging through the lengthy streets, we had the satisfaction of finding ourselves in a most dismal uninhabited quarter, and on the very point of walking into an ample canal which, under the reign of night, we had mistaken for a comfortable high road. Retracing our steps, we made sundry inquiries of citizens plodding homewards, oppressively laden with beer and schiedam ; but whether from the weight of their cargoes or an intuitive dislike of the questioners, we only received a few

drowsy shrugs from these benighted burghers. Resolved to steer our own course, and trusting that we should not be detained in Utrecht by an untoward plunge into a canal, we cautiously felt our way onwards. I must not omit to record that we were exceedingly hungry from the great exertions attendant upon our trekschuyt melodies.

“ ———— Feed the lion,  
He's tame; 'tis famine lights a soul of fire  
Within his ribs.”

As luck would have it, an unwonted scene of nocturnal revelry permitted a door to open at this unusual hour, and to unveil the parting vows of host and visitors. Immediately addressing the latter, consisting of a gentleman, his wife, and her maid, I managed to express my wants so successfully that the gentleman, for such the event proved him to be, having safely deposited the lady, politely accompanied us so far on our road that with his finger he pointed to the glimmering lamp in front of Pieter Van Veen's hotel, and took his leave amidst mutual bows and salutations.

The Oude Kasteel van Antwerpen was so full, that we were turned away empty; but, seeing our forlorn condition of body and mind, Pieter's head-waiter, who spoke French, indicated on the other side of the canal a New Castle of Antwerp, where we might probably be more successful. “If not there, gentlemen,” added he, “there is the ———, where there will doubtless be room, but if not there ———” “My good friend,” interrupted I, with the feeling of Macbeth at the sight of the line of kings, “I'll hear no more; omens at midnight are decidedly unpleasant.” The sight of a comfortable



table d'hôte speedily hurried us away from the tantalizing abode of honest Pieter, and in a short time, in spite of stunted inquiries and menacing canals, we were comfortably settled in the saloon of the New Castle, exchanging a thousand pleasantries with the good-humoured and buxom landlady. Chops and claret rewarded our toils, and uninvaded sleep finished the day's drama.

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## CHAPTER IX.

*Utrecht Fair — Disunited Church — Inharmonious Cleanliness — Diligence to Nijmegen — Growth of Tobacco — Rheenen — Gelderland — Grateful Dutchman — English Hospitality — The World's Estimate of Character — Wageningen — Road by Arnheim — First Passage of the Rhine — The Real and Ideal — Arms of the Rhine — Nijmegen — Passport — The Rotterdamsche Wagen — Travellers — Music.*

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Distance from Utrecht to Nijmegen . . . . 44 miles.

Do. Arnheim . . . . 44

Do. Arnheim to Nijmegen . . . 22

Objects of Interest at Arnheim — Church of St. Eusebius; ancient palace of the Dukes of Gelderland; the Latin School; the Prison.

Inns — the Sun, the Peacock, the Boar's Head, the Düsseldorf Chariot.

Objects of Interest at Nijmegen — the Town Hall; the Churches; the view from the Belvidera; the Ruins of the Valkenhof.

Inns — the Heerenlogement, the Rotterdamsche Wagen, White Swan.

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EARLY the next morning we were on our voyage of discovery through the streets of Utrecht. As our time was necessarily short, I cannot venture upon any detailed

account of the city, even though I had formerly spent some days there, but agree with the guide-books when they shortly proclaim it to be a fine town.

As it was fair-time, we strolled into the area of the church; and tried, without success, to be interested in the small cluster of booths which had caused no inconsiderable commotion in the quiet city of Utrecht, and had also been the origin of our disappointment at honest Pieter's the previous night.

Matter more interesting greeted us in the imposing elevation of the belfry tower of the church, which, like an unyielding dissenter, has carried away the *sound* portion of the orthodox service, and stands aloof from the maternal fabric, rearing its motley-coloured form far above the incomplete body of the building. This remaining portion appears to have formed the transepts of the old church; the nave and aisles having, by ruin or accident, departed from the earth, the tower became isolated, bearing the remains of corridors and recesses, windows and portals, which serve as guides to the ideal completion of the fabric. The form and colour of this lofty brick tower are extremely picturesque, and reminded me forcibly of some of the remains at Granada.

The next object which attracted our attention bore a very different character: it was the Town Hall, a new and handsome stone edifice, presenting a very fair outside amidst the old and dingy buildings by which it is surrounded. The harmonious eye shrinks from this intrusion of novelty and brightness among antique eccentricities, as the modish taste recoils instinctively from a *parvenu* out of place in society.

In most of the Dutch towns the canals are nearly on a level with the banks, but at Utrecht they are considerably below, and are rendered serviceable for domestic purposes by subterranean communications. Their surfaces are, however, not very indicative of a pure current beneath, and the refuse of the various markets appeals to a very useful and sensitive organ with collective energy.

Having to depart by the diligence at eleven o'clock, we hastened to the Bellevue Hotel on the Vreburg, opposite the theatre, and dispatched a hasty breakfast. Our road lay through Amerongen and Rhenen, occasionally following the course of the Dutch Rhine, a river which presents but few of its earlier attractions to the tourist as it gently flows towards the ocean through its numerous channels. Still, on approaching this less romantic portion the eye, aided probably by the fancy, traces a superior character in the surrounding scenery.

The district through which the road passes is celebrated for the growth and preparation of tobacco. The leaves, when gathered, are deposited in large barns by the road-side, whence they are exported to Sardinia, Piedmont, Germany, and Poland, the Dutch being too wise to smoke their own mediocre tobacco in preference to the produce of the West Indies. The native tobacco sells for about fifteen florins the cwt. Passing through Rhenen, I had just time sufficient to ascertain that the tower of the church is handsome, and that there is a pretty glimpse of the Rhine to the right, two points carefully noted down in my rough journal in the zig-zag characters natural to a shaking vehicle.

A good view of the fertile province called Gelderland

is obtained to the left beyond Rheenen. The ancient nobility of this province appear to entertain very vast notions of their dignity. If they are good landlords and example-setting magistrates, this feeling is innoxious ; but if, as in too many countries, they are the promoters of folly, the sooner their dignity is interfered with the better. A slothful, vicious aristocrat is a blot upon national fame, and a mockery of power. I endeavoured to glean some information respecting these titled ones from a very sensible physician of Amsterdam who sat by my side ; but he either had very little to say in their favour, or was unwilling to launch forth against them. On other subjects he was more communicative. On learning that I was an Englishman, he evinced a cordiality of feeling for which I was at a loss to account, until he favoured me with the recital of an episode in his history, which fully explained the cause of his partiality. He had, during one of his voyages, been wrecked on the coast of Cornwall, and having been succoured by the inhabitants, he was received into the house of an individual at Marazion, and was there treated with the utmost hospitality during the weeks he was forced to depend upon the attentions of his unexpected host.

A person in such a situation is about as fair a judge of a nation as a man who may have chanced to be kicked by a native on his first appearance in a foreign land. It is by not following implicitly either the dictates of excited feeling or of callous judgment, that an estimate can be formed of man in his varieties of habit and circumstance. He who is welcomed to the social board in a stranger land inevitably acquires a prejudice favourable

to the nation ; whereas he who is left to his own resources too often retires into the solitude of friendless feeling with a chilled heart and perverted vision. Those who have been nourished with the sweet drops of complacency, and have at home “ moved, lived, and had their being ” irradiated by the halo of individual prosperity, cannot be easily reconciled to the rough usage of a world which estimates every man at his actual value.

At Wageningen the diligence stopped, and allowed us time to dispatch a hasty luncheon. The coaches were here changed ; one proceeding to Arnheim, on another branch of the Rhine, the other continuing to Nijmegen. We were at first tempted to proceed by the former route, and thus visit a very beautiful portion of Holland ; but as it appeared the coach from Arnheim to Nijmegen did not start till the next morning, and we should then be too late for the Rhine steamer, we determined upon the less interesting route. I should, however, recommend travellers to proceed by the steamer from Rotterdam to Arnheim, rather than from Rotterdam to Nijmegen.

A little beyond Wageningen we crossed the Rhine in a large ferry-boat, which presented accommodation for man and beast, luggage and vehicle. Unpoetical as I happen to be, I could not resist a degree of emotion which stole over me as I planted my foot on our Rhine-borne omnibus. I had beheld rivers finer than this part of the Rhine ; yet the *prestige* which must ever accompany it influenced me so powerfully, that I could have sworn to the actual existence of beauties fresh teeming from an excited fancy. The power of the real over the feelings was here confessed. In my chamber solitude,

my imagination had often roved to the venerable shores of this noble river; its anticipations were more thickly clustered with charms than the subject of these thoughts; it had invested "the superb Rhine" with all the riches of ideality; it had bestowed on its air-drawn stream an amplitude which surpassed reality, and a majesty beyond the beautiful truth. Yet when the outward vision clung to its actual form, when my feet buoyantly sprang upon its bosom, I experienced a thrill of ecstasy which proclaimed the triumph of the real. A mouldering fragment of a hero has in its fearful lineaments a tale of deeper interest than the bloated breathing fool in the shallow pride of life and luxury. The shrunken yellow Tiber rolls its historical waters between scorched and melancholy shores; yet in vain does the hand of geography point out more imposing streams or more romantic banks. The ideal commands the luxury of preparation; the real has the triumph of full enjoyment.

By this time our barge has floated to the opposite shore, and my thoughts are for the moment chained to time and space. The tract of land which then lies between the traveller and Nijmegen, and which forms a portion of Gelderland, is considerably narrowed by the approach of the two arms of the Rhine, which branch off from the "father" stream at some miles below the Prussian town of Emmerich, the upper one being honoured with the parent title, and the lower being designated the Waal, or Whaal, both ultimately uniting with the Maas, or Meuse, near Rotterdam, to convey the ample flood of the Rhine, by various mouths, into the German Ocean.

The ride across this narrow tract of land is peculiar and pleasing. Proceeding along a sort of embankment, we obtained a distant view of Nijmegen, on the opposite bank of the Waal. Rising from the edge of the water, and spreading over the considerable eminences which contrast with the flatter portions of the country, the town presents a substantial and comfortable appearance; even its brick habitations bearing less than the usual weight of character, and its deep tone glowing beneath a setting sun. Deceptive distance, after tantalizing our journey-worn eyes, permitted itself to be curtailed of its fair proportions, and we safely embarked on the fly-bridge, diligence and all, gradually disputing its power till we were landed on the soil of Nijmegen, beyond its sway.

Whether in the first town or in the last, the suspicious minions of the police perpetually haunt a traveller. Scarcely had we driven a few yards on the strand, when a liveried passport blood-hound tracked us out, and after peremptorily bidding us descend, conducted us, most reluctantly on our part, to the passport office, where, after undergoing the ceremony of an ocular scrutiny, we were considerably allowed to stumble down the break-neck stairs, and proceed to the Rotterdamsche-Wagen to wash off the affront with soap and water, and to drown all recollection of police persecutions in a bottle of Holtermann's wine.

Mine host was, as hosts sometimes are, decidedly capotent, and apparently good-humoured. For his own sake I should like to convey to his understanding an anonymous hint as to the rapid disappearance of the

contents of more than one bottle of stimulating liquor. I trust it was not pure Schiedam, but have sufficient reason to fear that it was. The diagnostics of disease are faithfully traced in the face of man, and in this instance I could prophesy, but I refrain. . . . . To your health, worthy Holtermann !

In the evening we strolled up hill into the town, and then, as a natural consequence, strolled down again to our hotel, where we joined in the comfort of a late table-d'hôte. Our party was composed, as usual, of a motley assembly, perhaps of more than the usual number of Englishmen. There were travellers just going to Germany, who, with strained eyes and gaping mouths, devoured the discourse of travellers who had just returned. There were others, alike on their return, who had just discovered, from the tantalizing representations of their neighbours, that they had on several occasions been within a few miles of an interesting spot, or within a few steps of a civic lion, without having had the good fortune to behold them. Others, again, who had been delivering themselves of oracles pertaining to the Rhine and its castled crags, were suddenly eclipsed by the dogmas of travellers fresh chilled from the summit of Mont Blanc or Mont Perdu.

The music which generally accompanies this important meal is extremely dependent on the tone of the traveller's mind, as well as that of the instruments employed. Twitches of the gout are as unfavourable to a due appreciation of these ambulant minstrels as an ear prejudiced by the luxuries of the Opera.



## CHAPTER X.

*Prince Frederick steamer to Cologne—Colour of the Rhine—Emmerik—Custom-House Officers—Wesel—Night—Steam—Cabin Scene—Distant View of Cologne—Arrival—Grosse Rheinberg—The Ciarendon, London, and the Grand Sommelier, Cologne.*

Distance from Nijmegen to Cologne, 41½ leagues.

THE next morning, at seven, we were on board the *Prins Frederik van Pruissen*, a steam-boat belonging to the Dutch and German companies, bearing the agreeable names of the *Niederlanden-Maatschappy* and the *Rheinische-Dampschiffahrt*. Many people wonder that *Delkeakamp* never completed his panorama of the Rhine: few would wonder if he had; but they would be the judicious few; for of all unpictorial rivers the Rhine is the most unimportant in some of its latter portions. It has volume alone to recommend it. Its colour gradually changes as the traveller ascends, from the fresh look of living water, and after assuming all the varieties of yellow, ultimately subsides into a delicate opaque pale green when it has once resumed its wonted calmness, on its release from the furrows of *Schaffhausen*.

At *Emmerik*, the first Prussian town, we were boarded by two custom-house officers, who detained us about an hour and a half, while they committed to paper every particular respecting the vessel and its live cargo. This gave us an opportunity of going ashore; but after entering by a small postern and having reluctantly paraded

a mean-looking street, we issued from the uninviting town by another cramped portal, and buying some fruit of a pretty face, we returned to our suspicion-bound vessel in time to see the captain's looks ringing bells at the departure of the inquisitors.

The next place of any consequence was Rees, with some neat towers, a handsome Catholic church, and a castle near it. At this moment we passed the Agrippina, a fine steamer on the same station, and beheld travellers who had actually seen Cologne. Passing Xanthen to the right, at some distance from the river, we had just time to take note of its antique church towers, and were whirled on towards the fortified Prussian town of Wesel, the chief part of which is behind the trees which line the shore. Two very elegant towers pleaded a favourable tale for the latent town, the military inhabitants of which were, evidently in undress, refreshing their bodies in the bosom of their father Rhine. Wesel is connected with the artificial island of Buderich by a bridge of boats.

Pursuing the channel to the right, and passing to the left the mouth of the Lippe, the river winds round past Elverich, Rheinbergen, and Orsey to the right, passing to the left, beyond the latter, the mouth of the Ruhr. To the right is Urdingen, distinguished by its poplars, and beyond, to the left, is Kaiserwerth, marked by its white tower and windmill. Night intercepts the half-way prospects between Nijmegen and Cologne, and consequently renders the voyage somewhat unpleasant; for however resigned a man may be to the casualties of travelling, there are few occasions in which he would rather sleep in a cabin than in a legitimate four-post.

There is always in night a character of sublimity, and it is generally the parent of soothing reflections and melancholy musings. The world clad in the subdued hues of midnight and silence presents the silhouette of its real form. The steam-boat has invested night with a new character, one which offers sufficient mystery, it is true, but which has more of the active horrors of Erebus than of sweet oblivion. As an artist, I consider a steam-boat to be a fierce innovation on the bosom of the waters. It is an insult to poetry and comfort inflicted by obtrusive science. The powerful invisible agency which once filled the ample canvass, the intricate code by which a vessel "trode the water like a thing of life," are resolved into a most unromantic certainty of the cause of the propelling power. The poetry of motion is destroyed by a war of angry elements, and Nature is lashed into a fury before she is deemed worthy of homage. It is now the height of man's ambition, as it is with tight-lacing ladies, to ascertain into how small a space functions may be compressed. Ye unpoetical tyrants of science! leave one spot for the enjoyment of the sensitive mind, unpolluted by cold material laws!

An influence of political economical conscientiousness at this moment whispered me of the incalculable advantages of a new and prodigious power, which will ultimately change the face of the globe—which has already effected a revolution, not only in the physical but in the moral condition of nations, and which, becoming the irresistible weapon of truth, will smite into the dust the cowering legions of ignorance and tyranny. I admitted the full truth; and as a traveller in many lands, I recognised the immense advantages of this new-born power;

but at the moment when my reason extorted from my fancy a matter-of-fact allowance, the fresh-roused thunder of the engines drove me back into a hatred of innovation, on true Tory principles,—because it interfered with my own comfort. A fearful hissing, whizzing, grumbling, and bumping, together with the most sickening and perduring trembling of every square inch above and below, convinced me that a nocturnal concert of gushing waters and thundering machinery is a poor incentive to healthful repose and pleasing dreams. (In the year 1835 there were no berths either in the *Prince Frederick* or the *Town of Antwerp*, but it was in contemplation to introduce these accommodations.) To me it is the same, in a berth or on the seats, sleep I cannot, so perforce must watch.

Around me were stretched the varied lengths of Dutch of all shapes, Germans from all states, and Englishmen of all shades of pride. A gloomy-looking figure was to be seen threading its forlorn way down the tortuous and precipitous staircase, expanding, according to a principle of perspective ill-suited to a small cabin, to a most unseemly size as it slowly advanced towards me; it prepared to make a seat of my prostrate body, when, from a hint communicated by two uplifted arms, it again tottered onwards, with a drowsy apologetic growl, to commit a similar breach of etiquette upon my next neighbour. Pray heaven, he kill him not! He has a small body and a thin voice. . . . Ah! no, he is safe; the spectre has visited instead a corpulent Wurtemburger, who is already too heavily laden with compound meals and untiring potations to feel so slight an addition.

In vain I tried to get at a little brandy to console me. In every cupboard, nook, and corner was a sleeper, and all other spirits seemed equally locked in the arms of Somnus.

While penning these lines by the glimmering light of a reeking lamp, my attention was turned to one corner of my scrap-book, where lay at full length a huge note of admiration in the shape of an enormous slug! . . . . The lamp expired with a foul dying breath; and as I solemnly prepared to depart, my honest friend the Würtemberger, who was probably by this time somewhat incommoded by his recumbent superior, groaned out with querulous vehemence, "Mein Gott! wo is da!"

Having, in all probability, during the night, passed Düsseldorf and Neuss, stations marked by the stoppage of the steamer to set down or take up passengers, the dawn may discover to the left, at some distance from the river, the electoral château of Benrath, from the cupola of which an extensive prospect is obtained. To the right, farther on, are the three towers of Zons, easily recognised by the short trees before the village; to the right, also, may be traced the mountains of the Duchy of Berg. Beyond Zons, to the right, is Rheinfeld, opposite to which are the town and château of Monheim.

Following the bend of the river past Worringen, to the right, is the pleasing village of Hittorf, on the left hand side of the river, which is here intersected by a sand-bank. Occasionally, by mounting the paddle-box, a distant view of Cologne may be obtained to the right; but so indistinctly, that a wager on its identity would probably be in jeopardy. To the right lie the villages

of Langelen, Rhein-Cassel, and Merkenich, while, to the left, is Rheindorf, beyond which the Wipper falls into the Rhine. The only objects of interest which remain are the Palace of Prince Furstenburg, and Stamheim, to the left, whence a good view of the spires of Cologne greet the anxious sight.

Rounding a point of land which shuts in the river, the town of Mühlheim presents itself to the left, and beyond glitter the spires of Cöln, which, stretching along the shore to the right, agreeably terminate the view. The first appearance of the city is imposing; built on a gently rising ground, so as to present at one view its most striking features, it extends in an irregular concave line of nearly a league along the Rhine, being divided into two equal portions by the somewhat crescent-formed bridge of boats connecting it with the opposite town of Deuz. The dark wall by which the earlier portion of the city is inclosed gives it a sombre appearance, not at all diminished by the lowering towers and spires which harmoniously cluster round the mightier form of the magnificent cathedral. The two towers first seen are those of the church of St. Cunibert, which is supposed to stand on the ancient bed of the Rhine. They are united by a semicircular portion, beneath the pointed roof of which runs that peculiar peristyle series of interwoven arches springing before slightly sunken pannels, which characterize the ecclesiastical edifices of Rhenish Germany. The church of the Jesuits, the Dom, the church of St. Martin, with its lofty spire and incomplete turrets, and the polygonal tower of the Town Hall have scarcely met the rapid scrutiny of an eager eye before

the arrival of the vessel at its destination on this side the bridge is announced by the oft *toll'd* tale of the noisy bell to be found at the head of all the steamers. On the opposite bank the eye rests on the extensive front of the Hôtel de Belle Vue and its garden at Deuz ; while beyond the bridge the line of buildings is terminated by the spires of the church of St. Severin and the tower bearing the name of the Bayenthurm.

Landing on a platform connected with the bridge, we gladly strode on the planks of that amphibious structure towards the shore, but were, as usual, stopped by the myrmidons of police, who demanded our passports, which we reluctantly gave, together with the name of our hotel, so that one of the runners of the police might pocket his fee for bringing them to us when countersigned. We then proceeded to the first hotel at hand, which happened to be the Grosse Rheinberg, at the foot of the bridge, a large, cold-looking building, with a spacious saloon overlooking the Rhine, and waiters possessing military precision and starchness.

I should certainly not like to march into the Clarendon, in London, with a gambroon dress, oil-skin cap, and a knapsack ; but into the Rheinberg, the second hotel in Cologne, I walked with the complacency of an old traveller, who is not easily daunted by cold looks and words.

Addressing a man who was lounging about with all the air of a waiter, I asked him some questions respecting the table-d'hôte. With a most dignified toss of the head, he replied to my questions, " Monsieur, il faut vous adresser au premier grand Sommelier !" God bless

me; thought I, this is doing the Clarendon with a vengeance! However, with mock gravity, I solicited from a passing real waiter an introduction to his Highness the Grand Sommelier, and speedily obtained from that important functionary a table of times and prices. The table-d'hôte was over; therefore I ordered a *petit diner* for three, to be ready by the time we should return from a walk through the city.

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## CHAPTER XI.

*Guides versus Independence—The Cathedral—Ecclesiastical Architects—Political Religion—Incomplete State of the Edifice—Interior—Relics, &c.—The three Kings—View from the Tower—Table d'hôte—View from the Dining-room Window—The Bridge of Boats—Military Evils—A specimen of Prussian Discipline—A Raft—Bellevue at Deuz—Music, &c.—Night Thoughts.*

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Objects of Interest at Cologne—The Cathedral, and view from tower—Church of the Virgin of the Capitol—Churches of St. Gereon, St. Cunibert, the Apostles, St. Peter, and the Assumption; the Town Hall; the Libraries; the Wallraff Museum; the Gurzenich Custom-house; the Arsenal; the Theatre; the Palais de Justice; the Workhouse and Charity; the military and civil Hospitals; the Orphan Asylum; the House of Correction; the Barracks; Rubens' House, &c.

Hotels at Cologne—Hôtel Imperial; Grosse Rheinberg; Mainzer Hof; Wiener Hof; Laacher Hof; Hof van Hollande, &c. &c.

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Being professedly an economical tourist, I always pursue my researches without the aid of interpreters and guides,



armed with a silent but well informed and faithful plan. To be conducted, like school-boys on a half-holiday, through the usual routine of an usher's topography, seemed to us as a deprivation of that free-will which is the dearest characteristic of a poor traveller. I prefer this independence because it excites in me a spirit of enterprise; I am cast upon my own resources, and glean many an odd point of character and feeling which all the loquacity of a guide cannot supply. If I know but little of a language, I have need of practice; if a good linguist, I have a talisman which will create objects of interest at every step. Once for all, I mortally dislike following an apathetic guide at his own pace, admiring his own precise time, to become a marked man for every shopkeeper with whom I may chance to have dealings.

Our first visit was, as may easily be imagined, to the Cathedral. Proceeding up the street at the back front of the hotel, we found ourselves in the Borsen-platz and Haymarket, in the centre of which is the New Exchange. Threading some narrow streets to the right, we shortly arrived at the Kaiser Carls Platz, a most unimportant area, except that one side of the Münster is situated in it.

Cologne Cathedral is, as all the world knows, incomplete, neither the towers nor the body of the building being finished. It was first contemplated by *Saint Engelbert*, but it was destined that another should carry into effect the ideas of the canonized archbishop. Accordingly, in 1248, his successor, Conrad of H<sup>och</sup>stetten, commenced its erection, which occupied two succeeding centuries, since it still resounded with the labours of

workmen in 1499. The present Prussian government devotes occasional sums of money to the necessary repairs of the complete portions. The scaffolds of the modern patchers obscured a portion of this gorgeous edifice at the period of my visit: with an architecture-loving indignation I wished them at Bath—no, by-the-bye, not at Bath, for there is a rich old abbey there which they might also deface,—I wished them at Rotterdam, to hide the new Town Hall, or at Pimlico, to screen the New Palace.

Various architects have had the honour of connecting their names with this gigantic fabric; but the first appears to have been Gerhard. The yet unsearched archives of the city will probably furnish more authentic details respecting the employers and the employed. As I respect human fame, I would rather dwell on the undisputed names of celebrated architects than on the disputed length, breadth, and height of their works. No inconsiderable portion of my respect do I devote to that enthusiastic galaxy of ecclesiastics whose tasteful piety and profound architectural knowledge strewed the universal soil of Catholicism with the most sublime temples genius ever conceived. It was their grateful lot to render the altars of the Almighty on earth paramount in majestic impressions and awful interest, and to unite in sacred bonds the glory of the Creator and the genius of the creature. Oh! how the human heart thrills with the fervour of that worship which, ascending from the noble pride and exalted intellect of man, through the brightening vistas of inspiration, humbly contemplates the mystery and majesty of heaven. Be the superadded

influences of political Catholicism ever so pernicious, we are indebted to the most zealous agents of that power for the triumph of architectural sublimity; and in extenuation of their creed-inspired errors it must be remembered, that all political religion is arbitrary and corrupt. A political hierarchy is the result of wealth, and the sure forerunner of decay.

The plans of this building are mostly extant, and proclaim the original design to be one of the mightiest and most splendid efforts of science and art. It would be worthy of a great nation to link the past with the present in generous emulation, and to produce to the astonished world a cathedral of unparalleled magnificence; but, alas! the age is too cold and Prussia too poor. We cannot indeed expect the enormous necessary outlay from a government which is obliged to resort to bank-notes of three shillings and a penny! Beauteous relic of a *dark* age, thou wilt in all probability remain, amidst the wondrous changes whose shadows have preceded them, a vast memorial of the fortunes and nature of man—when mightiest, still incomplete!

The interior of this sublime edifice must be viewed with a segmented feeling; lofty and exquisite stained glass windows and groves of towering columns must be allowed to attract the eye away from the dismal boarded roof and the other symptoms of its incomplete condition. The whole effect is gloomy, but is in character with the forlorn state of the fabric; it wears this serious mien with the majesty of fallen greatness, and mocks the sunny splendour of gayer temples, even as a venerable patriarch smiles mournfully at the thoughtless bands who have

before them an unknown earthly future. The splendid pillars, amounting, it is said, to a hundred, are sad sine-curists; there they stand, pretending to support what should have been a fitting roof. Methinks they present no bad imitation of many living pillars of the state.

Let those who please allow their energies to expand before the costly Tomb of the Kings, and at the sight of the relics, jewels, and other treasures which the cunning clutches of priestcraft have been able to wring from hypocrisy and credulity. They are splendid, it is true, but such splendour is wasted on a vision teeming with the glories of *holy* art. The mere sight of gems may please the eye of taste, but these collections of treasures have reference to deeper principles and more powerful influences. Can the ethereal, immortal soul of man tamper so far, in its earliest state of probation, with its most valuable privileges, as to worship the worthless mammon which weighs it in the dust? Its privileges are glorious, its fall immeasurable. But the time is coming when even the lowliest-minded traveller will feel dignified by the noble results of the intelligence of his species, and will turn with undisguised disgust from the putrid form of superstition as it cowers in the deepest recesses of its noble but polluted fanes.

I should object to no embellishment that is compatible with the nature of an ecclesiastical edifice. St. Peter's is not unfitted by its surpassing splendour for the ceremonies of religious worship. The utmost profusion may be cast on all around, and the united beauties of the productions of nature and art tend to enhance the sublimity of a temple: but I reprobate the introduction of those

gorgeous trifles which appeal to the baser faculties of human nature; to those specious attractions which are unconnected with general grandeur and sublimity.

If the treasures of the Catholic Church be real, reflect upon the amount of crime, superstition, and weakness necessary to have bestowed them. If false—and the greater part are stated to be so—what confirmed juggling is there to obtain an insecure sway over ignorant minds! . . . . . At this moment an honest neighbour is gazing at the Tomb of the Kings with his soul in his eyes; he is evidently moved by the sight,—but how? Does he feel nearer the Saviour by viewing the jewelled tomb of the Magi? Does he feel a better man by being obliged to covet them? Does not his secret thought steal back to the sacristy of his own simple chapel, divested of all such splendour; and does the comparison do his mind any good? His looks tell me much that he would not dare to utter. Some may deem it a mere trifle to be swayed by trifles; but the secret of human regeneration is involved in the correction of this tendency of the thoughtless mind. Intellectual splendour is the most proper radiance for a temple of religion: it affects the senses in a noble manner. All that the evil genius of crafty man has designed to elevate the character of worship has not only destroyed its purity, but has debased the worshipper. The intellectual millennium is at hand! Its altar already gleams amidst the darkness of ages!

The choir and the surrounding chapels are the only finished portions; the former, rising to the majestic height of 150 feet, is lined with tapestries, from designs by Rubens; it requires all one's reverence for that

mighty name to detect a particle of interest in these faded draperies. The altar is sadly disfigured by an inharmonious Roman communion-table and accessories, which, although abstractedly beautiful, intrude amidst the solemnity of its Gothic arches. This error is so frequent in Rhenish Germany, that a traveller of the slightest taste turns away disappointed from the finest cathedrals.

Amongst the tombs which cluster round the Mausoleum of the Three Kings are those of *a portion* (les entrailles) of Marie de Medicis, of two Counts of Schaumberg, Archbishops of Cologne, that of Conrad of Hückstetten (in bronze), who commenced building the cathedral, and a variety of Archbishops, all, *of course*, of noble families.

The picture representing the Adoration of the Magi was painted by Philip Kalf in 1410.

We next proceeded to mount the more elevated of the towers—a plan I always pursue, since it affords me a thorough knowledge of the distribution of the various edifices of a city, together with the situation of the latter amidst the surrounding country.

The northern intention of a tower only rises 21 feet from the ground; its companion has reached the height of 250 feet, being one-half of the elevation of the original plan. The latter is surmounted by the huge crane by which the stones from the Drachenfels were raised to the required situations; and its shrouded form presents a curious termination to the tower when seen from the distance. It will easily be believed that the panoramic prospect commanded from the summit is extensive and

beautiful. The lovely Seven Mountains form no inconsiderable portion of the view, and the eye retires disappointed from the silvery line of the river as it is shut from the sight by the distant hills.

Irresistibly summoned by hunger, we bade adieu to the revels of the eye and the fancy, to descend to lower themes. A *freshman* is apt to be somewhat daunted at the size and elegance of the coffee-rooms of the principal continental hotels, and to feel some modest qualms at the idea of sitting down to dinner with sixty or seventy strangers. After the little unsocial dingy cupboard where he may have been in the habit of darkly dispatching a circumscribed portion of underdone meat and a pint of Portuguese blacking, the brilliancy of the saloon at the Grosse Rheinberg is calculated to confound his senses. Much has been written on the subject of German living, and much remains to be written, since it is a mere matter of taste. That the Germans are heavy feeders admits not of a doubt, unless the argument be conducted after the fashion of a friend's remark on the subject,—“ I thought the Germans were voracious! Why, this little consumptive man to my left has not eaten so much as myself!”

It might certainly be possible to pick out a German here and there with even less appetite than our little consumptive friend; but for my own part, I should prefer the easier task of finding hundreds who are more faithful to the Teutonic laws of digestion. It would be absurd for me to assert that I dislike the German cookery, having sat down with pleasure, in Spain, to *gas-pacho*, *olla podrida*, and *vacalao à la Biscayna*, dainties,

which, luckily for delicate stomachs, are not met with every day in the rest of Europe. Still I think it far behind the French *cuisine*, both in arrangement and quality. I must always protest against the roast meat being served up last; doubts as to its appearance ultimately, and calls from within, tempt me to wander amidst the little trumperies, to the detriment of an appetite worthy of the regal roast.

All such conclusions are, however, fallacious; much depends on the hotel, the part of the country, and the state of the traveller's digestion. I have no reason to complain, for I never had a bad meal in my life, and never travelled in a country which I disliked. I always carry about me a "Kitchener's Zest," which renders palatable any dish of nature's concoction. She is a skilful cook, and considerably permits each nation to enjoy its meals *dans son assiette ordinaire*.

While I have been indulging in this gossip, dinner has been dispatched, and with a bottle of the thinnest Rhein-wein behold us lounging at our ease before one of the nine lofty windows which overlook the Rhine. To our left is the toll-house of the bridge, with its striped bar, which is raised to admit the passage of carriages by means of a weight at the further and thicker end, and a chain by which it is heightened or lowered on being relaxed or tightened. Before us the bridge of boats extends across the river in a segment of a semicircle, presenting its convex to the descending stream. The barges which support the planking are about the size of our coal-barges, and are placed at intervals of about fifteen feet. This spot appears to be the favourite promenade



of the Colognese. It swarmed with the little swarthy forms of the gay and the idle of the inhabitants, who ever and anon profiting by the raising of the barrier, rushed to the scene of their enjoyment. I believe by this mode they are entitled to a *traversée* gratis, the usual toll being demanded from those who proceed on business.

It was painful to observe the undue preponderance of the military among the *bourgeoisie*; the quietness of their conduct did not reconcile me to this sight. I have an instinctive dislike to a soldier of a standing army, who is at best but a flaunting, though hitherto necessary, burthen on a nation's industry, and a type of havoc and bloodshed polluting the smiling regions of peace.

Apropos of military discipline. I have just been exceedingly amused by the conduct of a Prussian sentinel on duty at the guard-house of the bridge. After gazing listlessly around for some time, with his musket dangling about, he called to a comrade off duty, and depositing his weapon in the hands of his substitute, posted off to procure a *schnaps*. He shortly returned, less restless, but not less out of discipline; for he continued playing with his gun under the very eyes of a knot of imposing-looking officers, one of whom was Blücher *redivivus*.

Travellers are apt to indulge in hasty opinions of the superior discipline observed in foreign armies: I am convinced, from what I have seen, that discipline is nowhere so well preserved as in England. Were it not so, the English soldiers, taken as they are from the lowest ranks, would be exceedingly obnoxious neighbours to the peaceable civilians. It may now be said

in their favour that they display none of the haughty and insolent bearing of the French soldiery.

At this moment a noble object attracted my attention. I was at first somewhat startled at the cries which accompanied the apparent destruction of the bridge of boats, fragments of which were floating away from the main body. Rushing to the window to *enjoy* a nearer contemplation of the perils to which the passengers were exposed, I speedily solved the enigma. A majestic raft of the largest dimensions was floating down the river to its ultimate destination. The measured voices of the innumerable rowers who laboured at either end of the enormous mass had an imposing effect as they mingled with the splashings of their ample paddles. The *deck* was covered with their cabins, and at different points were elevated stations from which the word of command was given by tongue of trumpet.

No notion can be formed of the quantity of timber employed in these rafts from a sight of their extended forms on the water. A capital of three or four hundred thousand florins is necessary for the purpose of properly furnishing one; and the quantity of provisions consumed may be imagined from the fact that there are sometimes from seven to nine hundred workmen and rowers employed. The largest rafts are generally from seven to nine hundred feet long and seventy broad, and are composed of the produce of Switzerland, the Black Forest, and the fir forests of the Murg, which is brought to Dordrecht, there to be distributed and conveyed to the various foreign and domestic markets. The general depth of water drawn by these huge masses is from six to eight feet; and from

the windings of the river and the inequality of the bed; accidents not unfrequently occur. This striking object passed majestically through the gap in the bridge, and in a very short time the barges were rejoined, and the promenaders resumed their stations.

After dinner we sauntered through Cologne, emulating the inhabitants in the quantity of tobacco we consumed; and by the time our lips were thoroughly parched with smoking and our heads full of old fabrics, we were crossing the bridge to the garden of the Bellevue Hotel at Deuz. This favourite resort, which has no particular advantages to recommend it, was dimly lighted with lamps, and resounded with the noise of well-employed knives and forks, and the melodies of the band, which latter were by no means detestable effusions of science and feeling. Of all people in the world, the Germans are probably the most easily amused. Give them leave to smoke their meerachaums and quaff their wine or schnaps, and they enjoy without criticism.

(Night Thoughts—the Complaint). One might as well have a dog for a bedfellow as have the barking brute close to the window of one's room. However, what can man expect when, not satisfied with stocking the world with likenesses of himself, he must forsooth ransack the forest and the wild for still greater nuisances. . . . What a charming night I shall pass, with my candle out, no lucifer matches, and the continued baying of this beast of a watchman for a vesper, and in all probability for a matin. . . . What is the use of an enormous animal in a court which no earthly robber can get at? . . . Is he ill?

Is he dying? There at any rate is a ray of hope! . . . . .  
 Alas! that last firmly-pronounced speech proves that he  
 has yet breath enough for a twelvemonth's barking! . . . . .  
 Scolding, petting, and pelting are tried in vain. The  
 very moon encourages the beast; for on leaning from the  
 window to diplomatize it into a state of tranquillity, my  
 night-clad form is illumined by it, and my tormentor,  
 encouraged by the sight of somebody to annoy, increases  
 the vigour of his *dogged* endeavours. There is no hope  
 left but to persuade myself that I hear nothing. It ap-  
 pears difficult, but may be as easy as for one honourable  
 M.P. to assure another that when he called him a rogue  
 and a fool, he meant no such thing. I'll try. . . . . I do  
 hear him, though. . . . . What noise is that? Only a  
 gentleman mistaking his room. "Beg pardon, Sir!"  
 "No offence, Sir!" . . . . I feel somewhat sleepy: . . . .  
 Good night!

At five the next morning I awoke, and the undi-  
 minished carol of my old acquaintance the dog was the  
 first sound which saluted my ears. Oh, it is you, my  
 rough watchman? I defy you now, so bark on till you  
 are tired, and when night comes, I'll again fancy I do  
 not hear you!

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## CHAPTER XII.

*Church of St. Peter—Rubens—Fastidious Criticism—  
Post Office Mystery—Enigma solved—Diligence to  
Bonn—The Star Hotel—Fate of Bonn.*

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Distance from Cologne to Bonn, 3½ German miles.

Fare by Diligence, 23 silver groschen.

Objects of Interest at Bonn—The Cathedral; the University; Church of St. Remi; the Hotel de Ville; the Theatre of Anatomy; the Casino; Baumschule Gardens; Popplesdorf and Clemensruhe, a short way from Bonn; the Kreuzberg and Church of the Convent; the Alte Zoll; the Vinea Domini Garden.

Hotels at Bonn—Zum Stern, Kölner Hof, Mainzer Hof, Colmant's, &c.

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MUCH of the morning was consumed in writing to England; the rest was devoted to rambling about, and no inconsiderable portion of it was bestowed upon the ever-increasingly beautiful Cathedral. We found our way also into the ancient church of St. Peter, which possesses interest in my eyes from having been the scene of the baptism of one of the greatest painters—Rubens, who decorated the altar with a production representing the death of the saint after whom the church is named. The Cologne critics appear to consider this as a master-piece of the painter, although the more daring among them have discovered that the choice of the action is an error in judgment. Their first opinion is the necessary consequence of confined notions of art, and would doubtless excite the laughter of their Antwerp and Mechlin neighbours, who are somewhat better acquainted with the

works of their idol. The latter discovery is ingenious, inasmuch as it establishes the novel axiom, that events are not to be represented as they really happened. The artist errs as much when he considers the difficulty of a task rather than the propriety of the composition. Peter was crucified with his head downwards, and Rubens professed to paint the Crucifixion of Peter, ergo . . . . The picture which first meets the eye (a copy by a Prussian student) will not for a moment deceive it should it happen to be in the head of a connoisseur. It is a cold, dirty performance, but does very well for the purpose of a trick. The smirking sacristan soon relieves the mind of the learned in art, who are probably on the point of exclaiming against the credulity of the Cologne amateurs, by turning the frame on a pivot, so as to present the real Rubens, dignified by its own actual merits, and by the echoing encomiums of the virtuosi of Cologne. It is really true that Rubens has painted Peter with his head downwards! It seems useless to say at Cologne—

“ Rien n'est beau que le vrai, le vrai seul est aimable ! ”

A poet in so sensitive a colony would doubtless remove all the nails from the tub of Regulus, and extinguish the fire beneath the gridiron of St. Lawrence.

The house in which the Prince of Flemish painters was born, and in which Marie de Medicis died, will, of course, be interesting to the artist, and may be visited in the neighbourhood. The mind does not glean much from the idle contemplation of these fragments of *material* history, but they are likely to originate, in the culti-

vated mind, valuable thoughts and impressions. The mansion of a celebrated individual is a portion of his existence; it may teem with the taste and fancies of its illustrious owner; here he may have secretly communed with his own vivid thoughts; there he probably imparted to a beloved circle the less intense radiance of his intellect, and this spot may have echoed with his death-bed blessing and the latest aspiration of heaven-born genius. Let those who feel no emotion at these noble shrines hie to the jewel-girt altars of priestcraft, and bend the idolatrous knees before the charms of gorgeous corruption.

Having taken our places by the Schnellposte for Bonn, we proceeded to the Post Office, in the Glocke Strasse, whence start all the royal diligences; and being over-punctual, we whiled away the time in discussing the refreshing topics of coffee and liqueur in the "*Bureau des Voyageurs*." Anxious to see our extensive baggage safely deposited, we bore our knapsacks towards the boot, and delivered them to one of the blue and orange functionaries, who, notwithstanding his livery, would be subjected in England to the undignified appellation of *cad*. Wishing to accompany our moveables and to secure the best places—a piece of egotism pardonable in travellers—we were arrested in our forestalling career by one of the government *cads*, who significantly laid a somewhat violent hold of my coat-skirts, deeming it the most effectual mode of communicating his intention. Balancing for a second between losing my skirts and the trouble of remounting, I unwillingly descended, and having my natural feelings excited, they found vent in my natural language. "What the deuce do you want?" roared I,

with an angry growl. The vocabulary of passion is easily understood, in whatever language expressed; and with a certainty of the full meaning of my expostulation, the venerable cad mumbled something out between his few remaining teeth, in indistinct German, about *billet* and *voiture*. I handed him my *billet* with a lofty smile of innocence injured by his foul suspicion, and pointed to the *voiture*. The old tormentor shook his already shaking head, and pointing with a scraggy finger (belonging to a hand which matched the head) to the numbers 14, 15, and 16, written on the ticket, finished a rapid oration with the prophetic and euphonious words *Noch nicht*.

Left to wonder at the meaning of this mysterious treatment, and to inveigh against the Prussian government for having defrauded us of twenty-three silver groschen each, our thoughts roved from the Minister of the Interior down to the blue and orange crew of cads who were respectfully shrugging their ignoble shoulders at our dilemma. One by one the passengers mounted, and took their respective places, and in a short time had completely filled the coach. This was too much! Again assailing the venerable author of my disgrace, who seemed to anticipate an explosion, I pointed to my shoulders, then to the departing boot, and roared out in his bloodless ears, "Mon havresac!" . . . "Ya, mein Herr, ya!" chuckled he, with provoking complacency, and with a soothing action of the very hand which had robbed me of my knapsack. This was beyond bearing; and just as I had delivered myself of a look of unutterable indig-



nation and a hearty *Sacramento*, the *schnellposte* had driven through the gate and was out of sight.

"With minds in tumult toss'd," we vented our indignant feelings in accents "not loud, but deep." We felt that Prussia ought to be expunged from the map of Europe, and that the honour of England was compromised by this deliberate juggle. Not only to lose our places, but to be robbed of our knapsacks!

At this moment, when our feelings approached a crisis, a shabby-looking carriage was driven into the yard, and a telegraphic communication was transmitted to us by "the author of all the evil," implying that we were to grace it by our presence. This, then, was the mystery; our tickets were numbered beyond the licensed freight of the *schnellposte*, and, as is usual in the Prussian states, a *voiture supplémentaire* was provided for the remaining passengers. Silly begging pardon of the persecuted old man, by sliding a *trinkgeld* into his hardened palm, I leaped into the deputy-diligence with the conviction that

"————— Youth is rash;  
But when an elder comes, he weighs at once  
Both past and future, and considers well  
How good may likeliest be derived from each."

Passing the Bayen-thurm, the last tower of the fortifications, we proceeded up an avenue leading to the high road, which reaches from the gate of St. Severin at Cologne to Bonn. The country through which it passes is pleasing, but presents no peculiar features. Well-cultivated fields and vineyards intersect the slightly-undulating ground on either side, while to the right, in the

extreme distance, may be traced the faint outline of the hills, which gradually approach the road in the concave form of a crescent, and ultimately extend their ramifications down to the neighbourhood of Bonn.

To the left the Rhine may be seen winding its serpentine course between pleasing villages and slightly wooded banks. Where the stream follows one of its most violent bends, the road passes through the villages of Godorf, Nieder, and Ober Wessling, beyond which it lies through a tract of cultivated land, and reaches the village of Hersel, at which point the mountains have approached the Rhine. A fine avenue leads from Hersel to Bonn, crossing the Mahrbach, a trifling stream which flows into the Rhine at Grau-Rheindorf. The entrance to the town of Bonn is pleasing, being principally occupied by the new and handsome houses of the Professors of the University. Like true aristocrats (of intellect) they are withdrawn from the neighbourhood of the vulgar, and enjoy their hours of retirement amidst elegance and cleanliness.

With the truly independent and delightful feeling of not caring where we lodged, and with the still greater independence of not being obliged to follow an interested porter, having placed our all upon our shoulders, we trudged onwards, and found ourselves in the market-place. With military march we entered the court-yard of the (*smiling*) *Stern* Hotel, and having ascertained that, in spite of our looks, they were willing to take us in, we comfortably established ourselves in the elegant saloon on the ground floor. The Star is, without exception, one of the most comfortable and well-conducted hotels in

Prussia, and I should be pleased at having the power to recommend M. Smitz to the traveller's attention as a very polite and intelligent landlord.

My room, which was rather higher than suits the pride and the legs of many travellers, commanded a peculiar and pleasing view. To the left was the foreshortened façade of the Town Hall. Beyond it, and below the point of sight, the market-place shelved down, contracting in its proportions towards the Sternenstrasse; while, on a level with my eye, were motley roofs and cornices, surmounted by the elegant spires of the Cathedral, and the distant hills in the neighbourhood of the Kreuzberg.

Our perambulations the next morning were not very extensive, being circumscribed by the narrow limits of Bonn. It is, however, a pleasing town, and has claims on the antiquary from having been one of the innumerable stations of the ubiquitous power of the Romans; Drusus Germanicus having constructed a bridge over the Rhine and a fortress, which was subsequently enlarged by Julian. It has witnessed all the important and pleasant alternations of the coronation of kings, the ratification of treaties, and the meeting of synods, and has several times been deemed worthy of the unpleasant distinction of being deluged with blood and being reduced to ashes. But this pleasing little city still survives the wreck of war and age, to do honour to the illustrious mother of Constantine the Great, and has subsided at a venerable age into the peaceful parent of learning.

The most pleasing part of the city is the south-western quarter, including the Market Square, the University,

and the Cathedral. The quay is gloomy and dirty, and would only attract those embarking in the daily steamer, or who wish to avail themselves of the fly-bridge to visit the opposite village of Beuel.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

*English Fashion and Prejudices—The University—  
German Student—Hall of Promotion—Frescoes—  
The Alte Zoll—Vinea Domini—View of the Dra-  
chenfels—Religious Music.*

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In every country the English eye conveys sufficient food to the English mind wherewith to nourish the ample stock of prejudices which usually garrison that important citadel. In Germany especially is this species of nourishment to be procured in abundance. Our restrictive laws of gentility, respectability, and decorum, enforced by that most rigid of all masters of ceremonies—fashion, ordain that we should depend for our estimate of social circumstances on the arbiters of our respective spheres, gleaning from them all our stock of prejudices ready cut and dried; the upper classes either from the Court, Almacks', or the Club, and the middling ranks from the Bucks, the Amicables, the Caledonians, or from individuals acquainted with people who actually visit the aristocratic circles.

In all circumstances connected with the forms of life, it would appear that English eyes were put into English

heads for ornament rather than for use. We are, as a nation, blessed with sterling sense and integrity, and the abject pursuit of fashion in all its vagaries is a mere interlude between the more rational scenes of the national drama. The actors in it are, however, far too zealous in giving effect to so flimsy a comedy. While we endeavour to refine away our lives in endless Sybaritism, we appear loth to permit others to follow a less *distingué* code.

The Englishman, invested with the charms of Nugee superfine and Hoby's last, is, *primâ facie*, a gentleman. The German, with his *blouse*, his flowing hair, skull-cap and pipe, is, *primâ facie*, . . . whatever the liberality of his English judge will permit him to be. Neither has opened his lips, yet our English nature clings to the one, and instinctively shrinks from the other; or, perchance, he may be endured as a novelty—a lion. The well-dressed man enters into conversation, and writes himself down an ass; the tobacco-reeking German opens his narcotic mouth, and talks down, even to an English auditor, his blouse and his unfashionable hair. Yet so treacherous a guide, so lying a passport as appearance, is permitted to command the frontier town of our feelings.

I am no advocate for dirt and disorder, vagaries and vulgarity; but at the same time, I am no upholder of an unsocial doctrine, which irretrievably obhills the naturally genial surface of life. Addison, who had some few notions of refinement, observes, on the subject of eccentricity—"Singularity is only vicious as it makes men act contrary to reason." I am perfectly aware that, in an intense state of partial civilization, like that of England, the very elements of society are of exquisite variety,

and require to be minutely balanced in order to be available; but I am also perfectly aware that one of the most disgusting objects to be met with on the continent is an empty-headed Briton, with sufficient strength of temperament to bully all around him. The Frenchman, with his eternal chatter of the endless *magnifiques* of the Grande Nation, is but a poor amusing, grimacing monkey; his more solid rival in absurdity is a brutal and dangerous bear. I have met abroad men who seemed the very emblems of their country—men who bore about them nobility of form and nature, to whom my heart clung with emotion, and who realized in the minds of admiring foreigners their preconceived notions of the freemen of the world. I have also met individuals of the same blessed land, who served as shadows to these cheering lights; who seemed to feel . . . But I desist, recollecting that it takes a great number of very odd people to make up a world.

After breakfast we proceeded to the University, a noble building, formerly the electoral château, and which forms so conspicuous an object in the southern view of Bonn, occupying the greater portion of that side of the town.

In pursuance of our established principle of doing without guides, leaving them to derive a livelihood from richer and less independent travellers, we ferreted our way till we found ourselves before an angle of this spacious building. If there is less certainty in this untutored mode of proceeding, there is also more variety, and oddities of all sorts are stumbled upon in consequence. Entering by the right door, but taking the wrong turning,

we had the satisfaction of parading through a variety of uncharmed saloons, forlorn relics of former splendour. We were on the point of unceremoniously breaking into one of the class-rooms, when the nature of its occupation was suddenly indicated by a striking specimen of its contents in the shape of a lank, thoughtful student in the full paraphernalia of his order. For a description of this class I beg to refer the reader to the pages of the loquacious authoress of "Belgium and Western Germany," who has taken German students and Belgian ladies under her especial patronage.

Explaining our dilemma, and requesting his directions, he politely desired us to accompany him, and with the greatest courtesy introduced us to the Keeper of the Great Key, who inhabited a portion of the building facing the Casino. Retracing our steps, accompanied by a female cicerone, we were shortly on the right scent, and found ourselves in a spacious hall, commanding a fine view of the gardens of the Ex-Palace, the new Theatre of Surgery, and, in the distance, the Godesberg and the Seven Mountains.

The next room, the Promotion Hall, ornamented with frescoes by Götzenberg, representing the various branches of philosophy, was of course calculated to interest us; so, in despite of all apprehensions of tiring our guide, we installed ourselves in chairs, and commenced a critical survey. The national vanity of our *führerin* seemed tickled by our resolute attempt at criticism, and she not only became eloquent on the subjects of the paintings, but also condescended to enlighten our minds on the nature of fresco-painting, one of her most fervently con-

veyed pieces of information being the fact of its not rubbing out! She smiled sedately as I assured her that in my country such a privilege was considered no advantage in the hands of the generality of artists.

These works must not be contrasted with the noble frescoes of the mighty men who anciently wielded the indelible pencil. The art had been considered as lost, simply because neither painters nor patrons troubled themselves about it. Stragglers have occasionally turned their attention to it; but as the generality of patrons prefer bright frames and cabinet pictures, the subservient artist, who must live as well as his neighbours, has resigned the grandiose *fresco* to the few unfashionable devotees of real art, who have steeped their fancies in the deep stream of antiquity.

There is about these productions a character which it would be well to graft on the English school—an attention to detail and a careful execution; if they possess errors, they are at any rate on the side of academical propriety and correctness. They are devoid of the firm execution and deep tone of their prototypes, and present a multitude of parts unharmonized by a learned adjustment of tints and tones. The minute and quaint spirit of Dürer and Holbein is palpable in every part.

Passing under a gateway beneath the library of the University, we entered the road to Coblenz, and, turning into a garden to the left, ascended the Alte Zoll, or Old Toll, a station which overlooks the Rhine, and commands a good view of the Seven Mountains. The ever-varying forms and hues of these guardians of the defile of the Rhine, and their harmonious union with the surrounding



chains, render them the chief attractions of this part, notwithstanding the numerous beauties of the neighbourhood.

Continuing along the Coblenz road, and resisting the charms of the houses of entertainment which have been opened on this pleasing spot, we halted before the gate of the celebrated café, bearing the strange name of *Vinea Domini*. On Thursday evenings the garden is illuminated, and the Bonnites indulge in their native element, music. We contented ourselves with imagining the night enchantment, and felt perfectly satisfied to be seated in a shady arbour, thence to gaze upon a sun-lit scene. The view is one of peculiar stillness and beauty, and the magicians of the spot—the *Sieben gebürge*—invested with the additional lustre of a pure sky and a radiant atmosphere, had never before appeared to our fascinated eyes in such a garb of majesty and loveliness. The ample Rhine lay quietly gleaming beneath us, and by retiring a short distance from the parapet, upon which we were leaning, so as to lose all traces of its nearest indented shore, we were at liberty to extend its breadth to our own fancies. The features of the opposite shore harmonize with the tranquillity of the scene, and its delicate character contrasted exquisitely with the more imposing termination of the vista. Pleasingly grouped clusters of small trees here and there break the monotony of the lines, while in the distance, to the right, on a jutting point of this level, two pleasing towers, relieved at this moment from the subdued tone immediately around them by a gleam of the setting sun, distinctly trace the termination of the foreground against the massive but exqui-



*The Godesberg.*

*Waller's fu. Burleigh's 57. Strand.*

*The Wollenberg.*

## THE DRACHENFELS.

*from the neighbourhood of Rhondert.*

*London. Published by Leigh & Son 421 Strand. May 16<sup>th</sup> 1856.*



sitely varied forms of the soaring mountains. At this point the near shore appears to approach the other, and through the strait the silvery stream winds its way, and traces its diminished but sparkling course beyond the bend thus made, till it gradually recedes from the eye at the base of the verdant uplands which grace its left shore.

With spirits subdued by the fascinations of the scene, we gazed with unspeakable emotion at the fast-fading beauties before us. Suddenly a stream of powerful but exquisite melody rose from the bosom of the Rhine, and in the excitement of the moment we fancied the fairy guardians of that cherished stream of romance were pouring forth their gratitude to the lingering sun. A glance at the river dispelled supernatural poetry, but left us in possession of one of those pleasing images which kindle the lesser fancies of the mind. A picturesque vessel was slowly descending the river, apparently without any mechanical aid, and on its deck was a crowded assemblage of damsels decked in their gayest costumes. The vessel and its freight glowed with the richness of the varied colours, harmonized by the golden hue of sunset. At the head of the vessel stood a robed priest, conspicuous amidst his female disciples; his mellow voice joined in the religious strain; and when he occasionally raised above his head the crucifix upon which all eyes were riveted, an enthusiastic burst of melody echoed through the balmy air. Even as this delicious music stole upon us, from the faint murmur of distance, till its full volume floated upwards to us, so did it gradually subside into the ever-jealous and circumambient medium

between the present and the past. . . . The theory of the beautiful and the practice of the true are indeed the real sources of happiness. Blissful visions are bright spots in the mind, upon which the eye, dulled by the contemplation of error, relieves its distempered functions.

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#### CHAPTER XIV.

*The Cathedral—Alley of Popplesdorf—Palace of Clemensruhe—The Serviten-Kloster—The Chapel—The Holy Staircase—Sacrilege punished—The Vault—Monks' Bodies—Thoughts on the Effect of Death—View from Tower of Chapel—Monastic Repast—A Storm—Smoking—Baumschule.*

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Distance from Bonn to the Kreuzberg, about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles.

Do. do. Baumschule „  $\frac{1}{2}$

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WE resolved to devote the remainder of the morning to the Kreuzberg. Passing the Cathedral, which is situated near the University, we indulged in a contemplation of that elegant structure. It was erected in the twelfth century, on the site of a temple built by the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great. Its characteristics are lightness and elegance, chiefly resulting from the forms of the three lofty towers and spires which spring from the centre of the transepts, and form the eastern extremity; the two latter of which are square, and the former polygonal. The end towers are divided longitudinally into six ranges of arches, the two lower

ones being simply in bas-relief, while the upper are perforated, forming inner arches, which are subdivided by small columns. Between the towers is a uniting gable; occupied by three niches, beneath which runs a narrow panneling. In the centre of this ornament is the apex of the roof, of a semicircular structure, about one-third the height of the towers, which is replete with beautiful ornament. Next the roof is a delicate peristyle, running before a sunken pannel of sufficient depth to admit of powerful shadows; while beneath, the slightly-relieved arches which form the lowest portion of the towers are continued, and form in the upper range a series of elegant windows, which light the choir. The towers are surmounted by octagonal spires.

The interior of this edifice is pleasing, but the repairs of 1821 have interfered with the harmony of its effect. The bronze statue of the founder is the principal object of attraction.

Passing under an archway of the University, we found ourselves in the sheltered and pleasing Alley of Poppelsdorf, which extends from the south-western wing of the College to the former Palace of Clemensruhe. This edifice is now devoted to the various courses of natural philosophy, and comprises a Museum of Natural History and a Botanical Garden. Behind it is the village of Poppelsdorf, through which lies the road to the *Serviten-kloster*. Passing a large cross at the farther end of the village, the road begins to ascend, and patches of pleasing scenery greet the eye. At what precise period to turn to the right must be left to the instinct of the pedestrian: suffice it to say, we did so at the proper time, and shortly

found ourselves in front of the Convent church. Its elevation presents nothing remarkable except its disfigurement by some grotesque figures, intended to represent Scripture characters. Appealing in vain at the chief entrance, we were led by a very common intuition to decide upon the existence of an every-day door. Entering a building to the left, which is probably a portion of the old convent, we intimated our desire to see the curiosities of the place to a venerable peasant, who was retailing wine and long stories to a couple of sturdy boors, who opened their eyes and mouths at my peculiar German, and what probably appeared to them my childish curiosity.

The Chapel is light and pleasing; the pulpit, composed of marble and brass, is handsome, and some of the altars are richly decorated. The whole effect is, however, too pretty to suit the solemnity of religious worship.

The old guide then led us, with considerable pride, to the glory of the spot, the Sacred Staircase. It occupies the entire width of the chapel, from which it is separated by a partition and folding doors. It is entirely formed of rich Italian marble, and is divided into three portions, the centre one being wider than the others. The ceiling and walls are painted in "flagrant fresco." Having been duly prepared, by previous reading, for the nature of the material, we were not completely overwhelmed by the old cicerone's assurance that it was all "*Italienische Marmor*." We were not equally prepared for the excitement he evinced when we were on the point of ascending the central flight. "Es ist heilig!" cried he, in breathless apprehension; but quickly recovering his breath

and complacency, he knelt on the venerated steps, and after we had followed his example, he solemnly and slowly pointed to small plates of gold inserted in the sides of the stairs, beneath which, he informed us, were drops of our Saviour's blood and other valuable relics. However much the description of Catholic treasures and miracles may excite my scepticism, I am, I hope, generally enabled to preserve a due degree of decorum. These might, indeed, be the death drops of the Redeemer! I therefore bent respectfully over them, while my thoughts dwelt on the human power which had so skilfully turned to account throughout a yielding universe not only probable relics like these, but even the exquisite pinion of the Archangel Gabriel. *Fi donc, Messieurs les Prêtres!* Even your own flocks begin to know you, and suspect that they have been—

*“ D' un pouvoir méconnu l' esclave et l' instrument.”*

Considerably gratified by our compliance, the old man pointed, with a triumphant chuckle, to a fracture in the balustrade; and when we had assisted him from his kneeling position, he proceeded to explain the origin of the accident. Opening the folding doors, and displaying a prospect of great beauty, he related to us that a French cavalry soldier, who delighted in blasphemy, having entered the gates on horseback, was preparing to mount the sacred stairs, when his horse's hoof struck against the balustrade, and throwing his rider, broke his leg and otherwise injured him. “In yonder hospital,” added he, “did this wicked Frenchman breathe his last.”

Returning to the chapel, the old man beckoned to a



lad who assisted him in his more arduous duties, and pointing mysteriously to a trap-door in the middle of the chapel, dispatched him for something, while he kept murmuring to us "Moines, moines!" Presuming that we were about to be introduced into a portion of the former monks' abode, perhaps into their hole of punishment, we waited the return of the youth. Bringing with him a lantern, he assisted the veteran in lifting the trap-door, and we were invited to descend. A slight mouldering smell issued from the vault as we cautiously descended the ladder and reached the ground. . . . By the dim light I was enabled to detect on either side of me a range of troughs, in which lay the partially decayed forms of twenty-five monks, grinning with ghastly mockery from their time-worn shrouds.

Many of these fearful forms had been lifeless for nearly 400 years; others were of later date, and among these the flesh yielded to my touch, the hair yet clung to the shrivelled scalp, and the lineaments were discernible; all, however, bearing the awful appearance of skulls slightly covered with discoloured scraps of leathery flesh. The coarse habiliments of the greater number appeared to have battled it more successfully with the Destroyer than had the noble covering of man; they were generally perfect, and the shoes yet hung about the shrinking feet. In some cases the havoc was more extensive, and a bared skull here and there lay half-buried in the dust of what had once been flesh. Perhaps these latter less sightly mummies had, while living, departed from the abstinence of the rigid conventual rule, and had bequeathed to the powers of corruption more generously supported frames.

The worm is doubtless a good judge in such cases, and leaves to him who mortified his appetites while living the privilege of being less ghastly in his exposed tomb than the jovial hypocrite by his side.

This sight is not merely an affair of idle curiosity ; to the scientific it presents a phenomenon, and to the philosopher a moral. The contemplation of the effects of Death produces in different minds essentially different tones of thought. Some reluctantly trace its ravages in the material structure with a sensitive review of the attendant horrors of painful dissolution—others, considering the essential man as having no further connexion with the prostrate flesh, hail with Christian fervour the secret and prolonged existence of the vital spark. The former view may lead to an undue appreciation of matter, forgetful that a soul-deprived form of clay is no longer “after God’s own image ;” the latter may degenerate into a stoical contempt for the despoiled casket of the affections, to the detriment of the most amiable sympathies. Both paths terminate in error, but the error of the latter is far more nearly allied to true philosophy than the maudlin sentimentality of the former. Both, however, apostrophize the destroyer in the words of Young—

“Death ! great proprietor of all !”

Retiring from this cavern of death, with the humility which the scene was calculated to inspire, we exchanged surmises as to the probable cause of the wonderful state of preservation of these bodies after the lapse of ages. Had we been good Catholics, we should have solved the mystery by a firm belief in the holiness of the soil ; but

being indifferently good Protestants, and still more indifferent chemists, we retired with wholesome doubts.

The old man was on the point of showing us to the door, when we expressed a desire to mount the tower of the chapel. Shaking his head with a mournful expression, he pointed to his ancient legs and sighed ; but after a pause, he placed the necessary key in the hands of his youthful assistant, and left us to his guidance. It were an endless and perhaps useless task to assure the world in general, and my friends in particular, that high towers in fine situations usually command fine prospects. In this instance we were not disappointed. Immediately behind us stretched a range of well-wooded hills, descending on our left towards numerous vineyards and villages, which spread their pleasing forms over a portion of the extensive plain between Bonn and Cologne ; while, to the right, becoming deeper in tone and bolder in form, they terminated in time to permit the delicately-traced Seven Mountains to present a background favourable to the composition. At our feet the alley of firs leading to the convent descended irregularly to the village of Popplesdorf, amidst the bright forms of the numerous crucifixes which sprinkle the mountain. Beyond, the Palace of Clemensruhe and the city of Bonn harmoniously combined with the surrounding landscape ; and, farther on, the shining Rhine wound its serpentine course between its slightly-varied banks, while the distant hills bounded the extensive prospect.

Abandoning all thoughts of Bonn and the *table d'hôte*, we resolved to take the chance of a luncheon within the walls of the adjoining building, being unwilling to lose

the forthcoming varieties promised by a storm that was rapidly approaching. Peeping into the numerous white-washed rooms, we at length selected one which commanded a delightful view of Bonn and the Seven Mountains.

The result of our catering was the appearance of ham, bread, and wine, upon the simple and sole piece of furniture which decorated the room. With these materials we appeased hunger without materially offending our tastes. We had our concert too! The pent-up elements now rapidly burst from control, and as we raised our glasses to the toast of "England and Freedom!" a terrific peal of thunder seemed to proclaim the knell of tyranny and slavery. The sky was soon obscured by the deepening volumes of livid clouds which majestically rolled along, unfolding their mysterious forms as they vented their fearful artillery and living fires. The gleaming horizon told sharply against the jagged mountains which sullenly stretched around, while an occasional and rapid ray floated along the light buildings of the university, and after playing on the dark line of the stream, imparted a momentary radiance to "the castled crag of Drachenfels," and the chapel on the lowering Stromberg.

In fearful paroxysms the conflicting elements strove for mastery, and if, for a moment, the howling wind subsided, and the gushing waters were heard dashing around, the jealous thunder rumbled with renewed vigour, and, whirling its awful crash over mountain and valley, shook our elevated refuge in despite of its solid walls. Spots of light in the scenery around soon fore-

told the dispersion of the gloomy forms which composed the frowning vault above, and with incredible rapidity the combination was destroyed; a few threatening streaks struggling with light fleecy clouds alone remaining to proclaim the past storm. The eclipsed sun at length gleamed through the mass which had obscured it, and, sailing onwards with unquenched splendour, tipped reanimated Nature with its golden ray.

After wandering for a short time about the wood which surrounds the convent, we descended the alley of firs to the village of Popplesdorf, and thence to our hotel, from which we immediately issued to parade the square, and, in despite of Mrs. Trollope, to enjoy a tranquillizing *meerschaum*. Mrs. T. is over-severe upon a habit which, to say the truth, is not delicate, and wonders that German ladies can at all endure German gentlemen. Did it never strike her that even when it was customary in England for every *gentleman* to get drunk at a dinner party, the ladies are reported to have endured their husbands and lovers, even as they do now that they waste their lives at clubs. Mamma T., highly as I think of your talent, I consider you have yet to learn that habit is second nature, and that a German girl, educated amidst tobacco-smoke, loses all natural dislike to the odour of the Virginian leaf, and that she would not easily credit you were you to assure her that she ought as a delicate female to abjure all ties of kindred. There are people who shudder at the idea of tobacco, but who smile at the stripes and labours of the slave who cultivates it!

In the evening, being at Bonn, we resolved to follow

the example of its inhabitants; so, joining the pleasure-hunting stream, we leisurely paced the Poppledorf avenue, and, turning into an alley to the right (whence a pleasing view of Bonn is obtained), we shortly found ourselves in the *Baumschuler Garten*, where harmony and refreshment awaited the visitors. Without wishing to compare Bonn with London, or the *Baumschule* with Vauxhall, I may venture to say that the end of this unostentatious tea-garden is fully answered, if I may judge by the apparent mirth and good feeling which prevailed. At Vauxhall, raised as it has been above its natural character and capabilities, the public voice is ever instituting comparisons to the disadvantage of each succeeding year's amusements, while at the humble *Baumschule* all appear to agree in enjoying to the utmost the less-refined pleasures of the place. The gates are invitingly left open; no inquisitive authority chases from the door admiring and longing crowds of little urchins, to perch like birds in the neighbouring trees, and after hours of expectation to hear the crackers and smell the rockets.

No gilded saloons astonish the eye, but a comfortable room invites the lovers of waltzing, while the out-of-door amateurs of music arrange themselves at the tables which spread in every direction through the garden. Having in vain attempted to catch the attention of the unpolished waiters who were flurrying about with triple layers of plates on their arms, I proceeded to the pantry itself, and enjoyed for some time the voluble communications of the harassed *garçons*, male and female, and the confusion created by their commingled screams for *ein, zwey*, or *drei portionen of rind fleisch, schenken, brod*,

*bier* and *wein*. Many impatient customers, like myself, had invaded the *sanctum*; but, unlike me, they raised their arms and voices in concert with the other panting waiters before the counter, chiming in with the equally worried damsels who handed up the required stores from a subterranean safe, whence issued the stentorian exclamations of the puzzled male storekeeper.

Having overcome the satisfactory effects of the Kreuzberg repast, and feeling somewhat disturbed by hunger, I laid my case, piecemeal, (owing to various interruptions,) before the presiding fair, and requested anything her taste might suggest. A bottle of wine and a couple of rolls, with layers of ham between their dissevered halves, rewarded my perseverance; and sitting down next the holiday-making waiter of the hotel at Bonn, who had in his capacity attended my breakfast, I ravenously assailed my hardly obtained *Baumschuler* luxuries, for which I paid the modest sum of twelve silver groschen. An excellent band played a variety of striking music, and the *finale* of the evening was a display of fireworks, which sent us to our homes with the satisfaction of having enjoyed ourselves at small cost.

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It is a  
very  
good  
idea  
to  
do  
it.





THE CASTLES

*with the DUCHENNES in the distance.*

## CHAPTER XV.

*Vague Invitation—Walk to the Godesberg—Schwarz Bier and Prussian Government—Drailscher-bad—Beautiful View—Table d'Hôte Evils—Ascent of the Godesberg—Ruins—Crossing the Rhine—The Englishman's House—Honnef—Suspicious Circumstances.*

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Distance from Bonn to Godesberg, by land,  $\frac{2}{3}$  of a league.

Do. Bonn to Königswinter and Mehlem, by water,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  leagues.

Do. Königswinter to Honnef, about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile.

(This last may be the distance of a tired foot.)

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EARLY the next morning we made preparations for departure, and having packed up our stock of damp clean linen, we proceeded down the quay to the steamer. We were there informed that it was not expected for an hour ; we therefore determined to walk to the Godesberg, and returned to our hotel. Here we met an Englishman with his sons, who politely invited us to call upon him when we visited the Drachenfels, at the base of which he resided.

For the last time we left the Star, and, with knapsacks and morning spirits, again entered the Popplesdorf avenue. About half way up we turned to the left, and proceeded across the fields which lie between the Rhine and the chain of hills stretching from the Kreuzberg to the Godesberg. It is a pleasing walk, and it does not demand much ingenuity on the part of the pedestrian to keep in the right road, since the Godesberg is ever before him. Halting on the road, I satisfied two tastes at

once; for while I was making a slight sketch of the mountain before me, I ate some of the numerous apples which invitingly lay by the road-side. I cannot say much for the chance fruit, but unexpectedness is in such a case the parent of satisfaction.

Entering the village of Godesberg, we halted at the last house, which bore some hieroglyphical announcements of refreshment, and were handed three ample glasses of *schwarz bier*. Having heard sufficient of the German black beer to excite my curiosity, I prepared to discuss the merits of this sinister-looking concoction. My companions were evidently posed at its quality, and found out that they were not thirsty, leaving me to console the watchful petty brewer at my elbow for their elighting conduct. I drank it to the last drop, and felt considerably refreshed by my sacrifice. To crown the joke, and to immortalize my hypocrisy, the retailer of this drug asked me whether I did not think it good. "*Ya, mein Herr, es ist ser gut,*" answered I, adding, as a mental reservation, in English, "For those who can drink it."

In addition to the small trade in *schwarz bier*, *sauerknaut*, *schwam*, *käse*, and other delicacies of the season, which my querist carried on, he united the more important function of officer under the government of his Most Prussian Majesty, being the post-master of the district. The official colours of his livery were well nigh effaced by the republican luxuries of his lower occupation, and with the ennobling sabre which hung by his side was contrasted the shapeless carver with which he occasionally sliced hams and cheeses. I was some-

what tempted to smile at these anomalous appendages, but I thought of the union with some degree of respect, when I considered it as a tiny portion of the vast and well-working system by which a mighty nation is governed with comparative lenity.

To our right lay the Godesberg, with its ruined castle, and the village of Draitsch, or rather the edifices connected with the source of mineral water called the Draitscher-quelle. The spot looked inviting, and, as we had a decided *penchant* for ascending mountains and exploring ruins, we directed our steps towards this new candidate for invalid favours. One of the principal edifices is the Hotel de Bellevue, or, as it is termed on the embellished card, "First great Inn at the beautiful Sight at Godesberg," a literal translation of "*Erster grosser Gasthof zur schönen Aussicht in Godesberg.*" Finding that the hour of the *table d'hôte*, half-past one, would suit our views, and that the price, fifteen silver groschen, was equally satisfactory, we yielded to the pressing solicitations of our hostess, and secured three places in the pretty dining-room.

The situation of these baths is truly delightful. At the base of the chain which forms the background of the Godesberg stretches a handsome range of modern structures, in front of which run a series of pleasing gardens, while, beyond, are cultivated tracts of land gently shelving down to the Rhine. To the left is the handsome elevation of the New Hotel, with its pleasing grounds; between the shrubberies of which are seen the conical form of the Godesberg and its castle. Beyond the river rises the abrupt rock of the Dragon, and by its side ex-

tends the deeply-wooded but lower form of the Stromberg, beneath which lies the town of Königswinter.

The sun shot forth its utmost radiance, and the atmosphere, redolent with the exquisite perfumes of the beautiful flowers and plants which enamelled the plain, resounded to the merry chaunt of the feathered songsters. The ever-varying hues of the Seven Mountains received additional charms from the exquisite and mellow refraction of golden light which played before the cool tints of the hills, giving them an additional appearance of distance. In fact, the whole scene was calculated to rivet the attention of the most callous observer, and to rouse the warmest emotions of Nature's admirers. I shall long remember with delight the balcony at "The first great Inn at the beautiful Sight."

Dinner was at length announced, and a company of between twenty and thirty people sat down to one of the handsomest dinners I had ever witnessed at a foreign ordinary. Attractive as it was, however, in this respect, the duration of the meal was to me a grievance of no common magnitude. When not employed in doing justice to the viands before me, I have the misfortune of looking extremely awkward, and of feeling still more so. My hands are decidedly in my way, and my eyes wander about with an expression of surprise at the unyielding appetites of others, and of sorrow at being obliged to spy the actions of those more robustly constituted than myself, as I am fully aware that it is not pleasant to have two wandering eyes bent upon a fully-employed mouth. Unless my uneasiness kept time for me, this tempting repast, with its endless removes, lasted full two mortal

hours, during which period I endeavoured to make the contents of a slender half bottle of tasteless wine obviate by dribblets the inconvenience of the *dolce far niente*. At length our satisfied Germans beat a retreat, and, grateful for a happy deliverance, I wandered into the open air to regain my wonted composure.

Turning up a lane to the left, and proceeding across a wooden bridge, along a small stream, I reached the village bearing the name of the mountain above it. Traversing it to the right, as far as the cross, the road then ascended past a church-yard, and reached the summit of the Godesberg. The principal feature in the Castle is a round tower, composed of two portions, the smaller rising from a similarly shaped basement above the remainder of the walls. The view is extensive and beautiful. The background is formed by the varied hills which sweep semicircularly from Bonn to the Rolandseck: the Godesberg is united to this chain by some lesser hills, interrupting the extent of a cultivated plain by its abrupt and nearly-isolated form, and by the straggling houses of Godesberg and Draitsch, which run half round its base. To the north the eye embraces the pleasing city of Bonn and the numerous adjacent villages; and beyond, following the graceful sinuosities of the Rhine, it attempts to trace the spires of Cöln. To the east, after extending over vast plains glittering with villages, the vision steals along the bold and varied forms of the dark chain of which the Seven Mountains appear the focus. The greyer forms of the Drachenfels and the Wolkenberg relieve the depth of this portion of the scene, while beyond the lively plain at their southern base, on which are the

villages of Honnef and Rhondorf, the Rhine widens round the two islands which intersect it, and flows onwards, shut in from the sight by the Rolandseck and neighbouring mountains.

Having recovered from the reverie which usually envelopes my faculties in imposing situations, I descended from the mountain, and returned to my hotel. As the afternoon was beautiful, we determined to cross the Rhine, and wander about in the vicinity of the mountains behind Königswinter, and to try and discover the abode of the English gentleman whom we had met at Bonn. Strapping our knapsacks on our shoulders, we bade adieu to this beautiful spot and its pleasant range of hotels.

Our road lay in a slanting direction across the cultivated tract which extends to the Rhine. Having reached a high road, we followed it as long as we appeared nearly opposite Königswinter, and then turning down a lane to the left, we reached the ferry, where an old man and a boy were in readiness to transport us to the opposite shore. No nautical powers can describe this ferry-boat and its appurtenances, since the whole marine vocabulary contains no terms descriptive of such primitive contrivances as were there displayed. I shall not attempt it, having been more occupied with the effect than the means; but that I enjoyed this little *traversee* may easily be imagined, when I assert that our mirth was so contagious as to induce our jovial old Charon to accompany us in a mock German song, which we roared out, *à gorge déployée*, on the bosom of the astonished Rhine. While crossing, a steamer passed and added a cadenza

or two to our chorus by its turbulent career, the decorous passengers thereof gazing at us and our knapsacks, with evident surprise at finding such low people so exceedingly amused. *Vive la Bagatelle!* For my part, I prefer laughing at Signor Pulcinello's tricks to weeping over the miseries of human nature. I have tears and grave looks, aye, and even sour ones, but I prefer keeping them for state occasions. Once more, *Viva il piacere!*

Without deigning to stop at Königswinter, we steered round the foot of the Drachenfels, or rather feet, for its hundred claws reach even into the stream. Without any definite plan we wandered on, occasionally asking for "the Englishman's house," having understood from him that he was the only individual of that nation who honoured that portion of the Rhine with his continuous presence. The greater number of times we inquired in vain, and even in three or four apparently successful inquiries, where there appeared a ray of hope, they invariably brought forth the pleasant answer, "Not known here." Onwards we went, pondering on the words, "at the foot of the Drachenfels," wondering how far this foot might happen to extend. At length, deliberately considering the distance we had proceeded, we determined that the foot was now out of all proportion, and that our expectations of success should not still further distort it. By this time we had left the village of Rhondorf behind us, evening was fast approaching; and we had formed no conclusions as to our night's lodging. The walk was, however, so pleasant, that we were tempted to prolong it, with the lingering idea that we should yet meet with "the Englishman's house." At length we obtained a clue



to the object of our search, and after nearly the whole population of a small hamlet had been summoned to answer our inquiries, we had the satisfaction of hearing that a neat, small house in the neighbourhood was actually in the possession of an Englishman. Thanking the entire assembled population for their gratifying intelligence, we posted off to pay our respects to our countryman, *the* Englishman who dwelt at the extremity of the very long foot of the Drachenfels.

"He is not now at home, mein Herr," replied a smiling damsel, as I asked for *the* Englishman, whose name I knew not, "but he will return to-night."

Placing my card in her hand, after having written on it a few compliments, thanks, and good wishes, with an acknowledgment of his polite invitation, I turned on my heel just in time to rescue that and a more imposing portion of my leg from the grasp of an English mastiff, who, seeing a pack on my back, and noticing my ejection from the door, deemed me a fit subject for his scrutiny. Relating my ill success to my companions, we briefly condoled with each other, and proceeded onwards to the neighbouring village of Honnef. We determined to seek a lodging for the night in that village, and to return in the morning to *the* Englishman's residence, and profit by his kind offer to accompany us over the Seven Mountains. The village in question did not certainly bear a pleasing appearance, but as it was a *pis aller*, we resolved to convert it, for the time being, into a Paradise. Not a soul in it seemed to know whether it contained a *gasthaus*, *gasthof*, *wirthaus*, or *hotel* (for by all these words did I endeavour to express my wants), and we were

accordingly left to prowl about in the dusk in that melancholy hamlet, till we espied in the corner of a forlorn looking *platz* an edifice which bore slight marks of entertainment for man and beast. Its appearance was not inviting, but yielding to our necessities, we entered, and commanded the spirits of the place to appear. They appeared in a body, that is, in the body of an exceedingly forbidding-looking woman, who welcomed us with a grim smile. On inquiring for beds we found that there were but two, and were preparing to cast lots for the privilege of sleeping on the floor, when our hostess said she might perhaps manage to make up another. One advantage attended even this asylum; we were enabled to empty our knapsacks of their half-washed and dripping contents, and air them on a spacious oven which occupied one side of a dungeon-like kitchen.

Retiring to rest at an early hour, we were ushered into our respective apartments, and were left to contemplate the few comforts they presented. There were at any rate beds on which to cast our weary forms.

Before I had been in my room a quarter of an hour, one of my companions burst into it, and imparted to me the suspicious intelligence that the door of his apartment had a sliding panel, that the window would not close well, and that his bed was invaded by the most nauseous sort of vermin. His situation naturally "made me think upon my own," as the ballad pathetically says, and we accordingly commenced a tour of observation round the chamber. The door was minus a lock, and the window a bolt and a blind. Pushing against a portion of the wainscot, one leaf of a sly folding-door gave

way, and we found ourselves in a large, gloomy room, upon the rude benches of which lay several rough coats and jackets, evidently belonging to powerful men; beneath them were three muskets, fit for the powerful arms inside the coats. On a further search, we found a hatchet and a fearful-looking knife, far too ugly in form and hue for strictly domestic purposes.

Desiring my companion to give me due notice when the sliding panel should have admitted the owners of the coats and the hatchet, I congratulated him upon the chance of a romantic night, and retired to my equally secure berth, full of hair-breadth 'scapes and fortitude. Bent upon examining my chamber still more closely, I discovered in the ceiling, just above the head of the undraped French bed, a round hole of sufficient magnitude to admit the barrel of an air-gun, by which . . . Not liking the idea, I moved the creaking bed, and discovered just beneath where it formerly stood traces of a trap-door. Calling to mind the deeds of the Holy Tribunal, in "Anne of Geierstein," my fancy easily supplied an use for this ominous convenience. Having at length removed every palpable obstacle to peaceful repose, just as I was preparing to get into bed, I heard a low murmur, which seemed to ascend through the floor. Presently the door of the apartment beneath me opened, some one entered, and the murmurs increased, till at length I distinctly heard a gruff voice say in English to the new comer—

"I am quite tired of it, I've already dispatched five."

Recognizing the voice as that of one of my companions in distress, I was at no great loss for a surmise as

to the nature of his victims ; and leaving him to continue his slaughter, having cast off the damp sheets, I jumped between the blankets, with my chair-stick by my side, in case of danger, and was very shortly dreaming of midnight assassins, gloomy dungeons, and bodily torments.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

*Morning Visit to the Englishman—Evident Mistake—Convincing Epistle—Sketch of the Drachenfels—Wasted Message and Surmises—Rustic Critic—Fearful Incidents—Unsuccessful Attempt at scaling the Wrong Side of the Drachenfels—Discomfiture—Königswinter—Mine Host and his Accomplishments—Well-written Bills—Successful Ascent of the Right Side of the Drachenfels—View from the Summit—The Castle—Unpoetical Refreshment—Midnight Occupations.*

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Inns at Königswinter—the Drachenfels, the Wolkenberg, &c.

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HAVING been neither murdered nor robbed, we departed the next morning *minus* only the amount of our small bill. We again halted before the Englishman's house, and once more, in despite of my knapsack and the mastiff, I made my morning inquiries.

"He is not yet up, mein Herr," said my former acquaintance ; to which she added a variety of things which I did not understand. Shrugging my shoulders, I was undetermined whether to go or stay, when

beckoning me to do the latter, she flew upstairs, and shortly returned with a *billet*, which she delivered to me with a peculiar smile. It ran thus—

“ Mr. A. presents his compliments to Mr. B. and is at a loss to understand the purport of Mr. B.’s visit. Mr. A. considers that there must be some mistake, since he has not lately been at Bonn, and could not therefore have the pleasure of making Mr. B.’s acquaintance.”

So much the greater his loss, thought I ; my Bonn acquaintance is not after all *the* Englishman. Writing an apology on another card, I muttered some *mélange* of English, French, and German to the *soubrette* as I delivered it, and gravely turned my back on *the other* Englishman’s house, closely watched by the increasingly suspicious mastiff, who seemed to argue no good from two such disgraceful rejections.

A triune hearty laugh was the result of my pathetic tale, when I related it to my companions, who were waiting for me outside the garden-gate. We proclaimed it a capital joke, and pursued our walk. Reaching an inviting vineyard, separated from a picturesque little dell by a patch of mongrel produce, we cast ourselves down on the latter, with our knapsacks for pillows, to enjoy the freshness of the morning air, and the beautiful view of the Drachenfels which our station commanded.

Not being able to resist the beauty of the scene, I unfolded my seat-stick, and with my water-colour palette on my thumb, I commenced a sketch of the Drachenfels and the Wolkenberg, with the village of Rhondorf at their base, and a succession of vineyards around their towering forms. Description is not my forte, and as this

is not exactly the place to inquire what is, I refer the reader to the Frontispiece for the scene in question. It was taken from a painting which was traced from memory, after the original sketch had been lost. In the distance to the left is the Godesberg, between which and the Seven Mountains is the Rhine. The oddly-shaped foreground consists of the dell before-mentioned, and a series of flax plantations and vineyards.

Scarcely had I taken my seat, when the servant from the wrong Englishman's house arrived at our station, breathless, and full of some important message, which she volubly but vainly delivered to me. I smiled at her, and shrugged my shoulders, pointing to the mountain before me, and then to my portfolio, as reasons for not following her. It may have been an invitation to breakfast thus politely sent by the persecuted tenant of *the other Englische Haus* ! It may have been a warning against trespass on his grounds. Both were characteristic of different sorts of Englishmen ; so, philosophically believing a medium course to be the one actually pursued, I made up my mind that the spirit of the wasted message was a civilized offer of assistance in case we needed it.

My sketch occupied several hours, during which period occasional stragglers honoured me with their presence and remarks. One of my rural *cognoscenti* amused me exceedingly. He was a fine urchin of about twelve years of age, with eyes as round as Juno's, and of a national light Prussian blue ; his head appeared twice its real size, from the enormous quantity of excessively light hair which fell in a flaxen heap round his merry rosy face. There was an intelligence and good humour in

his expression which prepossessed me in his favour; I therefore showed him my drawing, and asked him what it was. With an eager look, and exulting chuckle, he pointed to the Drachenfels, exclaiming "*Schön! lieblich!*" Detecting the Castle on the summit, he screamed out "*Schloss! Ruine! gut, gut!*" but in so loud a voice that he roused the taller of my companions from a *siesta* in which he had been indulging, embowered amidst vine-leaves. Slowly raising himself from his verdant couch, and catching a glimpse of my white-headed amateur, he indulged in so stentorian a "*Holloa, you Sir!*" that the terrified boy, who had not before perceived him, darted from my side, and scampered off with uplifted arms, doubtless imagining that the Schwarz Reiter was in full pursuit of him.

Allons, Messieurs, en route! Shoulder knapsacks, march!—Retracing our steps of the day before through the village of Rhondorf, we skirted the terraces of vineyards which creep round the base of the Drachenfels, and bent our steps towards Königswinter. My irresistible *penchant* for mountain-climbing overcame all thoughts of the oppressive heat of the day, the uncertainty of the path, and the weight of a knapsack, and I resolved to undertake the ascent.

Leaving my companions to proceed to Königswinter to order the dinner, I started on my lonely expedition.

For some distance a steep path, cut for the vine-dressers, led through a series of flourishing vineyards, whose luxuriant tendrils, overhanging the stony road, afforded me occasional shelter from the scorching sun.

The fairest beauties fade the soonest ; having reached the line of demarcation between grateful and ungracious nature, my friendly vines deserted me, and an upland of stunted corn rose above me, till it joined a dense wood, which, stretching across the centre of the rock, seemed to forbid all further progress. Taking a farewell peep at the smiling scenery around, and at the gleaming river which rippled against the fragments of rock in its bed, I entered the shady retreat before me. The path became gradually indistinct, all trace of human footsteps was ultimately lost, and the deepening wood closed its rugged arms across the hitherto open passage. Working my way with my stick, I pierced the tangled bushes, and bent aside the obtruding branches which continually fastened around my knapsack, and arrested my progress. My steps becoming uncertain, from the fragments of stone which strewed the ground, and somewhat wearied by my continued exertions, I thought with a sigh of royal roads and macadamization. I also thought that my footing was not sufficiently secure, nor my arms sufficiently disengaged, to allow me to stand a fair chance with any impertinent wild animal who might feel disposed to question my right to invade his portion of the rock. However, onwards I went, with slow though not at all steady steps, and was already congratulating myself on having nearly achieved my task, when I reached a provokingly perpendicular wall of rock, above which the jagged bushes projected in utter defiance.

All hope thus cut off, I resignedly sat down on a fragment of the opposing medium, and wiping my heated brow, I wisely resolved upon pursuing the only course



which was left, and prepared to descend. The retreat was as difficult as the advance, for the same thickets, or others equally perverse, awaited me, and it is fully as easy to fall down stairs as it is to stumble up. To love one's enemies is a prudent as well as a charitable maxim : one of the identical bushes which had excited my anger, from its unyielding obtrusiveness, saved me from a downward precipitation, and a broken head, by the opportune straggling of those very branches which I had so heartily cursed.

Two travellers were calmly and coolly lounging in the parlour of the Wolkenberg Hotel, at Königswinter, busily employed in devouring cherries, when a third, heavily laden with his wardrobe and layers of dust, bathed with the sun's juice, and otherwise deteriorated in body and mind, tottered into the cool chamber, and sinking into the nearest chair, exclaimed in a broken voice—

“The Drachenfels has no summit except at a distance !”

My host, worthy Moritz Mattern, was a small person, with a timid expression and smiling eyes. His obsequious and soothing manner was so natural to him, that when he was forced to scold the cook for delay in the matter of our dinner, his softened accents fell rather as a refreshing shower than as an indignant torrent. He informed me that he spoke French “*ein pue*,” and that he likewise understood English. To corroborate his assertion, he laid before me his masters in the respective languages. His French grammar—a tattered relic of the past—was shorn of the Chapter on the Participles, and his dingy Lindley Murray was *minus* the Rules for

Pronunciation, and one cover. Gravely congratulating him on his stock of useful knowledge, I ventured to assure him that I was extremely hungry.

The dinner was superior to the appearance of the house, and the little obliging landlord hopped about in a most serviceable mood. If attention be an augury of success, the worthy linguist ought shortly to be the head hotel-keeper on the Rhine; but, alas! strange casualties often command fortune, while the plain, plodding, industrious soul transmits to his descendants the same unimproved heritage which he derived from his equally meritorious ancestors. In all cruel probability, therefore, mild Moritz will be doomed for the rest of his peaceful days to present his patrons with well-written bills, the sure sign of success in this part of the world being a thoroughly illegible *Rechnung*.

My companions being fortified by a substantial meal, and having the additional stimulus of the morning's failure to excite me, we agreed to pass the evening on the Drachenfels. Accordingly, our host furnished us with the necessary tickets, and letting us out at a back door, ushered us on our road.

Ladies need not be deterred from visiting this beautiful spot, for the ascent on the right side, the northern, is comparatively easy, and may also be performed on donkeys, the owners of which will not allow their merits to pass unrecorded. Rejecting the offers of donkeys and guides, we wound up the rugged path, the castle seeming to recede as we advanced. The power of the sun had considerably abated, and a gentle evening breeze occasionally murmured along the face of the rock. The

ascent may be about a mile or upwards; the mountain being, according to some representations, 1400 feet in perpendicular height, or, according to others, 1800. The former may be French feet, the latter English; this geographical point must be left to the decision of those who carry compasses in their eyes. It is sufficiently elevated to tire even a stout pair of legs, and that, be it known, is to the generality of travellers a real geographical fact. Without lessening the effect of the general view we anticipated from the summit, by piece-meal peeps from the different stations, we slowly ascended, and at length gained the little wicket at the porter's lodge, which was opened to us on payment of five silver groschen each, and the delivery of our tickets. This, we afterwards found, was an imposition, since the ticket was charged in our bill, and should have admitted us to the summit without further demands.

The height thus attained was not the most elevated point of the mountain, which yet reared its abrupt and ragged form to a considerable distance above us, crowned by an imposing ruin. We had as yet only reached the platform, an open space, near the western verge of which is the obelisk, erected to commemorate the passage of the Rhine by the Allied Armies in 1814. To the left is a sight which cannot fail to prove grateful to the pedestrian—a comfortable café.

Having yet to reach the Castle, we availed ourselves of the proffered services of the porter, and after patiently listening to his surmises of the probable original state of that structure, we found ourselves on the summit of the Drachenfels.

The Castle, which is a mere shell, cannot have been originally a very extensive structure, since its principal portion, perched like the eyrie of the mountain-king, occupied the apex of the rock, while its slender outworks descended a short distance along the eastern declivity of the crag. Portions of it now hang menacingly over the precipitous and jagged rock whose shattered form bespeaks the violence of nature and man.

What a proud feeling swells the heart and irradiates the mind while contemplating the shapeless mass from whose entrails was torn the embryo of the proud Munster at Cologne! Yet both alike are riven and shorn! What a glorious privilege is Man's! The noble buttresses of Creation—the bulwarks against the surgy ocean—the snow-clad reservoirs of countless streams—and the scathed form of the fearful volcano itself—are, by the blessed power of intellect, rendered the ministers and instruments of science. Majestically as they soar in native beauty from their verdant belts, they assume a still greater sublimity and beauty, bearing the ennobling impress of that greater miracle—the mind of man!

How shall I venture to speak of the sublime prospect which burst upon my view! How describe the sublimity of the general effect and the exquisite variety of the harmonious details! I will present a humble outline, and leave others to supply their own colouring, and light and shade.

The whole of this delicious panorama was bathed in a flood of subdued golden light, which intermingled its luscious hues with the cooler tones of twilight. As if preparing to receive the setting sun with glory, the hori-

zon emitted a deep yet brilliant crimson lustre, spangled with flakes of gold, while richer and more fantastic streaks of purple appeared ready to envelope its glowing form as it slowly and majestically sailed behind the darkened curtain of the distant hills. The nearer features of this lovely scene, illumined by the silvery atmosphere of lingering day, were invested with a tranquil dignity and beauty which soothed the vision as it embraced their harmonious contours, softened by the genial light. The more distant objects partook of the hue of the glowing west, and, by their deep tone, enhanced the paler radiance of the more immediate prospect.

The character of the entire scene is extremely imposing: the site whence it is beheld is sufficiently lofty to command an immense extent, yet not so elevated as to make all around dwindle into collections of spots. Its beauty is not of that uniform description which presents an endless succession of cultivated points, without offering any features of striking interest; for, while on the one side the eye glides along vast and varied plains, on the other, it ranges over all the diversities of a mountainous country, from the bare and rugged castled crags to the green uplands shelving down to picturesque valleys and streams.

To the north the series of gentle eminences and valleys lose their individual distinctions, and blend into one extensive plain, patched with the varied colours of their produce, and dotted with the divisions of trees and hedges which unite by their graceful lines the numerous villages that intersect it. On this variegated expanse the serpentine course of the unruffled Rhine may be traced like

a stream of molten silver, flowing onwards towards Cologne, its bright bosom continuously seen, occasionally bearing specks of vessels gently descending with the current. Innumerable towers and spires gleam amidst the verdant glades, or peer from the deepening woods ; and as the eventide breeze flows through the gentle air, the pleasing and varied harmonies of chiming bells, afar and near, break upon the ear. Nearer the eye the elegant spires and pleasing features of Bonn arrest the attention. The side next the Rhine lies buried in shade, while the lengthened buildings of the University catch the mellow light of parting day, which, tipping the distant quadrangular pile of Clemensruhe with its vivifying ray, darts onwards to light up the solitary chapel of the Servites on the lowering Kreuzberg. On the opposite side of the Rhine, beyond Bonn, may be traced the mouths of the river Sieg, which, winding past the Abbey of Siegburg, at the back of the Seven Mountains, flows between the chains of the Rothlager and the Westerwald.

On the same side, a series of gradual elevations, shelving down to the Rhine, forms the commencement of the cluster of the Drachenfels, whose bold forms sweep majestically around the towering rock of the Dragon, like the turbulent waves of the ocean against the soaring light-house. Turning to the west, the conical form of the Godesberg, surmounted by its picturesque towers, and relieved by the sparkling habitations at its base, stands out conspicuously from the deeper toned ridge of hills, by which it appears shut in between Bonn and Rolandseck. Behind this wooded

screen are the diversified forms of the Eifel chain, extending in various ramifications towards Spa, Treves, and Luxembourg, occupying the territory between the Mosel and the Maas.

Resuming the survey to the east, the eye rises from the lowly town of Königswinter, stretching at the base of the Drachenfels, on the brink of the Rhine, and wanders across slightly undulating vineyards, up the lengthened side of the darkly-wooded Stromberg, to the twinkling Chapel of St. Peter, embowered amidst the foliage on its broad summit. Travelling along its indented crest, it then traces the wave-like forms of the intermediate Nonnen-Stromberg, and alights on the bare and rugged crater-formed summit of the Wolkenberg or Mountain of Clouds.

One of the most enchanting portions of this view awaits the traveller southward,—but I must first beg the favour of his company to the friendly café, where we may replenish our stock of enthusiasm.

Ingenious, comfort-loving, money-seeking man, often is the weary traveller relieved by thy interested attentions! If there be a spot on earth calculated to return even a meagre profit, there man plants his commercial standard. Where once the fierce and ignorant parents of hereditary legislators bade equal defiance to the elements and mortals, a ruined stronghold now invites to an afternoon's ramble, and a neat little café rewards the attendant toils. The change is for the better! The Terrible has subsided into the Picturesque—the list of the dungeon's victims is metamorphosed into a smiling *wein-*

*karte*, and the blood-stained banner into a fame-recording obelisk. Verily there are yet greater changes in store for the lovers of variety in the twentieth century.

From a window in this unassuming house of call, a prospect of the greatest beauty bursts upon the view, forming more of a picture than any other portion of the Drachenfels panorama. It was in vain that a little black-eyed girl asked us what wine we chose to take. She had repeated her question for the sixth time, when she changed her note, and said she supposed we preferred tea.

"Tea on the Drachenfels!" echoed I. "Spirits of Poesy, prevent the profanation! I should as soon think of chewing tobacco at the Castalian fount, playing the bagpipes on Mount Parnassus, or preaching morality in a Turkish harem! Tea, indeed! No, no! Bring us generous wine—noble, undrugged wine! Even as I should not call for an ice on Mont Blanc, so would I avoid tea on 'a castled crag!'"

Drawing our chairs towards the inviting window, we pledged the noble Rhine in bumpers of its mountain dew, sparkling with liquid smiles.

A slight paling prevents one from toppling in fancy over the giddy height, which shelves downwards with an irregular descent to the subjacent village of Ronnezdorf or Rhondorf. Portions of the mountain are thickly clad with small trees and brushwood, while here and there tufts of browner thicket, spreading over the lighter soil, encircle the protruding and angular strata of the rock, giving sharpness to the general character of its surface, and proclaiming the solidity of its structure.



Looking down, I beheld at no great distance the wall of rock which had impeded my progress in the morning: it was provokingly near the ridge on which the café is built.

To the left the remaining members of the mountainous heptarchy rear their imposing forms. In the distance the towering Oelberg shuts in the mountain-range, while nearer the eye the lofty Lüwenberg and the pyramidal Hemmerich, with their feudal remains, complete the chain of the Sieben-Gebirge, in the direction of the Rhine, towards which they gradually descend by a series of lesser hills. At the base of these latter are pleasing country-houses, whose white forms relieve the variegated background of green against which they rise. The intervening space between these and the river is occupied by a diversified plain, enamelled with the contrasted hues of meadows, gardens, plantations, and vineyards. At the point where this compact cluster of mountains sweeps round towards the lead and copper-mines which occupy its southern extremity lies the straggling village of Honnef. Beyond it, inclosed by a range of hills, which stretch obliquely to the Rhine, is a level tract of cultivated land, on which are situated the villages of Rheinbreitbach and Scheuern. Still farther, on a point of land, where the river sweeps round to Remagen, the tower of the pleasing village of Unkel intersects the shining stream.

Unlike the more lengthened and narrower form of the Rhine in its tortuous course towards Cologne, on the southern side it swells into the dimensions of a lake, whose expanse, illumined by a clear atmosphere, vividly

reflects the surrounding objects. In the widest part of this ample basin two pleasing islands intersect the stream; one of its triple branches from its increased flow being denominated, by the unskilful boatmen of the district, Gottes-hülfe, or God's-help.

The larger of these two islands, containing about a hundred and sixty French acres, is the Rolands-werth or Nonnenwerth, so called from the romantic nephew of Charlemagne, the hero of the melancholy arch above, and from the former nunnery, which has lately been converted into an hotel. The smaller island to the left, the Grafen-werth, is devoted to agricultural uses, and contains about sixty acres. The verdant surface of these interesting islets, and the light walls and heavy roof of the nunnery, surmounted by its peculiar spire, contrast admirably with the pallid hue of the broad stream which encircles them. To the right, in a line with these islands, rising abruptly from the edge of the water, a rough, deep-toned hill springs from a rugged base, and bears on its frowning brow a mouldering arch, partially crowned with the livery of time. This is the famed refuge of the forlorn warrior-lover, whose form the fancy loves to trace, still bending in hopeless adoration over the tomb of his fair Hildegarde.

On the shore beyond, embowered amidst the surrounding uplands, is the partially concealed town of Oberwinter; beyond which, a sharp point of land juts into the Rhine, nearly opposite the village of Unkel. From this point commences the interminable series of mountain summits, which stretch along the horizon in all the grandeur of form, harmony of composition, and fascina-

tion of colour. The eye rises from the placid bosom of the Rhine, in which the pure sky is serenely mirrored, and, after dwelling with rapture on the gorgeous hues of the nearer landscape, it glides with increasing fervour over the air-drawn bulwarks which tower around this lovely scene. These choice materials of redundant Nature, tipped with the magical hues of a gorgeous sunset, and a translucent twilight, and invested with the majesty of sweeping yet mellow shadows, sufficiently account to my own mind for the lengthened description in which I have with all humility indulged.

“ ——— Expression cannot paint  
The breadth of Nature and her endless bloom.”

Reluctantly retiring from this enchanting scene, we slowly descended, but not without cautiously groping our uncertain way to the inviting stations which opportunely jut from the mountain-side. Here, on narrow, rocky platforms, strewn with fragments, and invaded by tangled bushes, from time to time we gazed at the sombre landscape, whose features were now only distinguished by different degrees of shade. The latest fires of the west faintly tinged the distant sky, and the twinkling herald of night emitted its tiny lustre amidst the pellucid vault.

Delighted with the result of our afternoon's ramble, having reached Königswinter, we considered ourselves without the pale of the Muses' realm, and ventured upon the hitherto despised luxury of tea. Over this effeminate but refreshing beverage we compared notes, measuring the share of enthusiasm which belonged to each as

though it were of tangible proportions. After exhausting our small remaining stock of magniloquence, we expressed our satisfaction to worthy Moritz, who shamed our long-drawn encomiums by summing up its beauties in one short phrase—

“Oui, Messieurs, il est bien sholi!”

The night was spent, as were too many of our nights, in profitable examinations, not of our own hearts, but of the beds and the surrounding walls and floors. It must be confessed there are more agreeable modes of welcoming the sable goddess; but I consider that while enjoying the extra pleasures which Nature kindly provides during a summer's ramble, we should not object to wipe off the few scores which are run up against us by mischance. After a Bacchanalian revel we resign ourselves to the concomitant headache and nausea, armed with patience and soda water; yet we are apt to rail at Fate if any of the petty hardships which render travelling amusing and instructive assail us on our pleasure-bound passage. It is nearly true that “complaint is the largest tribute we pay to heaven, and the sincerest part of our devotion.”

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## CHAPTER XVII.

*Departure from Königswinter—River-side Philosophers—Thoughts on the Rhine—Rolandseck—Coloured Views—Coblenz Steamer—Oberwinter—Remagen—Erpeler Lei—Sinzig—Rheineck—Hammerstein—Andernach—Historical Anomalies—Devil's House—Neuwied—Engers—Sain—Vallendar—Ehrenbreitstein—View of Coblenz—Arrival.*

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Distance from Königswinter to Rolandseck about half a mile.

Inns—The former Nunnery on the Island of Roland and the one beneath the ruins.

Distance from Cologne to Coblenz, by land, along the Rhine, 5½ posts.

Do. Do. by water, about 18 stunden.

Fare from Cologne to Coblenz, by steamer, first cabin, 4 thalers, 20 silver groschen; second cabin, 3 thalers, 15 silver groschen; third cabin, 2 thalers, 10 silver groschen.

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THE bright rays of the early sun and the tinkling of bells awoke us from the light slumbers which had visited our heavy eyelids with their refreshing balm. Traveling engenders an aptitude for repose, and an elasticity in profiting by its influence, which are incompatible with a less exciting and less healthful occupation; it is therefore more easily conceived that the spirits should be recruited with so little sleep while under this bracing regimen.

Dispatching our ample breakfast, and paying smiling Moritz Mattern the amount of his ominously well-written bill, we once more hoisted our knapsacks, and bent our steps to the water-side. Sitting down on a log

of wood which lay stretched luxuriously on the sunny bank of the Rhine, we also indulged in the quiet of the spot, watched with intense curiosity by three pairs of widely extended eyes, belonging to three stumpy urchins who were exercising their budding philosophical propensities in collecting samples of mud and sand from the bed of the river.

Was it the fame of the Rhine that thus riveted my eyes on its opaque waters, or was it the beauty of its stream? In extent it is exceeded by many rivers, and scenery of more overpowering sublimity is to be found on the banks of nobler streams. If it be viewed as an arm of commerce, other less beautiful currents are more deeply furrowed by vessels laden with the wealth of the united world. A deeper charm than any resulting from single qualities invests the Rhine with extraordinary interest.

Flowing through one of the most interesting regions of Europe, it presents a diversity of physical and moral effects, displaying in a continuous lesson the gradual modifications of Nature in man and in the vegetative creation. The new-born element—steam—has removed the obstacles which formerly opposed the progress of the time-bound traveller. It has cemented the bonds by which mankind will be ultimately united, and has overpowered the arrogant and unfeeling doctrines of a former age, which consigned to eternal distrust and hatred the various fraternal tribes of the earth.

From the tranquil canals and the pleasing levels of Holland, its eccentric and opulent cities, and its industrious, frugal, and cheerful burghers, the friendly stream

wafts the traveller to the motley states of the Germanic Confederation, and its jovial unassuming members.

The antique towns of Prussia, amidst the uninterrupted romance of the Defile of the Rhine, bristling with turreted rocks, its more elegant modern architecture, its well-organized universities, and the harmony of its social system, with its pervading military rule, next await the traveller.

The verdant hills of Nassau, bubbling with hygeian waters, and cultivated by loyal inhabitants, the wide-spreading plains and wooded uplands of Darmstadt and Baden, tended by simple and peaceful peasants, complete this portion of the Rhenish lesson. Beyond these, the traveller is introduced to a nation resplendent in the annals of chivalry, intellect, and gaiety. The wide-spreading vineyards and waving corn-fields of France, and its pleasure-seeking, martial sons, welcome the tourist to its genial soil. Still farther on, the troubled river, foaming from the falls at Schaffhausen, flows around eternal snows, where the hardy Swiss treads his native hills, sacred to freedom. Escaping from the bosom of the Lake of Constance, it bathes the confines of Bavaria, and, as its triple stream gushes from the fearful glaciers of the Grisons, it mingles its foamy breath with the balmy atmosphere of the Garden of Europe,—the sunny soil of Italy,—across the snow-girt turrets of the Alps.

Before these ideas had quite floated to the proper organ by which they were to be inwardly digested, a boatman was in readiness to paddle us and our fortunes across the Rhine on the road to Mehlem. Arriving at

Rolandseck, half broiled, and being in momentary expectation of the steamer from Cologne, we took our station on the little balcony of the inn to enjoy a last view of the Drachenfels, and to quaff a bottle of wine in honour of the Virgin, who, by her crucifix, defeated the dragon which inhabited a cavern at its base, and disseminated the doctrines of Christianity through this pleasing district.

I had not proceeded far with a sketch of this varied scene when the steamer was reported in sight. Trusting to memory to repair the injustice done to my drawing by this provoking haste, I hurried up stairs in obedience to a mysterious communication from the "garçon féminin," who preceded me to a small room on the first floor, where, pointing to a stained glass window, she left me to my many-coloured reflections. This was indeed no mere child's trick, but a powerful stimulus to the imagination well worthy any person's attention. The imposing scene of the Seven Mountains and the surrounding landscape, the wide river and the gloomy rock of Rolandseck, was alternately bathed in floods of the most mysterious red, brown, blue, and green light, and the transitions thus effected were startling and beautiful. I should advise all travellers to take a peep at this *galantis* show. If they deem it trifling, it will be their fault not mine, and will prove that they have one inlet of pleasure less than myself.

A boat with a red flag, bearing the inscription, "Rheinische Dampschiffahrt," soon conveyed us on board the Friedrich Wilhelm steamer, proceeding from Cologne to Coblenz. With highly-wrought expectations



of the forthcoming beauties of the Defile of the Rhine, we seated ourselves in a favourable situation, and let loose our fancies, which impatiently outstripped the toilsome course of the steamer as it slowly ascended the rapid stream.

The view of our favourite spot assumed additional beauty from the middle of the Rhine. Whence, indeed, are the Seven Mountains otherwise than lovely? It is useless to write about them; the painter's art alone can do them justice. To the left the white hotels on the Nonnenwerth and at Rolandseck relieve the deep rich tone of the rock on which the ruin stands, and the green hill beyond, with its yellower crest, affords an excellent contrast to the gloomy base of Roland's tower. To the right, beyond Rolandseck, behind a small island, is the little town of Oberwinter, at the base of the hills which sweep around it. Opposite is the village of Rheinbreitbach, at the foot of the acclivity, the vineyards of which produce a good Bleichart wine. Beyond Oberwinter, to the right, a point of land projects into the Rhine, nearly opposite the village of Scheuern. The river then winds past the small town of Unkel, opposite to which is a hill springing abruptly from the margin of the stream, which contains a quarry of basalt, beneath a thick layer of sandy marl. This sudden bend of the river brings in view the ancient town of Remagen, and the white walls of the Convent of St. Apollinarisberg, perched on a crumbling rock above. The road which leads from Bonn to Coblenz, and which passes through Remagen, runs along the shore at a slight elevation, tracing its chalky course beneath the green hills which

rise immediately behind it. It was formerly dangerous, but in 1768 the elector, Charles Theodore, commenced those improvements which were completed by the French in 1801, and which now present a comfortable chaussée. From Unkel an avenue leads to the town of Erpel, at the other angle of the projecting plain, where the range of hills diverging from the mines of Honnef slope to the brink of the Rhine. Half way between the two is the village of Heister, at the foot of the hills. The vines in the neighbourhood of Erpel produce a fine white wine called the Lei-wein. The basaltic rock,—the Erpeler Lei,—just beyond the town, presents an imposing feature in this view: it rises gradually from the water's-edge, and its thinly vine-clad base, intersected by transversal ledges of white, chalky earth, after rising to a considerable height, is crowned by a rich, deep-toned knoll, whose blunted form adds to the variety of the surrounding summits. The eye glides from the dingy edifices of Remagen, over a plain to the right, through the centre of which flows the Ahr, round the town of Sinzig. To the left, beyond Erpel and a small village situated between two shelving mountains, is a bold headland, surmounted by the blackened, unromantic ruins of Okenfels, behind which, on the slope of the mountain, is the village of the same name. Beyond, on the same side, between two shelving hills, is the pretty village of Linzerhausen, and on the adjacent hills the town of Linz. The Rhine again winds, and leaving to the right, on the point which completes the triangular plain of Sinzig, the villages of Upper and Lower Kripp, it receives the tributary stream of the Ahr. On the heights of Linz are

the basaltic stone-quarries and the village of Tattenberg, and, lower down, the hamlet of Waller. To the right the only object of interest is the distant tower of Sinzig, with its fine spire, relieved by a rich background; and on the eminence to the left, beyond the town, is the convent of St. Helena, at the commencement of a verdant ridge which approaches the Rhine. The banks of the Ahr produce a good red wine—the Ahr-bleichart. On the opposite shore, amidst an irregular series of rocky hills, is the village of Leubsdorf, or Leudesdorf; and, farther on, shut in by reddish rocks, is Argendorf. Making a semi-circular sweep, the hills to the left leave a narrow level, on which lies the village of Höningen; behind which the château of Argenfels rears its pale front, and on the more advanced promontory is a picturesque bastion which frowns in vain above the peaceful visitors to the noble stream beneath. On the right hand, at the feet of two imposing hills, is the town of Nieder Breusig, or Breisig, compactly placed beneath an egg-shaped mountain, at the entrance of a valley, through which runs a small current which passes the town of Ober Breisig. On the platform of a perpendicular height beyond is situated the square tower of the ruined castle of Rheineck, and by its side the modern mansion whose neatness and finished elegance contrast with the forlorn dignity of the ancient *Burg*. Our English *cognoscenti* would doubtless dub this modern mansion a structure in the Elizabethan style! For my own part, not being so skilled in architectural classification, I can only proclaim it a domestic Gothic. The flattened sides of two pleasingly wooded uplands rise beyond these interesting representatives of

the past and the present ; and from the base of some hills rather farther back, a gentle descent bears a portion of the village of Brohl, or Bruhl, and its château, the greater part of which, as well as its companion, Nippes, is situated on the plain nearer the Rhine. The neighbouring soil is of volcanic origin, and, pursuing the course of the Brohl-bach, which here turns several paper-mills, the romantic approaches of quarries vary the scene. On the opposite shore, on a corresponding level, encircled by the irregular contours of cultivated hills, is Rhein-brohl, principally inhabited by Jews.

The river now appears shut in by the adjacent chain, which presents a very picturesque appearance—to the right shelving down to the water, and to the left presenting a more rugged and precipitous descent. Beyond the rocky barrier to the left are fine eminences, at the base of which is the village of Nieder Hammerstein. The eye is next arrested by the towering mount of Hammerstein, and the long, heavy ruins of its melancholy castle. The wide, bold rock on which this wreck stretches its dismantled walls, descending on one side precipitously to the Rhine, and scantily covered with vineyards, presents the most beautiful diversity of form and colour ; its general rich tone contrasting beautifully with the cool tints of the sky, the water, and the cheerful verdure around. At the base of this imposing mass are the white houses of Ober Hammerstein, before which extends the small Westerholder-aue, or island of Hammerstein.

The more bland though powerful features of the opposite shore next demand attention. On this side of the island is the hamlet of Fornig, or Fornich, behind which

rise the Kreuzborn-rocks, consisting of vertical polygonal basaltic columns, of a deep blue, intermingled with black spar. These contrast admirably with their richly wooded neighbours, and casting their rich and ample shadows on the bosom of the Rhine, appear to dive beneath its surface beyond the reach of the eye. To the right is a small semicircular patch of rich land, amidst which is the embowered village of Namedy, formerly the station for the enormous rafts which descended the Rhine.

On the opposite bank stands the chapel of the Holy Cross, and beyond the islet of Namedy is the long village of Leudesdorf, or Leubsdorf, at which point the river appears shut in as it winds round to the partially concealed town of Andernach with its rows of poplars. The first object that meets the eye is the hackneyed and huge crane which artists are so fond of singling out as a fit representative of the ancient and illustrious town of Andernach. Most of the cranes on the Rhine are fit emblems of "much ado about nothing," for while the traveller surveys their imposing forms with a degree of historical interest, his startled sense of propriety detects a mid-air barrel of small dimensions being hoisted on shore by means of the ponderous contrivances they contain within their diameters. Prussia is not, however, the only country where the relics of antiquity are applied to strange purpose. Some of the most interesting chambers in the Tower of London are shorn of the respect due to historical celebrity, and are devoted to the domestic comfort of worthy underlings, whose interesting offspring scrawl their youthful effusions on the walls which have perhaps echoed the sighs of a Jane Grey or a

Raleigh. Amiable utilitarian principles ! Too considerate governments that have sanctioned these arrangements, how would your collective wisdom be shocked at the installation of the houseless poor in Downing-Street, and the destructives of the Penitentiary or the hulks in Westminster Hall ?

The features of Andernach are striking ; the principal are the spires of the Cathedral,—an edifice of the eleventh century,—and a lofty tower surmounted by a polygonal turret, which forms a portion of the northern fortifications, and which was erected in the fourteenth century. On looking back, Andernach appears sheltered by bold, greyish rocks, crowned with verdure, and the steep hills on the opposite shore are divided into parallel ledges. Beyond Andernach, to the right, the scenery is flat. To the left is the village of Fahr ; and, on the hill above, Feldkirchen ; beyond which, on the shore, is a long, melancholy ruined mansion of two stories, and eighteen windows in width, bearing the name of Friedrichsstein, or the Devil's House (Teufels Haus). It does not bear a sufficiently eccentric character to be attributed with any degree of propriety to the latter personage, nor is it probable, since the office of Mephistopheles is not yet quite a sinecure, that any bidding-place of that potentate would be allowed to decay. One circumstance however somewhat supports the assumption of that name : the hill against which it is placed is scathed just behind it, while all around blooms in perennial beauty.

The river then sweeps nobly past the mouths of two small streams—the Nette to the right, and the Wied to the left. On the former are the iron-works of Netten-

hammer, at a little distance from the river; and on the latter is the village of Irrlich, the principal feature of which is the new church. The surrounding landscape assumes a pleasing character in this part of the river, presenting charms of a more quiet nature than heretofore. An avenue of poplars connects the village of Irrlich with the town of Neuwied, an object of considerable interest to the historian, as one of the most important Roman stations on the Rhine, and the point at which Cæsar effected his first passage when repelling the attacks of the Catti and Sicambri, on the Ubian colony, which occupied the left bank of the river. The whole neighbourhood teems with Roman remains, and possesses powerful attractions for the classical student.

Neuwied is a comparatively new town, having been erected during the middle of the last century by the Count Frederic William. Count Alexander contributed mainly to its prosperity; for, besides the attractions of a brilliant court, he conferred upon the inhabitants the liberty of religious worship, and various important privileges. The principal attraction of Neuwied is the Palace, one side of which overlooks the Rhine. It contains some extremely interesting museums, and in particular one of Roman antiquities. The gardens and the environs are remarkably beautiful. In the pheasantry is the collection of natural history which was brought from South America by Prince Maximilian, who, it appears, preferred following his studies abroad to watching over his subjects at home. Probably the paternal care of the Germanic Confederation left his Highness as little to do in the way of government as his learned nature could wish.

Our cargoes landed, our passengers set on shore or taken on board, off we started with invigorated steam. I had just time to notice on the shore opposite Neuwied the monument of General Hoche, who effected the passage of the Rhine in 1787, the neighbouring village of Weissenthurm, and the island of Neuwied, behind which the French collected the necessary stores for their passage.

The river again winds without presenting any important objects, although to many minds the whole neighbourhood will be interesting from the circumstance of presenting the disputed sites of the Roman forts and achievements. Passing the island of Urmitz, and, to the right, the Good Man's Chapel, on the same side is the village of Urmitz, celebrated only as the station where Cæsar crossed the Rhine a second time in pursuit of his old acquaintances the Catti. Beyond Urmitz, to the left, is the royal château of Engers, and the town or village which is called both Cunostein-Engers and Zoll-Engers, containing only 850 inhabitants. Near it are the solid remains of the abutment of a Roman bridge which crossed the Rhine at this spot. An avenue at the back of Engers leads to the village of Heimbachwies and the abbey of Romersdorf; to the right of which is the Friedrichsberg, commanding a fine view. The mountain beyond the intervening valley, watered by the Sain and Pretsch rivulets, is the hill of Sain, on which are the ruins of the castle of the Counts of Sayn, and the seat of the Count of Boos Waldeck, containing a collection of pictures. The Royal Iron-Works are in the valley just alluded to, northward of the castle; they are



supplied with metal from mines in the Wester-wald, a distance of three leagues from the foundry. On the other side the mouths of the Sainbach and Pretschbach, situated at a short distance from the Rhine, in a pleasing, well-wooded neighbourhood, is Mühlhofen; behind which, at the base of the hill of Sayn, runs the village of Bendorf-Sain, in the parish church of which is the colossal statue of Count Henry of Sayn, who is reported to have crushed the head of his infant, by the weight of his hand, as he was about to embrace it. Opposite the sand-bank, on the right hand, is the village of Kalten-Engers, beyond which is Sebastian-Engers, a pleasant village, commanding a fine view of the opposite shore. Beyond Sebastian-Engers, two large islands, the Graswerth and the Niederwerth, intersect the river; the first a slightly-wooded meadow, the latter containing a village and the site of the former nunnery which was embowered amongst the trees, the church of which still remains.

On the side of the verdant hills which rise to the left is the imposing burgh of Vallendar and its handsome church, situated on an eminence at the entrance of the valley, which gave rise to the ancient name of the town—Vallum-Romanorum. Before the river winds round to Coblenz, the eye glances from the vine-district of Urbar, and the village of that name, perched on the mountain-side, towards the massive forms of the background, the river being closed in by the adjoining villages of Wallersheim, Rübenach, and Neuendorf, surrounded by the kitchen-gardens of Coblenz. The eye curiously surveys the bold rock upon which the wide-

spreading fortress of Ehrenbreitstein rears its menacing turrets, reposing against the more elevated forms of the distant mountains. The imposing effect of the citadel is considerably lessened in this view by these towering neighbours; its varied forms should be traced against the sky so as to admit of a more distinct outline and a deeper tone.

The view of Coblenz, on turning the bend of the river, is peculiar and picturesque. Without possessing the antique air of Cologne, it nevertheless presents a venerable appearance. Occupying a triangular level at the junction of the Mosel and the Rhine, its two fronts stretch at right angles along the banks of these rivers. Its spires and towers are unimportant, and the dull white walls and slate roofs have a cold effect. The river, which widens on approaching the city, is increased by the waters of the Mosel, whose deeper-coloured stream glides perceptibly along the shore in a narrow current, till it is lost in the ample volume of the Rhine. At a short distance to the right the bridge over the tributary stream forms a picturesque object, while behind it rise the vine-clad hills of the Mosel, and to the right the Petersberg and Fort Francis. Shut in from the water by a loop-holed wall the town has a dull appearance, scarcely relieved by the tiny tide of human beings passing to and fro on the bridge of boats, which connects the small town of Muhlheim, or Thal Ehrenbreitstein, with Coblenz. The panorama is beautifully completed by the faint forms of the distant hills and the grand mass of Ehrenbreitstein.

The loud bell once again invited us on shore, and we

listened with considerable pleasure to its otherwise detestable accents. Almost satiated with beauty, and decidedly tired with making the humble notes which here meet the eye of the reader, I hoisted my knapsack, and bade adieu to the Frederick William steamer. The hotel which first attracted us was the *Géant* (*Im Reisen*), and from this circumstance alone it commanded our patronage.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

*The Giant Hotel—Ehrenbreitstein at Sunset—Intended Barbarity—Smoking again—Electoral Palace and other Edifices—Visit to Ehrenbreitstein—A Civilian's Quibbles—Unmilitary Opinion—View from the Summit—Additional Thought on Fortresses—Prussian Soldiers—Striking Argument—Advantage of Military Connexions, or the Difficulty easily overcome—The Chartreuse.*

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Objects of Interest in Coblenz—The former Electoral Palace, and Zick's Pictures; the Clement Quarter; the Hotel of the Regency; the Theatre; the Casino; the former College of Jesuits, now the Catholic Gymnasium; the Collegiate Church of St. Castor; the Churches of St. Florin and Notre Dame; the Collection of Count Renesse Breibach; the Musical Institute; the Fortress of Ehrenbreitstein; Fort Francis and the Chartreuse.

Hotels in Coblenz—The Trierer Hof (Hotel or Court of Treves); Bellevue; Im Riesen (the Giant); Les Trois Suisses; Hotel d'Angleterre, &c.

At Thal Ehrenbreitstein — Zum Weissen Ross (the White Horse).

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THE Giant is a new hotel, and bids fair to rival the best in Coblenz. Situated on the Quay, close to the landing-place, the greater number of its windows overlook the Rhine and Ehrenbreitstein. My room commanded a fine view of the fortress-rock, and I was tempted to devote the afternoon to a drawing of its elaborate beauties.

The whole surface of the rock glowed with the richest hues of sunset; its naturally deep-toned and richly-

coloured form assuming an endless diversity of tints, combined into a focus of harmonious light, and relieved by the broad shadows of the surrounding objects. A multitude of beautiful parts subdued to a general breadth of effect will be the description best understood by the learned in art; and I therefore avail myself of that general hint in default of a more accurate delineation of the subject. Beautiful as it is, crowned by the pride of modern masonry, and the intricate contrivances of modern engineering, it possessed far more romantic beauty in the former dismantled state of the shattered fortress bearing the picturesque traces of ruthless violence. After the peace of Luneville the French thought proper to destroy it, and the treacherous mine rent not only the towering walls but the solid rock itself. It is in contemplation to reduce the inequalities of the rock, in order to render an ascent impracticable. This will be a greater sacrilege than any yet committed, and will destroy the chief charm of Ehrenbreitstein. But when did the rude arm of war ever effect any good? It has, to be sure, occasionally dethroned fools and tyrants, but then it has quite as often raised them to the throne. May the anathemas of offended taste ever haunt the perpetrators of this deed, and may the powder play them false in their barbarous attempt! Is the military monarch of Prussia afraid of British or French grenadiers attempting to scale his pet fortress? Really he does them too much honour.

Coblentz, the Confluens of the Romans, was an important fort, and the station of a legion. It was subsequently the residence of the Frank kings and the empe-

rors, and was also the resort of Charlemagne whilst residing at his favourite palace of Ingelheim. It has experienced a due share of misfortunes, and has dwindled into a dull town, although protected by three imposing fortresses. I plead guilty to having been less interested at Coblenz than at any other city on the Rhine. I believe that my most important reminiscence is the purchase of a fine meerschaum, and the violent efforts attendant upon its maiden smoke. In Germany a man must smoke in his own defence: if already attached to the habit, he has only to prolong his exertions; if a decided Trollopian, the sooner he learns to smoke the better for him, since, as he cannot abolish the custom, he can render it less offensive by partaking of its supposed charm, and producing his own share of smoke.

One of the principal edifices is the former Electoral Palace, a fine building at the end of the town beyond the bridge of boats. Its façade overlooks the new Clement Quarter, and, stretching in a semicircle, occupies one side of the square. The front towards the Rhine is more elegant, and gives a pleasing character to Coblenz, as viewed from the opposite heights of Pfaffendorf. This edifice and the New Quarter, which form the southern portion of the city, were designed by Peyre, a French architect, at the command of the Elector Clement. But even these emanations of taste and wealth fail to render the character of the city more lively; an air of forlorn grandeur invests even the choice quarter of the last of the electors of Trèves. The noble halls of the palace were despoiled by the French—those universal destroyers; and, after having been consigned to the less

honourable service of a barrack, the degraded building has raised its regal head half way towards its former dignity, by being converted into the seat of justice. The Theatre and the Casino, with a handsome hall, are the chief edifices of the New Quarter, which is still incomplete.

The principal churches are the Collegiate Church of St. Castor, and those of St. Florin and Nôtre Dame. They present little to interest the traveller, who will probably be glad to get out of the reach of the "*superbes productions du peintre Zick*."

Having obtained a ticket of admission to the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, we started in the morning to indulge in an inspection of this military wonder. I know nothing of the art of war beyond "the better part of valour," and the facility of retreat, a primary consideration, which I entertain in conjunction with the most celebrated generals. I cannot therefore venture to describe it *secundum artem*, lest I betray that my authorities were summoned on the spur of the moment from sundry catechisms and scientific dictionaries. All I can venture positively to advance is, that Ehrenbreitstein ("the broad stone of honour") is an irregular fortress, erected from the designs of Montalembert and Carnot. It commands the passage of the Rhine, and the route through the Duchy of Nassau; and, if extent of stone-work be a sign of strength, Ehrenbreitstein may boast of it. As to its impregnability, I believe not a word about it. The whole art of war is now reduced to a cold-blooded calculation of numbers to be risked, and numbers to be destroyed; and unless a fortress be relieved, there is every chance of its yielding to well-contrived assaults. From the nature of

the country about Ehrenbreitstein, it strikes me as a very ticklish place to defend, notwithstanding its solid masonry. The neighbouring eminences rear rival summits, and, once in an enemy's possession, would be dangerous stations for the besieging artillery. The heights of Pfaffendorf, from which the French battered the old fortress, are now defended by the Bohnacker fort, which is however sufficiently small to encourage an enemy's hopes. I will not expose my ignorance by further comments on the impregnability of this monster-fortress, perfectly satisfied in not being obliged to battle my way into it by force or stratagem.

The ascent is by a carriage-road, steep but convenient, which, winding round the noble rock between loopholed walls and bastions, affords from time to time agreeable peeps of the river. As far as the mere fortress is concerned, I confess that I felt little interest; the idea of ascending a mountain, and enjoying a fine prospect, being the principal motive for the expedition. I have so profound a dislike for military operations, that the sight of the noblest citadel extorts from me only a sigh. With all due predilection for the gallant men who have endeared the word "glory" to the more ardent portion of mankind, I nevertheless dislike their habits and the prevailing tone of their minds as much as I admire their heroism. Yet as long as mankind shall continue to be ruled as it is at present ordained, so long of course must the awed mind of the civilian contemplate with wonder and admiration the powerful effects of war, and the glaring qualities of its votaries. The whole scheme is unnatural; yet there are not wanting ministers of religion



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The view from the summit of the citadel is extremely grand, but it did not afford me the unqualified delight I experienced on beholding the exquisite panorama of the Drachenfels. However much I may desire my fellow-creatures to participate in my pleasures, my enthusiasm sensibly diminishes on finding myself amongst hundreds of spectators, and those of so unromantic a character as soldiers. There is something exciting in being the sole occupant of a mighty rock, save the eagle who bids defiance to your advancing steps; but to worship Nature in the midst of a military bee-hive trenches upon the impossible. Endeavouring, therefore, to profit by the laws of transfusion, I fancied myself animated by the spirit of a warrior, and endeavoured to survey the whole scene with a martial eye. In this light I saw with immense satisfaction that the guns of this redoubtable fortress might batter Coblenz to the ground before its inhabitants could drown themselves in the Rhine or Mosel, to escape being torn to pieces by the iron hailstorm. Satisfactory contemplation! Exquisite result!

My newly-sharpened eye detected numerous points in favour of the citadel, and then, with equal pleasure, discovered numerous flaws. I was no longer to be daunted by its imposing appearance; and although throughout the fort the greater number of curtains and bastions were flanked, performing that kindly office for each other, yet from the irregularity of the outworks many weak points might attract an enemy's attention. Enormous sums may be expended in producing a citadel

of great apparent strength and beauty, yet from its inopportune situation the results may be negative. Ehrenbreitstein commands itself in most of its details, and would doubtless agitate the Rhine by its firing, and destroy Coblenz, but it does not completely command the surrounding country, and is open to assault on more sides than one. I know that there are solid towers with three tiers of heavy artillery—that within the curtains are the hundreds of guns which defend the fortress itself—and that the bomb-proof and casemated batteries connect the different parts. I know all this, and I also know that I should not like to attempt its reduction; but that it is impregnable is what I never will believe. Meanwhile, I wish the King of Prussia joy of his expensive hobbies.

Of Prussian soldiers so much has been written, that one can but repeat and corroborate the opinions already advanced. They are generally smaller than the English soldiers, and better-looking than the French. They are neater in their costume than either, and have none of the heaviness of the former, nor the characteristic bravado of the latter. They do not, however, to my eyes, appear to possess the stamina of the powerful Briton, or the active vigour of the robust little Frenchman. Of the officers I can speak in more unqualified terms. They bear a decidedly military look, and their costume is elegant and appropriate. In their *morale* they steer with great nicety between the two extremes of the French and English, avoiding the ill-timed jocularitv and braggadocio of the former, and the somewhat too fastidious elegance of the latter. The true English officer is, I am aware, a noble

character; but our peace establishment includes too many well-dressed idlers to admit of the efficiency of the entire body."

One of the soldiers of the garrison was sent with us to survey the fortress; but as my stock of German was not sufficient to command military technicalities, I was forced to explain by signs the various ideas which I felt inclined to part with. The small size of the Prussian musket particularly struck me, and wishing to intimate that the butt end was not sufficiently heavy to do execution, I took it up, and, after charging with the bayonet, whirled it round to explain my striking argument. My guide seemed somewhat disconcerted at this manœuvre, and scarcely knew how to receive so warlike a demonstration. Taking up another musket, and charging with the point, he smilingly said to me—

"The English are good with this."

"Ask the French," replied I, much to the amusement of the dapper Prussian.

Should the reader consider this a poor attempt at joking, he must recollect that it is not in the power of a man to be very witty in a language of which he knows only a few words; and to this deficiency must be attributed the want of elaborate statistical tables of the state of the Prussian army since Frederick the Great, and annotated lists of the various citadels in Prussia, with the number of guns serviceable and unserviceable. Had I been a better German scholar, I should have favoured the reader with a most voluminous account of everything German.

One advantage of Ehrenbreitstein is, that there is

ample space for the exercises of the troops, and the fortress commands in most parts admirable views. I fear in this respect the military think themselves little gainers by their highly-favoured site: the dull, smoky walls of a wine-shop probably possess charms to seduce them from the most exquisite development of Nature.

On returning to the hotel, full of lofty ideas and extensive views, we ordered our breakfast to be carried to the platform which surmounts the Giant Hotel, and there indulged in a more peaceful strain of reflection than that inspired by our opposite neighbour, whose intricate forms we now surveyed from a considerable elevation. Coblenz does not improve by being viewed from on high—in fact, it is an unimprovable place.

I was amused, while reading the papers in the *salle*, at the excessive complacency of a dashing young Englishman, who was condescending to astonish the weak mind of an untravelled countryman, by allusions to the peculiar advantages he enjoyed in being acquainted with many officers in the Guards, and other important personages in the military career. His logic was evidently directed to prove that the usual difficulty of visiting the mysterious citadel of Ehrenbreitstein was, in his case, obviated by the force of his acquaintanceship with the English military authorities, and their influence with the Prussian dignitaries. His companion was evidently duly struck with the importance of currying favour with this highly-connected personage, when both his wondering eyes were forced still wider open on receiving the following communication from one of the waiters:—

“ *Est ce que Monsieur desire un billet pour la citadelle d'Ehrenbreitstein ?* ”

A nod of his bewildered head assented, and a little dirty ticket, with sundry names scratched on it, and signed by the governor, was placed before him. A look of various meanings met the somewhat confused eyes of his highly-favoured friend, who, on rising from his chair, to escape from further remarks, observed, with exquisite offended dignity—

“ Really I did not know the things were so exceedingly common ! ”

The remainder of the day was devoted to a further survey of the town, especially to the most interesting portion, which lies near the old bridge of the Mosel. We also sauntered to the Chartreuse, by a pleasant walk, which was far from being improved by the dust raised by sundry baggage-waggon, &c., which drove rapidly past us. A hay-cart is a far more pleasing and appropriate sight in the midst of trees and green fields than these dismal accompaniments of war. I am really tired of the name ! Can I not find one spot in Prussia uninvaded by soldiers ? One gets tired even of literary men and wits ; what then must one suffer when condemned to the arid monotony of mere warlike equipment ?

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## CHAPTER XIX.

*Departure from Coblenz—Easy Travelling and Advantages of Mediocrity—The Banks of the Rhine—Lahneck—Stolzenfels—The Wise Men of the Königstuhl—Rhens—Marksburg and Braubach—Boppard—The Brothers—Enthusiasm necessary to a due Appreciation of Beauty—Welmich—The Mouse—Ruins of Rheinfels—St. Goar—St. Goarshausen—The Cat—Confusion!—The Lurlei Echo—Seven Virgins—Schönberg—Oberwesel—The Pfalz—Caub—Gutenfels—Bacharach—St. Werner's Contempt for the Laws of Nature—Stakleck—Valley of Wisper—New Rheinstein, Comparison, Salute, &c.—Bingerloch—Mause-thurm Etymology—Bingen—Rüdesheim—Philosophy of Drinking—Johannisberg—Ellfeld—Biberich—Mainz—Edifices "all along Shore"—Vulgar Notions.*

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Distance from Coblenz to Mayence, by water, about 18 stunden.

Do. Do. by towing-path, 19½ leagues:

Do. Do. by land, 13 miles Germau.

Fare, by coach, 4 thalers.

Do. by steamer, first cabin, 4 thalers, 22 silver groschen; second cabin, 3 thalers, 16 silver groschen; third cabin, 2 thalers, 11 silver groschen.

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AT six the next morning a bell summoned us from the subdued attractions of the ancient city of Coblenz. Bidding adieu to its blue roofs and loopholed walls, we re-trod the deck of the steamer, which impatiently fretted and fumed at the scene of bustle and delay around it. When I behold the trouble and expense of travelling in

style, as it is called, I always thank my stars that I *can* travel as I please, and that I *do* please to travel without incumbrance. A man may be as rich as Croesus, and may be surrounded by humble agents awaiting his every nod ; yet even such a man is not so thoroughly removed from his own concerns as not to have his peace disturbed by the mishaps of either servants or baggage. The wealthy squire feels quite as many pangs at the assaults which carelessness makes on his well-varnished pannels, as I experience when a forced march lops a limb from my knapsack. The respective amounts of the damage done—eighteen pence and eighteen pounds—are purely relative evils ; but the bill of chagrin run up on the occasion involves a positive expense—of feeling, and is considerably in my favour. I am not preaching against carriages, no, nor against wealthy squires. Prudence forbid ! There may be some wealthy squire who may kindly leave me sufficient of his acres to command—fresh knapsack tours. But I am endeavouring, without any great display of logic, to advocate the cause of cheap pleasures. As an artist what want I with much money ? My profession pays my footing in society, and in that respect I am as well off as my richer neighbour, who pays down in hard cash by different modes what I have thought and felt for many an exciting hour. My care-worn cheek is my purse : if men will be rosy and happy they must purchase their *entrée* into society by gold or—brass.

As the steamer ploughed its way across the river, I took a last look at Ehrenbreitstein. But, oh, how dif-



ferent from the effect which had greeted my arrival ! It had then blazed in deepened lustre against the pure evening sky—it now was faintly traced on the pallid tablet of a misty morning, and its ponderous lineaments appeared thin and unsubstantial, deprived of their deep-toned shadows and dark recesses.

Leaving the Palace to the right, the principal objects which attract the attention are the two forts on the opposite banks of the river ; to the right, the Charreuse or Fort Alexander ; and to the left, on the heights of Pfaffendorf, above the village of that name, the Bohacker, from the site of which the French formerly attacked the Citadel. A pretty island stretches near the left (geographical) bank, from the village of Pfaffendorf to that of Horcheim. A nunnery for noble ladies formerly existed upon it, but it was suppressed on the cession of the left bank of the Rhine to France. The neighbourhood of Horcheim produces a good red wine—a fact I communicate for the benefit of those who make such places stations for their fancies to rekindle upon. Beyond Horcheim, to the right, again rise those majestic hills which form the defile of the Rhine. Although a similar general character pervades these verdant bulwarks, their individuality is assured by the varieties in their strata, the arrangement of the different tints, and the forms assumed by their earthy or vegetable coverings. He who complains of the monotony of the Rhine on account of the endless succession of vineyards, would probably be disappointed at a collection of beautiful women, because there were so many pretty mouths. This insult

to Bacchus should be punished by condemnation to drink nothing better than small beer.

The banks of the Rhine present two grand characteristics ; they smile in the luxuriance of peace, clad with fertile vineyards and blooming verdure, and they frown amidst the desolation of war, whose shattered emblems stand proudly and forlorn on the bare summit of the scathed rock. The alternations are beautiful and harmonious, and the river is not so wide as to diminish the effect of the various objects on its banks.

Before arriving at the mouth of the Lahn, the eye travels over a fine ridge of hills to the left, to the lofty tower of the Castle of Lahneck. At the corner of the nearest bank of the Lahn are the ruined towers of the Johannes-Kirche, beyond which, stretching along the river, is the town of Nieder-lahnstein, at the foot of the Allerheiligen-Berg (All Holy, or All Saints' Mount). To the right, opposite the mouth of the river, perched mid-way up a well-wooded hill, the shattered towers of Stolzenfels (Proud Rock) rear their slender forms. At the base of the rock is the village of Capellen. The picturesque tower which surmounts it was presented in 1825 to the hereditary Prince of Prussia, by the city of Coblenz, and it is about to undergo some alteration, for the purpose of being rendered a comfortable station whence to survey the enchanting scenery around.

The left-hand bank, from the ruins of Lahneck to the fortress of Marksburg (I am obliged to be tautological, *burg* meaning fortress), presents a succession of noble hills, sweeping round a pleasing plain, on which is situated the town of Oberlahnstein, girt with numerous

ancient towers. On the opposite bank, beyond Capellen, is a solitary house denominated *Die Krippe*, the crib or manger. I leave the natives or antiquaries to explain the title. I merely allude to it to direct the eye towards the site of the *Köningsthul*, between this house and the neighbouring town of Rhens.

It appears that the ancient rulers of these districts entertained very similar notions to those cherished by modern potentates, and felt it incumbent upon them to interfere occasionally with the arrangements of their own immediate noble circle, being not at all particular as to the proper limits of their jurisdiction. The place of meeting where the Seven Electors concerned assembled to consult on the interests of the state was an octagonal structure, of twenty-four feet diameter, raised seventeen feet above the Rhine, apparently with no roof, and marking as nearly as possible the limits of the respective territories. It must have been an odd sight to behold seven petty potentates sitting upon seven hard stools, comparing their seven sets of electoral impressions in a smart shower of rain. The Congress of Vienna was nothing to it in point of simplicity and sublimity. The seven noble Electors perched upon this royal stool, twenty-four feet wide, must have disputed the palm of dignity with the nursery heroes—"the seven wise men of Gotham, who went to sea in a bowl."

Opposite to this memorable spot is the chapel where the Emperor Wenzel or Wenceslas was degraded from the imperial dignity by order of his seven judges, and his vacant throne bestowed upon his successor Robert. It would therefore appear, that, besides deciding on the

qualities of Rhenish wines, they did occasionally transact a little business.

To the right is the small town of Rhens, Rhense, or Rhees, distinguished by two picturesque objects,—an old gateway and a ruined tower. The mountains to the left gradually assume a severer character, as the eye steals over their dusky forms towards the bold rock of Braubach, on whose commanding summit is the noble fortress of Marcus or Marksburg, one of the few castles which have escaped the ruthless power of time and violence. The sides of the mountain shelve in rocky ledges down to the Rhine: the indefatigable vine-dresser has even here exerted his skill; the once rugged sides of the most repulsive mountain now glow beneath a genial sun, with one of Nature's choicest gifts. Oh, if man could always appreciate the creative power of industry, what a Paradise might he call forth!

Beneath the towering Marksburg is the pleasing town of Braubach, whose church blends gracefully with the surrounding poplars. The artist's eye will trace with pleasure the thin blueish morning smoke, stealing timidly over the brown face of the rock. For so trifling an enjoyment even as this are we indebted to the arts. Many may think it is but smoke! Beyond, the river appears shut in by the bold hills of Nassau, but, on passing the family group of villages, Nieder-spey, Ober-spey, and Peters-spey, occupying the tongue of land to the right, the river winds round to fresh beauties. Eternal vineyards! would you supplant the waters, that you steal thus down to the brink of the river as if watching an

opportunity of extending your sway? Some who prefer wine to water would not probably object to the arrangement. Opposite Peters-spey, to the left, is the Dünkold Spring, situated between two lofty hills. On looking back the view is very fine; the river is of considerable width, and seems closed in by undulating uplands. To the left, on the summit of one of the lofty hills which rise steeply from the edge of the water, embowered amidst the rich foliage, sweeping along their brows, is the pleasing modern château of Liebeneck. On the same side are the villages of Osterspey and Filzen, behind which, on the hills, are groves of poplars. At this point the Rhine makes a sharp bend, passing on the right hand a series of steep uplands, patched with vineyards; above which, inclosed amidst woods, is the former Jesuit convent of Jacobsberg. Some of these elevations present the appearance of the graduated remains of an amphitheatre. The rocks on the right increase in magnitude, rearing threatening fronts above the carriage-road. On turning the point on which Filzen is situated, the traveller catches sight of the antique town of Boppard, the singular cottages of Niedersberg, and the pleasingly-wooded Kreuzberg and other mountains which rise behind Boppard. The picturesque and gloomy towers of this ancient station, the Baudobriga of the Romans, and the remains at the farther end of the town, are sufficient to excite the speculations of those literary pioneers who rifle antiquity, with the benevolent intention of corroborating the testimony of Cæsar, and the Roman topographical authors. To speak artistically, it is kind in them

to wish to cast light on such deep-toned buildings. As is usual in German towns, a tower-crane ornaments the quay.

Beyond Boppart are two suppressed convents, now devoted to better purposes. The nunnery of Marienberg, instead of sacrificing the innocent and the fair to an unfeeling discipline, now supplies the neighbouring belles with one of the elements of modern female sociality, and the thread of many discourses—cotton. What may be the advantages of the reformed Monastery of St. Martin I know not,—even if it be consigned to sinecurism,—an empty house is preferable to a bad tenant, at least, so said our forefathers. The rocks opposite Boppart, without rising to any great elevation, are rugged and picturesque. On turning round, the view of this ancient town and the hills which screen it is very imposing. To the left, where the river again winds at the base of the chain opposite Boppart, is the burgh of Kamp, probably so called from the circumstance of a Roman camp which once existed here. An alley of walnut trees leads from this village to the former Convent of Bornhofen at some little distance, also on the shore. This establishment was suppressed and sold in 1813 by the Duke of Nassau; the church alone, erected by Brömser of Rüdesheim, retaining its original character. The clean white walls of Bornhofen contrast painfully with the riven turrets of the melancholy Brothers, whose rival forms, lowering upon twin summits, present a desolate but grand appearance. The Castle of Sternberg, or Sternfels (Star-rock) is situated to the northward of its companion, the Liebenstein (the Stone

of Love). A little scanty herbage covers the side of the eminence first seen, while the deep divisions which scar the rest of its surface are interspersed with vines. On the Rhine, at every step, decay is contrasted with freshness, violence with peace, and barrenness with plenty: The gloomy history of the past is legibly traced in imposing characters beside the more cheering history of the present: feudal tenure is fitly represented by the stern fortress, and modern security by the smiling mansion; while the friendly vine seems to connect the different ages by a charm which has tended alike to inflame the fierce passions of the robber knight, and to promote the effusions of the peaceful breast.

Beyond the Brothers the rocks become still more severe, stretching vertically from the shining river to a great height. The eye is glad to repose on the quiet features of the opposite shore, where the villages of Salsig and Weiler stretch their uninviting lengths on a series of gentle eminences, amidst extensive plantations of cherries. The natural tendency of the mind is to invest even the accessories of the Rhine with a degree of extraordinary beauty; a tendency which may accord with the laws of poetry, but which occasionally does considerable injustice to the matter-of-fact observer, and to the objects observed. The Rhine does everything for Salsig, and Salsig does nothing for the Rhine, unless, indeed, it add to the charm of the surrounding scenery, by serving as a contrast to the lordly Brothers on the opposite bank. In human life this course is adopted in evident imitation of the judicious arrangements of Nature. How skilfully in society are beautiful faces foiled by plain ones, dash-

ing dresses by dowdy ones, and intellectual expressions by commonplace and foolish looks. Winding round the rocky eminences which extend into the river, beyond Salsig, the pretty villages of Hirzenach (to the right) and Kester (to the left) next appear in sight; the former, with an ancient priory surrounded by vine-dressers' cabins, at the base of imposing and precipitous mountains, sweeping along the concave shore of the Rhine for some distance, the latter distinguished by the ruins of its church. The hills in the neighbourhood are remarkably fine, completely shutting in the river, whose windings are now frequent and beautiful.

Closed in by massive walls of variegated rock, the traveller sails on a beautiful lake without perceiving any lowland over which to pursue his journey. Perhaps the continuous sublimity of the scene may have chilled the fancy, but it well becomes the philosophical tourist to allow each portion of his expedition a due share of enthusiasm. (*Even* Coblenz ought not to be debarred from this benefit.) This he will be enabled to do if he reason upon each succeeding scene; and he will also extend the power of creating emotions, where otherwise the languishing imagination would have insured indifference. To be apathetic when Nature is most bountiful is a peculiar, but not uncommon, mode of expressing gratitude. Let it be remembered that more than half the secret of beauty lies in our own perceptions. To learn to see Nature, is to profit by the bounty of the Creator. Survey the infinite variety of forms, their endless combinations, the local colours, the evanescent tints, the playful light and fleeting shadows, and the firmly delineated



shade. Ponder on these, reduce them to principles, and your mental vision will stimulate your heart to a sublimer worship of the works of the Deity.

By this time we have passed the pretty little island lying to the right, and on the same side an ambitious little summer-house on a mountain top, beyond which, to the left, is the village of Ehrenthal and the entrance to the wild valley of that name, which contains copper, silver, and lead mines. The next object that claims the attention before the river again winds towards St. Goar, is the picturesque village of Welmich, situated in a delightful neighbourhood, and presenting to the artist and antiquary a fine Gothic tower. Soaring above this village are the romantic rocks which surround the scathed and colourless Thurmberg, the gigantic Mouse of the Rhine. The flames which burnt, or the stormy elements which destroyed its massive walls, seem also to have seared the herbage beneath it. The irregular horizontal strata of rock look like rude attempts at stairs by which the bold retainers of the feudal lord ascended with their booty to the towering strong-hold. An abrupt bend of the Rhine brings in view one of the finest pictures in the collection. The river again appears shut in, and is entirely buried amidst the diversified elevations which enclose it.

In the foreground to the right, situated on a commanding and rugged rock encircled by prominent eminences, stands the broad and majestic fort of Rheinfels, one of the most imposing ruins on the Rhine. Its bold form and pale-yellowish colour are picturesque, and the massive remains of its noble walls enable the imagina-

tion to complete its original state. By its side is the white mansion of a wealthy merchant who purchased these interesting ruins. Descending from its wide-spreading towers, the eye follows the pleasing line of white buildings which stretch along the shore against a deep background of finely-wooded hills. The centre house, which is of a reddish hue, and the church agreeably break the line of colour. This is St. Goar, sacred to the pious hermit of that name, who founded the first chapel on the spot, and whose rude effigy is preserved in the church; and to the Templars, whose establishments gave rise to some of the topographical names still preserved. Opposite to St. Goar the eye traces the forms of St. Goarshausen and Neubruckhausen, also stretching along the shore, the towers of which compose beautifully with the lofty mountains rising immediately behind. From the back of these villages springs the bold rock on which repose the ruins of the Cat, or Katz, so called either from a Count of Katznellenbogen, or to indicate that it kept a sharp look-out on the neighbouring Mouse. The sombre colour of this castle almost mingles with that of the rock, and the eye toils in vain to complete its form. Beneath it all is parched and desolate, while above patches of green seem to mock the effect of man's ravages below. Amidst the hills which form the background of this gloomy tower, but at a lesser elevation, is the embowered village of Patersberg, apparently out of the reach of civilized man. The distance of this imposing panorama is formed by the rugged summits of the region of the Lurlei.

On turning the sharp point of the jutting rocks of St.

Goar, the traveller should be warned of the numerous dangers which await him. Let him cast one look into the comfortable Past and summon the necessary resolution. If he avoid the perils of the Gewirre (confusion); the fearful bank and whirlpool menace him; and should his fate permit him to escape these evils, he is shortly exposed to the irresistible fascinations of the syren of the Lurlei. It is true she no longer takes any active share in the surrounding perils, but contents herself with sitting on her favourite rock, mimicking the sounds from the opposite shore. Should the unwary boatman be tempted to listen to her imitations, he stands a fair chance of adding another victim to the list of the enchantress. But the buoyant steamer gallantly dashes through this perilous region, permitting its passengers to enjoy in safety the creations of romance without being exposed to its malicious influences.

The noble rock of the Lurlei rises abruptly, in broken vertical ledges, from the margin of the Rhine, and presents a deeply indented surface of a yellowish grey tone, mottled with spots of a warmer colour. The numerous crevices and tufts of rough herbage give it a singularly wild character, and the sudden windings of the stream, and the absence of human habitations, add to the romantic appearance of this watery dell. We had no German students on board to test the prophetic power of the echo, by asking, "Who is the Mayor of Oberwesel?" and we could not therefore ascertain whether the (last syllable) echo insulted that antique town, by proclaiming its magistrate to be "Esel" (donkey).

Opposite the Lurlei Rock, beneath the lofty green up-

lands, amidst which is buried the village of Orben, runs the road from St. Goar to Oberwesel. From a recess in the hills a person discharged a gun and sounded a French horn, enabling us to judge of the five-fold echo, so celebrated in the lays of the troubadours. The echo was certainly distinct, but I will not unduly excite the curiosity of travellers, lest they should expect an echo equal to one in Ireland, which distinctly answers a question in a most rational manner. Nor will I enter into an elaborate essay on the nature of sound, but simply inform the traveller, that the Rhine in this part flows through mountains of similar heights, in the shape of an S, two bold rocks forming the two extremities, and the Lurlei itself jutting into the stream in the centre.

On turning round the rocks which terminate the Lurlei gulf to the right, the fears of the traveller are again appealed to by the sunken rocks called the Seven Virgins, which intersect the bed of the river. Beyond their reach the traveller beholds to the left the unimportant ruins of Rineck; and to the right, the eye is attracted by the pale towers and ancient remains of the long and picturesque town of Oberwesel; the antiquary will probably defect in its crumbling relics, and in the lengthened gloomy wall, occasionally relieved by turrets, some traces of its former masters. At the farther end of the town, soaring above the lofty spire of the Church of the Virgin, (Liebfrauen Kirche,) on a bold irregular rock of the richest colour, stands the proud fortress of Schönberg, (beautiful mountain,) formerly the property of the Counts of Schomberg, whose descendant, the celebrated Marshal, perished at the battle of the Boyne.

On the opposite shore is the vine-clad Ross-berg, presenting a bold front, and extending to the town of Caub, at the farther end of Oberwesel reach. In the middle of the river is the fantastic structure called the Pfalz, built on a rock formerly called the Pfalzgrafenstein. It has occasionally been used as a state prison, but was in all probability erected as a toll-tower to command the navigation of the Rhine, in the days when petty princes robbed their subjects with a show of right. This singular edifice has often attracted the pencil of the artist; and, thanks to the graver, it has assumed a sort of classical celebrity in our albums. But I fear the artist has too often invested trifles with undue dignity; however, old cranes and crazy toll-houses are good subjects for vignettes. On the adjoining shore is the town of Caub, behind which rises the Castle of Gutenfels, whence Gustavus Adolphus, during the Thirty years' war, gave orders for attacking the Spaniards entrenched on the opposite bank. Another bend of the river round the elevated mountains, which here enclose the Rhine in a narrow channel, discovers the ancient town of Bacharach, girt by towers and walls. It has been from time immemorial a favoured spot for the produce of the grape. Between the island and the shore is the sunken rock denominated Ara Bacchi, or the Altar of Bacchus; which only makes its appearance to cheer the vine-dresser after a dry season, and when the stream is low. The most interesting feature of Bacharach is the Chapel of St. Werner, a reddish Gothic ruin, at the base of the Castle of Stahleck. It appears, from the old legends, that this young martyr was massacred by the Jews, who threw his body into the

Rhine; and that, floating up the stream, it was landed at Bacharach. It is to be presumed that the fact of his floating against the current betrayed his assassins; for had Christians performed the deed, there is every reason to believe that the body would have found its way down to St. Goar.

On the height above are the ruins of Stahleck, which are, it is reported, to be restored as a residence for one of the Royal Princesses. Independent of its claim to notice as having been erected on the foundations of a Roman fort, its situation is commanding, and the view from its shattered walls is surprisingly beautiful. Beyond the ruins of the Williamite nunnery on the same bank, are the imposing remains of the Castle of Furstenberg, destroyed in 1689 by the French. It would, indeed, save trouble to say, once for all, that every castle on the Rhine was destroyed by the French.

To the left is the village of Lorchhausen, and farther on that of Lorch, through which flows the Wisperbach, a stream watering the celebrated valley of Wisper, the situation of which produces the wind from which the legend is derived. On the height above Lorch is the short thick tower of Nollingen; from the summit a fine view of the Rhine and the Wisperthal is obtained. On the opposite shore, beyond the islands, is the village of Niederheimbach, surrounded by fruit trees: above it are the ruins of Sonnek and Heimbürg. These two castles are picturesquely situated on adjoining hills; the former, on a richly-coloured eminence, less elevated than its greener neighbour. They are surrounded by swelling mountains, whose various deep-toned coverings permit

the forms of the ruins to be occasionally relieved against them. On the sharp point of land to the right, embowered amidst orchards, is the village of Trechtlingshausen, or Dreyeckshausen. Behind it there is, as a matter of course, a castle. It is the Falkenburg, which the learned in antiquity are agreed to consider as being *probably* on the site of a Roman fort. Still farther inland is the Castle of Rheinstein, surrounded by mountain peaks. On the shore, beyond Dreyeckshausen, is the ruined Chapel of St. Clement. An interesting object next attracts the attention: it is the Castle of New Rheinstein, situated on the rocky Vaugtsberg, sheltered by "high-piled hills." It was pointed out to me by a French gentleman, who, after pronouncing it "*magnifique*," said—

"*A ce qu'on dit, Monsieur, cela ressemble au Château de Windsor !*"

The comparison somewhat startled me, but not deeming the unqualified assertion worthy of unqualified denial, I replied dryly—

"*Ou plutôt, Monsieur, au château de Versailles !*"

He took the hint, and smiled at the *on dit*. I could have further assured him, that it might certainly be said to resemble some of the outworks of the superb English palace fortress.

New Rheinstein is, however, a delightful residence, and worthy of the Royal Prince who has, at great pains and expense, fitted it up as his abode, restoring it to its ancient state, according to the plans of M. Kuhn, to whom the Rhenish tourist is indebted for the agreeable spectacle of a feudal fortress, unaccompanied by

antique horrors. The fresh colour and sharp outline contrast forcibly with the gloomy and dilapidated remains which surround it. The interior has been re-modelled according to the taste of the middle ages; and the most scrupulous fidelity has been displayed in insuring the harmony of its details. Nor was it left to tell its own tale; for, as we approached, a salute was fired from the guns on the platform, and a well-manned boat was seen moving swiftly from the shore towards the steamer. The effect was extremely pleasing; and, as the new-comer stepped on board our vessel, the waving of handkerchiefs and repeated salutes from the castle, added to its picturesque appearance. The mournful silence of the tenantless ruins around, save when the blast howled through their riven walls, presented a contrast both powerful and pleasing; the one bespeaking the dreary history of the Past, the other the cheerful and animated Present. Before reaching the Binger-loch, the rapidity and turbulence of the stream demand that the steamer should be towed by horses. Passing to the left the village of Asmanshausen, surrounded by vineyards, a series of interesting objects claims the attention. To the left, half way up a rocky eminence, whose woody summit is crowned by the Rossel tower, is the ruin of Ehrenfels (rock of honour,) an edifice which it is supposed was erected at the same period as the whitened Mäusethurm beneath, in the bed of the Rhine. The legend attached to the latter appears almost to have arrived at the dignity of History; and many would perhaps feel indignant against any author who should venture to rescue the unfortunate archbishop Hatto from the



clutches of the monstrous rats who pursued him unto death. Some of the largest of the Rat species are supposed to exist under the political atmosphere of England, yet even those are reported to evince a great unwillingness to attack Archbishops and other Churchmen. Let us, therefore, for the sake of the ingenious, recapitulate the various definitions of this mysterious term. *Maus* in German signifies mouse, therefore *Mäuse thurm* may signify the tower in which the hard-hearted prelate was devoured by mice: the argument against this is, that mice are neither sufficiently daring nor strong to master a man, and the more fitting animals for such a deed are called in German *ratten*. *Mousserie* in French means the small guns which are used in forts, it may therefore be *Mousen thurm*; but how came the German language to be indebted to the French? *Mausen* means in German to mew; now it is just possible that the mariners might be warned of the dangers of the currents by a mew or any other sound. But this peculiar name may be derived from *mauth*, the German word for toll; and in this sense may have been perverted from *mauthner-thurm*, or the tower of the toll-collector, into *Mäuseturm*, or the tower of mice. It is, however, too insignificant a structure to encourage much disquisition upon its origin, whether in mice, mewing, small guns, or toll-collectors.

Beyond this water-tower to the right, at the confluence of the Nahe and the Rhine, is the small town of Bingen. The tributary river marks the boundaries between Prussia and Hesse Darmstadt. The poplars and spires of Bingen, the old stone bridge over the Nahe, and the ruins of Klopp (a fort of Drusus) on the elevated

background, form a pleasing picture; but the most beautiful feature of the panorama is the lofty mountain of Rudesheim, with its richly-wooded summit, and the pleasing circular temple at the verge of the sombre Niederwald. At the base of this imposing eminence is the far-famed town of Rudesheim, with its legendary towers. Around are the vineyards, which render this spot sacred in the annals of Bacchus.

Beyond Bingen the beautiful Rheingau, or Valley of the Rhine, expands beneath the encircling eminences: the scenery assumes a different character, the mountains gradually diminishing in height, till they are lost in a series of gentle undulations. The river becomes wider, and is intersected by innumerable islands, none of which present any remarkable characteristics. Beyond Rudesheim, at the base of the Niederwald, is the village of Eibingen, and, still farther back, the former convent of Noth Gottes. On the opposite shore are Kempten and Gaulsheim. To the left, behind two long islands, is the village of Geisenheim, situated at the base of the Rothenberg, which produces a celebrated wine, nearly equal to that of the far-famed Johannisberg, the whitened walls of whose palace mark it clearly to the eye at a little distance. Few travellers pass this interesting spot with indifference, for it is connected with the most potent charm which inanimate Nature presents to man. Many may view it with silent grief, as the cradle of inebriety. It is ungracious to sully the beauty of the vine with the weakness of the drunkard: in moderation, it adds fresh graces to social intercourse, while its abuse perils the body and soul of man.

I behold, in my mind's eye, two Englishmen shut up in the gloomy corner of a heated room *silently enjoying* their third bottle of thick, fiery port, (drugged and brandied,) with swollen eyes and feverish faces; unable to elicit a spark of that light emotion, which produces "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." . . . I behold again, and what an altered picture! These same men are calmly sitting in the afternoon's sun, in a beautiful public garden, quaffing with increasing zest a crystal wine, whose aroma rises to attract the sense, and whose generous but cooling flavour gently excites their systems and cheers their minds, without making them forfeit a particle of their higher natures: they now feel intellectual beings—they were before oppressed, alike in body and mind.

The English taste has been sadly perverted by the schemes of Government—schemes which have hitherto evinced too little consideration for the comfort or happiness of the people, unless they could be united with a flattering Budget. Discarding the beautiful wines of France, the lively claret and the generous Burgundy, wines which our jovial ancestors merrily quaffed in the lordly flagon, state-regulations forced Englishmen to import the thick, feverish port, and the fiery sherry. Neither port nor sherry are, I am aware, to be despised; but, in comparison with the choice wines of France and Germany, they are unfit for social purposes, since they too often

" — Stammering tongues and staggering feet produce."

The palate, perverted by these powerful, drugged wines, is unprepared to relish and appreciate the aromatic juice

of the French and German grape. With this lecture upon wines I make my respectful bow to the blooming Johannisberg and Cyrus Redding; regretting that its exquisite productions are not in sufficient abundance to supply the whole world.

All eyes were of course directed towards Prince Metternich's Bacchanalian mountain, and most tongues uttered something about the qualities of its grapes: many, evidently not in the habit of tasting high-priced hock, were of course the most vehement in declaring Johannisberg to be the most delicious wine in the world; others, who as evidently had full oft done justice to its beauty in gilded saloons, silently observed the scene, smiling at the sudden discovery of this delicious wine by their enthusiastic neighbours.

The long village of Winkel extends from the mountain of St. John along the Rhine, being nearly joined to that of Mittelheim. The town beyond, with a crane and lofty tower, is Oestrich, opposite to which is Freiweinstein. To the right, at some distance from the Rhine, about half-way along the island, which is close to the shore, is the celebrated town of Nieder Ingelheim, the favourite residence of Charlemagne. On the opposite bank is Hattenheim, in the neighbourhood of which, on the Strahlenberg, is grown the wine known by the name of Markebrunn. Beyond, on the same side, are Erbach, Ellfeld with its picturesque towers, Nieder Walluf and Schierstein situated amidst the orchard of the Rheingau. The next object of interest, to the left, is the Palace of Biberich, the residence of the Duke of Nassau, a heavy edifice with red mouldings, before which, close

to the water's edge, is a row of trees which partially obscures it.

The dull red towers and spires of Mayence form a striking contrast to the white walls of Castel or Cassel, which is connected with the city by a bridge of boats. The principal edifices on the quay at Mayence present the same sombre appearance as the towers, and the landing-place is as uninviting as that of most of the cities on the Rhine. How different to the grandeur and opulent appearance of the quay at Rotterdam, where commerce and curiosity reconcile their respective claims, amidst comfort and cleanliness! The least important part of Mayence seems to be the very portion which might be rendered both ornamental and useful; but, thanks to war and its direful train, the landing-places on the Rhine are sacrificed, as far as beauty and convenience are concerned, for the sake of palisades, loop-holed walls, and the endless succession of military eye-sores which encumber the peaceful earth.

After passing the Peter's Aue, a fortified island, the first object which meets the eye is the Alley of the Rhine, extending along the river, and connecting the Raimond-gate with the redoubt of that name. The line of fortification marks the extent and direction of the city which sweeps round in a semicircle from the level ground on the north-west, to the elevated spots occupied by the Cüstrich, the Citadel, and the Anlage, or the Favorite. Beyond the Raimond-gate is the former ducal palace, now the custom-house, an edifice which has suffered considerably from the effects of war, and the explosion of a laboratory in 1797. Local history gravely informs

us, that Napoleon had the magnanimity to bestow this shattered edifice on the city of Mayence for the convenience of a free-port. Verily, this is a cheap system of liberality, first, to rob a man of his all, and then to restore him an useless, dilapidated fragment of his own property! The next heavy edifice is the grand ducal residence, called the Deutches House, from having been the hotel of the Teutonic order.

We had now arrived at the landing-place, and gladly buckled on our knapsacks, and stepped ashore at six o'clock. My mind is so constituted, that whilst travelling I prefer roughing it: directly I am introduced by civilized conveyances amidst civilized people, I lose my elasticity of mind and body, and sigh for my mountain journeys. A steamer is to me an irreconcilable nuisance, especially if there are many Englishmen on board, for in that case there is such an absurd attempt at reviving drawing-room etiquette, that I feel transported back to all the insipidities of refined society. Give me the wild mountain-life, with all its healthful joys and dignified refinement of thought! Give me those vivid images which are wafted by the bracing air, and those ennobling reflections which spring from the verdant bosom of Nature! Above all, give me that precious independence of feeling which buoys man up amidst all the difficulties and dangers of a rugged career!

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## CHAPTER XX.

*Change of Money and Consequences—Mountains of Down — Water-mill Serenade — Alarm of Fire changed to Fears of Revolution—Satisfactory Solution — Grand Duke's Birthday — Prussian and Austrian Soldiers — Castel or Cassel — Walk to Wiesbaden—Taunus Hills—Einhorn Hotel.*

Distance from Mainz to Wiesbaden by high road,  $\frac{1}{2}$  post, or nearly 2 leagues.

Do. do. by foot-path, about 5 miles.

Fare by return carriage, each person, 30 kreuzers.

A Diligence probably runs by this time, 36 kreuz.

„ from Mayence to Biberich, 1 league.

Objects of Interest in Mayence—The Cathedral; Church of St. Ignatius, with painted ceiling; St. Stephen's Church, with altar-pieces; St. Emmeran's Church, with a picture by Maulperch; the new Church of St. Peter; the Deutsches Haus, or the Palace of the Grand Duke; the Custom House near it on the Quay; the Exhibition of Pictures, Medals, Natural History, Roman Monuments, &c., in the City Library in the Grosse Bleiche; the New Theatre in the Gutemberger Platz; the Corn Market in the same Square; the Leichhof or Cemetery; the Tribunal; the Casino in the Gutemberger Hof; Zum Yungen Gutemberger Hof, in the Franciskaner Platz; Anlage Gardens (La Favorite); the Citadel and Fortifications; the Eichelstein.

Hotels at Mayence—Hôtel de Hollande and Hôtel du Rhin, on the Quai; Hôtel d'Angleterre on the Grande Place; Hôtel de l'Empereur, in the Market; Weissen Ross; Trois Couronnes, Darmstadter Hof; Hôtel de Paris, Rheinberg, &c., &c.

THE first hotel on landing was the Rheinberg, one of a moderate reputation, but which possessed the advantages of being quiet and unostentatious, and commanding a view of the Rhine. At Mayence we experienced the

annoyance attendant upon a change in the monetary system, or rather in the nominal value of coins, and had to shift our accustomed ideas of thalers and silber-groschen, for florins and kreuzers. Unable immediately to comprehend the differences, we were driven to the expedient of presenting a handful of silver, and of allowing the parties with whom we had dealings to help themselves to the right or wrong amount, as their consciences might happen to dictate. I confess there is something very soothing in this mode of proceeding, instead of being obliged to haggle for the fraction of a farthing, more or less. It may certainly expose a human soul to the chances of temptation, but money and morality are seldom united in a purchaser's contemplations.

Arranging the plan of our future proceedings, we determined to quit Mayence on the following morning for Wiesbaden, leaving the sights of the former for a future visit.

Fatigued with my day's exertions I retired to bed early, and having thrown aside the damp sheets, which had evidently been sprinkled into an appearance of cleanliness, I rolled myself in the shrunken blanket, and crept beneath the ponderous-looking feather-bed with which Germans smother their visitors to sleep. These mountains of down are, however, like many of those who lie beneath them, not nearly so formidable as they appear; and when the mind has divested itself of the idea of their weight, it permits the body to repose very comfortably beneath. No sooner had I reconciled myself to bear an apparent *cwt.*, than another sense gave notice of a fresh evil. A constant murmur and gushing of



water assailed my ears, and at first I felt, of course, that it would be impossible to sleep with this music of many waters. Jumping from my nest, I ran to the window to ascertain if there were any probability of a termination of this serenade, but discovered to my dismay, that the sounds proceeded from the boat-mills which lay on the Rhine below the bridge. I saw no chance of their being seized with an idle fit, and still less of the river ceasing to flow downwards. Being driven back on my own resources, my mind tacked about, and converted this hitherto abominable nuisance into a collection of sweet sounds, expressly vented to lull me to repose; with this more pleasing belief, my mind was soothed into a light slumber. . . . .

Suddenly starting from my sleep, and once more leaping from bed, I heard a multitude of voices beneath my window, and beheld the room illumined by flames. The confusion became excessive, and the loud cries in the street bespoke some great calamity. Seizing my slender stock of baggage, I rushed to the window to consider the best chance of escape from the flames, when my ideas of fire were converted into a belief as fearful. My flurried senses, and half-assured vision, prevented my ascertaining immediately the nature of the tumult. The whole street was filled with an apparently infuriated populace, brandishing weapons of every denomination, and rending the air with revolutionary cries. Great numbers bore torches, which cast a fearful light over the grim bands of the nocturnal rebels, leaving the imagination to complete the horrible but obscurer portions of the picture. Why they should be so vehement in striking

their torches against the hotel in which I was puzzled me ; unless, indeed, as I rapidly conjectured, some unpopular personage had done me the honour to inhabit the same edifice. One hollow voice seemed directing the mutineers, and not being able to catch the words, and judging from the brandished sword which the speaker held in his hand, I conceived that he was inciting his willing auditors to deeds of bloodshed and rapine. Although this scene takes some time to relate, my conclusions were hastily formed, and lasted unimpaired for the very short period during which my mind was the slave of my half-awakened senses : a cooler examination of this scene converted the lawless rebels into lawful soldiers, and the desperate leader into an orderly commander.

One of my companions, thinking I might be at a loss to understand the scene of bustle, came to inform me that the soldiers of the garrison had been serenading the Grand Duke of Darmstadt on the eve of his birthday. I suspect that many of the fearful adventures of bolder travellers originate in equally simple circumstances. With this satisfactory explanation I again sought repose, wishing that the Sovereign of the Hessians had kept his birthday at Darmstadt rather than at Mayence.

The next morning we passed in listening to the band which was playing in the Place d'Armes, to commemorate the Grand Duke's birthday ; and I confess to having felt less displeased with them than usual, from the circumstance of their having relieved me the previous night from the apprehensions of fire and revolution. The small city of Mayence literally swarms with troops ; the garrison consists of 6000 Prussians and Austrians,

who represent the paternal care of the Germanic Confederation.

The Prussians, as I have before said, are neat, military-looking men; the Austrians (of Mayence) are, on the contrary, the oddest-looking personages to be found on the banks of the Rhine. Their regimentals (!) consist of white coats and knee-breeches, with black gaiters; which unsightly habiliments are slightly relieved by red or orange ornaments; in undress, with their long coats, they have a still more ludicrous appearance, and somewhat resemble men stalking about in their night apparel. In spite of their costume, however, they appear sturdy little men.

Carrying with us *all* our effects, we crossed the bridge of boats, and entered Cassel or Castel, a fort and village dependent upon the fortifications of Mayence, but in the territory of the Grand Duke of Nassau. Turning up a street to the left we proceeded, by a somewhat round-about path, to the road running by the river-side past Fort Montebello, one of the outworks of Cassel. Leaving the path which leads along the Rhine to Biberich, we proceeded across the hills to the right of the high road, and leisurely surveyed the pleasing scenery which encircled us.

The grand outline of the Taunus mountains, which sweep round from the Rhine towards Frankfort, forms the chief attraction of this panorama; and the distant view of Mayence serves as a land-mark to the traveller, enabling him to judge of the gradual decrease of the distance between Mayence and Wiesbaden. Uncertain as to our having taken the right path, we were

on the point of asking our way, when a few white edifices peeping from the surrounding wood at the foot of the distant mountains promised an asylum, even should it chance not to be Wiesbaden.

Re-entering the high road we shortly arrived at a considerable town, which indeed proved to be Wiesbaden ; and we directed our steps to the Einhorn, or Unicorn Hotel, which had been recommended to us. Clinging to our English notions, we had imagined on hearing of the extravagance of German watering-places, that we were about to be exposed to the tender mercies of a Cheltenham, Leamington, or Brighton establishment. The fear was groundless, as far as M. Baumann's hotel was concerned : it united comfortable accommodation and moderate prices.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

*Hotels and Bath-houses—Unadvised Bathing—Properties of the Wiesbaden Brunnens—Mental and Physical Effects—Schützerhof Bath-house—The Bubbles—Roman Tablet—Chicken Broth—Thoughts on Bathing—Improprieties—Charms of Warm Bathing—The Cursaal—Rouge et Noir—Gamblers—Fascination—Stoicism—Excitement—Despair—Un-human Indifference—The Gambler's Sleep.*

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Objects of Interest at Wiesbaden—The Cursaal and its Gardens; the Theatre in the Cursaal Square; the Library and Museum in Wilhelm Strasse; the Mint; the Barracks; the Ruins of the Catholic Chapel at the entrance; the Town-hall and Château Neuf; the Roman Tablet in the Schützerhof; the Koch-brunnen; the Remains of old Château.

Hotels at Wiesbaden—Hotels and Bath-houses; Hôtel des Quatre Saisons; the Schützerhof; l'Hôtel Anglais; l'Aigle; la Rose; the Unicorn (Einhorn) is a comfortable and moderate hotel.

Terms for bathing, from 3 to 7 florins a week.

Do. single baths, from 36 to 48 kreuzers.

The price of rooms at the Bath-houses varies from 10 to 20 florins a week.

The *table d'hôte* of Zimmermann at the Cursaal, at 1 o'clock and at 4 o'clock, 1 florin 30 kreuzers; price at the Einhorn, dinner 40 kreuzers.

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Most English sojourners in Wiesbaden prefer taking up their abode in the numerous establishments combining the advantages of hotel and bath-house; not wishing to feel ourselves in England, we preferred a more strictly German house, and our purpose was fully answered at the Unicorn, where, except ourselves, all were natives

of the happy little Duchy of Nassau, the greater portion being officers in the army.

Being at Wiesbaden, I determined upon doing as they do at Wiesbaden ; at least I thought I was obeying the laws of the place, in proceeding immediately to dip myself in its salubrious waters. It appeared, by the result, that I had allowed my enthusiasm to cozen my judgment ; and that without any *malice prepense* against my own British constitution, I had done it a grievous harm, as will ultimately appear. It is true my health was already perfect, but, as the Wiesbaden waters invariably perform wonders, I was tempted to try and obtain still more wonderful stamina. I even persuaded myself, that although to outward appearance nothing ailed me, yet that some lurking evil might be winding its insidious way through mysterious inner regions, and might be seasonably counteracted by the magical effect of these precious waters. I certainly thought I detected symptoms which had been before unperceived ; and, after pondering on the virtues of the Koch-brunnen, and the catalogue of ills which it mastered, I was as convinced of the existence of some latent disease in my frame which ought to be taken in time, as though I had risen from a harrowing and sympathetic perusal of Buchan's Family Tormentor.

As the brunnens must, according to the laws of cause and effect, perform their miracles on all who bathe in them or drink them, I reflected upon the probability of their adding or bringing out some personal charm, in case they should have no occupation in my constitution from the total absence of disease. Instead of having to eradicate corporeal affections, the ever-potent stream

might so operate, as to invest me with the radiance of physical and intellectual beauty. Even should it fail to alter the set of my features from irregularity and meanness to proportion and dignity, or my shape from mediocrity to importance, it might, nevertheless, irradiate my mental faculties and send me forth a profound legislator or an epic poet. These flattering chances were sufficient to determine me, and I hurried on the very evening of my arrival to the Schützerhof Bath-house, in search of the promised advantages.

This large establishment unites an hotel and bath-house, and deserves notice from its size and a Roman tablet fixed in the wall of the large bath-room. This extensive hall contains between thirty and forty pools, (a name they deserve from their comfortable dimensions) lying on either side the long passage which traverses it. All subjects connected with the brunnens of Nassau, and the art of bathing therein, have been so admirably treated by the humourous Author of the "Bubbles," that any other descriptions must appear vapid or borrowed. Still it appears hard that the door of observation should be shut upon all others than the profound, the humourous, and the witty, to the discomfiture of hosts like myself, who—even if only for the inspection of partial friends—love to note down the various impressions which inflate their slender minds. How many an intellectually rich man suffers a sufficient number of crumbs to fall from his luxurious table, to satisfy the humble cravings of a literary Lazarus! Though the poor man has only the crumbs, still they once formed a part of the rich man's meal. A man is not fond of thinking that he writes

rubbish, even in his own album. I have often, while penning some vapid truism, exclaimed with the nervous poet,

“ Will no superior genius snatch the quill,  
And save me, on the brink, from writing ill ?”

Somewhat disheartened by this humiliating reflection, I content myself with transcribing the Latin inscription from the immured stone at one end of the bath-house, for the edification of my classical acquaintance :—

INH. D. D.  
APOLLINI. TOV  
TIORIGI :  
L. MARINIUS  
MARINIA  
NVS Ð LEGVII  
GEMPFFEXAFF  
D. D. DFORTUNAEVO  
TICOMPOS

which the German scholars read thus : In honorem Dearum Dearumque Apollini Toutiorigi Lucius Marinus Marinianus Centurio Legionis Septimæ Geminæ Piæ Fidelis Ex AFF D.D.D. Fortunæ Voti Compos.

Without having any particular reason for drinking the water, but having no especial clause to hinder my doing so, I got the old bath-keeper to raise me a bumper from the smoking fount. With the prudence requisite in experiments, I deliberately tasted the oily-looking fluid, and gradually relaxing my eyebrows and my lips, proceeded to more copious draughts. It is assuredly, thought I, well-salted chicken broth, and finding Nature had set the example of distilling soup, I determined to



consider it, for the future, as a necessary rather than a superfluity.

Feeling extremely comfortable after the application I repeated the dose, to the great satisfaction of the old Ganymede, who kept on assuring me it was "*sér gut*," and that there was plenty of it in Nature's prolific kettle. Satisfied that whether for good or harm, I had drunk a sufficient quantity for a first attempt, I entered one of the roofless boxes, to make a thorough personal acquaintance with the broth I had been drinking. The pool bore an uninviting appearance, its surface being covered with a greasy film: knowing that surfaces are deceptive indications of deeper-seated qualities, I persuaded myself that the oily exterior was a decided advantage, and was either the cause or the effect of the salubrity of the water.

The English are, at first, somewhat squeamish on the subject of bathing; a tendency resulting from the hypercritical state of refinement which it is the national pleasure to uphold. Were this timidity the effect of morality alone, we should be bound to respect it; but sundry powerful reasons prove it to be a habit, often arising from other than virtuous feelings. Many an English female of no particular character wonders that a German lady of reputation can bathe, as she terms it, in public. Does she object to it on the score of indecacy? Oh, no! she discards so vulgar a prejudice. She objects to it, with sufficient reason, because it may be unfashionable; but does she refrain from bathing? No, that would be too great a sacrifice; so profiting by this error in fashion, she indulges her shocked gentility after the bath to sympathizing auditors.

Now, with all due deference to the delicacies of fashion, and to the philosophy of the Author of the "Bubbles," I do not consider the scene more indelicate than the scenes at the public-bath of Bath, and firmly believe it would be a difficult task to prove the superior evils of the Wiesbaden broth-houses. At Bath, ladies and gentlemen meet in the same pool, and promenade in the water beneath the gaze of the visitors to the pump-room; it is true they are disguised by robes and head-covering, still they are seen. In Wiesbaden, on the contrary, they are seen only whilst proceeding in their morning dresses to their respective boxes, and are there secured from all observation but a bird's-eye view; what impropriety there can be in hearing the splashing caused by either of your next neighbours' immersion I am at a loss to conceive. Oh, but you can hear them sigh, or cough, or sneeze! Amazing indelicacy! The Author of the "Bubbles" complains of a half-inch partition being insufficient to protect modesty. Were bathers in the habit of carrying pocket-saws, centre-bits, or gimlets, this might be an evil—otherwise, half an inch is as good as a foot; and as to peeping over the sides, it is a stretch of ingenuity to imagine a case of the sort. Not having pryed into the secrets of a fair bather's water-toilet, I cannot afford any greater clue to the asserted indelicacy of the affair than by supposing that, unseen by human eye, German ladies commit themselves to the restorative stream in a state admirably adapted to the circumstance. I am perfectly willing to agree with the assertion of "the Old Man," "If people do not of their own accord feel that the scene is indelicate, it is quite impossible to prove it to them."

I am also aware that indelicacy is not quite a fit subject for the pen.

Warm bathing is a luxury, even in the shoe-formed pans so generally used; but how much more luxurious is it with plenty of room in the bath to shift about according to the directions given by the German doctors! In the former case a man's situation resembles that of a leg of mutton tightly fitted into a narrow saucepan; in the latter he is as comfortable as gold fish in an ample vase.

After submitting to an internal application of 43 Reaumur, I plunged into the bath at a temperature of 26 or 27. Feeling greatly inclined to pass the remainder of my days in this delicious fluid, I was angry with my watch for its intrusive announcement of the lapse of half an hour. It was prudent to retire, but very delightful to remain; and I question whether my prudence would not have been vanquished if certain disagreeable vocal and nasal sounds in the next bath had not driven me from my elysium. This was the only evil I experienced from the half-inch scantling and roofless walls. Before I retired, I thought I would complete my morning's work, and quaffed another bumper from the 43 source, fully expecting from such potent libations to be transformed in body and mind. I leave others to guess whether or not I looked anxiously in the glass for a token of improvement.

The evening was of course devoted to the Curtaal, which may be considered as the lion of Wiesbaden.

One side of the square, of which this edifice will form the principal portion, is yet incomplete; so that the whole scene has an uncomfortable appearance. The lower part

of the square is composed of handsome buildings, having to the right the extensive Hotel and Bath-house of the Four Seasons, and to the left the Theatre. Under the colonnade in the upper part are small open shops with trifling collections of small wares, and occasionally a Swiss or Tyrolese costume behind the counter, disguising a thorough-paced German watering-place shopkeeper. These had no temptations for me: I had my knapsack, my seat-stick, and my pipe, what else did I require? I cannot exactly see the advantage of buying a pair of scissors or a knife at double the price these things fetch in England, merely for the sake of saying they came from Wiesbaden; a traveller must go farther than the Rhine for trinkets or trifles unknown in the emporium of the world.

The Cursaal is a remarkably fine establishment, and tends greatly to promote the prosperity of Wiesbaden. The public portion of it consists of twelve rooms devoted to the purposes of refreshment and gaming; the decorations are light and elegant, displaying a considerable portion of French taste, without glare and incongruity. The saloon or hall is a room of noble dimensions, occupying the centre building, which is decorated externally by a portico of six Ionic columns. The interior of this saloon is extremely imposing from its size, beauty of proportion, and elegance of decoration. A gallery runs along either side, supported by twenty-eight fine marble Corinthian columns, two pilasters of the same material ornamenting the ends of this superb room; beneath the galleries are various marble statues and casts from the antique. From the handsomely-decorated arched ceiling

are suspended a splendid lustre and six chandeliers, which, to use a theatrical phrase, light up well. It appears, however, that their lawful light is not adapted to the dark policy of the gaming-table, which, surrounded by its gloomy knot of votaries, forms a dark and mysterious spot in this brilliant saloon. Conquering the feeling of disgust which I experience at the sight of gaming, I drew near to the loathsome board, and formed one of the unemployed amateurs who listlessly gazed at the monotonous game of *rouge et noir*. Youth and age, male and female, native and foreigner, all were alike absorbed in the chances of the game, but with various shades of interest. One gamester especially attracted me; he was a thin young man, with "the pale cast of thought" stamped on his face: his naturally-intellectual expression was merged in the anxious stupor with which he surveyed the board. He was evidently inwardly tortured by the ill-success which haunted him; but except when his eye for a moment flashed with the conviction of despair, his face bore the expression of sullen submission to his fate. He seemed unable to move from the spot, and urged on by the influence of maddening desperation, continued staking as often as the croupier mechanically called out "*Faites votre jeu, Messieurs.*" The term fascination is fully understood by those who have beheld the disgusting pictures of the gambling-house: it implies not only a surrender of the judgment, but the influence of a spell which drags a victim to undisguised ruin.

On the other side of the board was a still more disgusting scene. An elderly man was staking large sums with apparent indifference, and even when the occasional

chances of the game proclaimed him a winner, not a feature relaxed, and his dulled eye betrayed no emotion at the good fortune. He seemed a passionless creature, who had placed himself at the fatal board to render the situation of more sensitive gamblers still more painful by the contrast between their increasing agony and his un-human indifference. I fancied I detected in the faint smile of scorn, which was the only indication of feeling that escaped him, a fiendish triumph over the other victims: the careless manner in which he flung down the stakes was a savage sarcasm on the hesitating, trembling manner by which others betrayed their doubts and fears.

I gazed at this statue with unmixed contempt. No human weakness appeared to palliate his folly—folly! it was actual depravity, destitute equally of feeling and principle. Such stoicism is the fertile source of the blackest crimes in the calendar of horror. I often think that such men agree with Butler, when he asks

“ Why should not Conscience have vacation,  
As well as other courts o’ the nation ? ”

I could bear the sight of this aged gambler no longer. I shrunk from his side, and casting a look of pity at the wretched mass of weakness around me, hurried from this contagious scene. The moon shone brightly as I emerged from the gloomy grandeur of this polluted hall, and casting myself into a chair on the terrace, which runs at the back of the Cursaal, I was soon wrapt in the painful reflections which the scene I had just witnessed was calculated to inspire. The excitement of gaming is represented as intense, and is also deemed its

principal attraction. Has, then, excitement become so necessary a portion of human existence as to be sought for with such perverted ardour? It may be indispensable to warped judgments and morbid or prurient imaginations; but to the well-regulated mind such violence is unnecessary, Providence having bountifully supplied, in the casualties of life, the excitement requisite for the vigour of body and mind. Our energies are in exact proportion to the circumstances which influence our conduct, or which result from it; and from these arise impressions adapted to the temperament and intellect of each individual. Excitement produced without the sanction of the judgment is unnatural and pernicious.

In the midst of thickly-crowding fancies, my attention was arrested by the sound of hurried footsteps, and I beheld, by the clear light of the moon, a form which I had no difficulty in recognizing as that of the pale young gambler. Rushing past me in evident agitation, he proceeded towards the stream which flows through the gardens, and stood buried in thought on the edge of the terrace overhanging it. A vague suspicion flashed across my mind that this victim of despair was hurried on by temporary madness to a fearful catastrophe. I coughed loudly, hoping to interrupt his abstraction: he turned hastily round, and casting himself into a chair at some distance from me, buried his face in his hands, and sobbed aloud. At this moment the hoary gambler made his appearance, and the only portion which reached me of a conversation he was holding with a companion, was the following sentence:—

“ *Ma foi ! Pourvu qu'on s'amuse !*” . . . .

The contrast between this callous sinner and the poor broken-hearted youth, who still sat whelmed in misery, was too powerful. The one had all the sensibilities of our nature to plead his excuse, and to promise a reformation ; the other, with the inveterate habit of an ill-spent life, treated the most serious subjects with levity, and saw no harm in age setting youth the example of corruption, provided he were amused!

Thoroughly disgusted with my unsatisfactory evening at the Cursaal, and feeling thankful that my heart was uninvaded by the strange and fierce desire of gaming, I quietly sauntered home with mingled emotions of contempt, pity, and gratitude.

Can the sleep of the gambler be sweet? If he win, is he not too elated? if he lose, is he not too depressed? Can he for a moment forget the ruling passion of his soul? His success has none of the sweetness of well-earned reward: his misfortunes bear with them no consciousness of unmerited evil! He has bartered all the kindly emotions which make sleep refreshing, and has accepted in place of them anxieties which render waking terrible. "Thank Heaven, I am no gambler!" were the last words which escaped from my lips ere I sank into peaceful slumber.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

*Prudent Advice—Private Baths—Garden of the Cur-saal—Ruins of Sonnenberg—Old Gateway—Sketch—Immediate Circle of Juvenile Acquaintance—Heads of Hair—Broad Shadow—A German Esel more awkward than an English Easel—Reminiscences of Bath—The Table d'Hôte—Neglected Flower Girl—Good Intentions frustrated—Adorned and Unadorned Pig—Conjuror—German Theatres—Wiesbaden Opera—Italiana in Algieri—Classicality—New Æra—Sphere of the Drama—Military Debate—Rheumatism—Relief-Bath—Slumber and Cure.*

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Distance from Wiesbaden to Sonnenberg, about  $\frac{1}{2}$  league; the Nerosberg,  $\frac{1}{2}$  league; the Faisanderie and Klarenthal,  $\frac{2}{3}$  league; the Geisberg,  $\frac{1}{2}$  league; the Chausséehaus,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  league; the Hunting-seat, Die Platte, 2 leagues; Eppstein, 3 leagues; Schlangenbad,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  leagues; Schwalbach, 4 leagues.

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“MEIN Herr, you bathe too often,” said the old bath-keeper, when I requested him the next morning to prepare me a bath. Feeling convinced of the truth of his friendly assertion, I declined entering into an argument on the occasion. He knew I was doing wrong, and I suspected that such was the fact; yet I ventured to procure pleasure at this cost. I could not help asking myself whether this were not another mode of gambling. The croupier of my senses had cried out “*Faites votre jeu*,” and I staked boldly, regardless of the consequences.

This time, for the sake of variety, I had one of the private rooms. There is really little more than a nominal difference between these and the public ones, where, in despite of the half-inch scantling, a person is private except as far as sound is concerned. I confess that I am sufficiently imbued with English prejudices to prefer private bathing, yet I cannot go the length of discovering the indecency of the Wiesbaden system.

After breakfast, we sallied out on a tour of discovery, and I took with me a portfolio and chair-stick, to be prepared for any decided case of the picturesque. Entering the garden at the back of the Cursaal, we wandered about through the groves of acacias, which stretch in every direction. The sight of these elegant trees always reminds me of ostriches with hidden necks and heads, and I am half prepared to see them slowly raise their lofty upper extremities, and trot away from intruders. The walks wind in various directions, and present delightful promenades to the invalids who are attending the Wiesen and Koch-brunnens. After following the winding-path which intersects the garden, we perceived at a short distance the village and castle of Sonnenberg; and as they promised a supply of the picturesque, we crossed the fields which separated us from the high road, and shortly entered the village. The ruins of the castle are perched on a calcareous rock, from the summit of which is a view of the Rhine and the surrounding mountains. The castle not presenting any remarkable features, we walked through the village in search of more attractive objects. An old tower gateway at length rewarded our zeal: it had been designed by the first artist, Time, expressly for

the pencil of the second artist, man. The unfolding of my chair-stick excited symptoms of wonder in this secluded spot, where, doubtless, such a contrivance had never before been seen. Urchin after urchin waddled down the lane to welcome us, and it was evident that within a short time the whole village would be turned out of doors to contemplate the mysterious strangers. A lank, spectacled, and slippered bookworm, the village school-master, gazed at us from his door, and seemed, by a complacent toss of his head, sufficiently to understand, and even to justify, the curiosity of his scholars, who had now formed an unbroken circle round us. An occasional scramble for kreuzers gave me temporary breathing-room; but at the same time the respect of these urchins for the fountain of this unexpected wealth caused an increased pressure within the prescribed circle.

The hair of a German boy is a heap of flax uncut, uncleaned, and uncombed, spreading in straight lines around his rotund physiognomy. It is as unlike the notion we entertain of that ornament of the head as can well be imagined. A series of these odd superstructures now occupied the immediate foreground of my picture, just below the point of sight, so as to allow a complete survey of the various centres whence diverged the radiating lines of flax. Occasionally, between the flakes of that which must in courtesy be called hair, a laughing, wondering, light-blue eye might be detected eagerly fixed upon my drawing, peering like a sharpshooter from his snug cover.

Just as I was placing on my sketch some of the finishing tints, my picture was suddenly overshadowed by

some large object immediately behind me, and, from the tittering of my flaxen-polled amateurs, I suspected that some bolder and larger member of their community was slyly enjoying the credit of some practical joke. Turning suddenly round a somewhat violent shock established a juxtaposition between my face and the shaggy head of a venerable donkey, who had been peacefully indulging a love for the fine arts without my knowledge. The scared animal, astonished at being thus rudely treated in his own village, darted off at full speed, braying most vociferously, and kicking out his antique hind legs with a vigour creditable to his declining years. In his retreat, the poor animal unconsciously did me a great service, for he effectually broke the small circle of my Sonnenberg acquaintance, scattering them in all directions around his path. I doubt if any inn in the village ever equalled my humble sketch in affording entertainment for man and beast.

Having been fixed on my seat for nearly three hours, I felt some difficulty in rising from it to depart, and certain twinges in my shoulders told me clearly that the wind which had stolen down the lane had implanted its teeth in those devoted members. I then recollected that I had bathed too often, and that I was merely paying a bill drawn at a short date. What those at four, eight, and twelve months were to be in amount I dreaded to guess. Turning my aching back on Sonnenberg, I bore away with me two recollections of the spot—a sketch of its tower-gate, and an incipient rheumatism.

The walk to Wiesbaden, and the anticipation of a comfortable meal at the *table d'hôte*, tended to relieve

me ; and by the time I had quaffed a glass of hock, all my evils were in the deep bosom of oblivion buried. Dinners are by no means uncommon, nor, indeed, are descriptions of them ; still, for the benefit of simple-minded friends who only eat to live, I will enumerate some of the dishes which graced our board at the Unicorn Hotel. Our worthy landlord, Herr Friedrich Baumann, presided at a side-table with natural dignity and acquired ease, supplying his patrons with food with the rapidity of a steam-engine—a power equitably adjusted to the appetites of the members of the *table d'hôte*.

The tables occupied three sides of the low and heavy room, the roof of which, divided by beams, was supported by a solid wooden column in the centre. About thirty individuals were waiting for the first course, and, if judging from their impatient attacks upon the lumps of bread by their side, of their ardour in the approaching fray, I was tempted to condole with the landlord on a prospect of a scene of unparalleled devastation. I have always observed that at table foreigners are much more candid than Englishmen, inasmuch as they feel no reluctance to proclaim the object for which they are assembled. While the Englishman is calmly sitting bolt upright with his arms decorously lying by his side, the foreigner is probably discussing his bread, or playing an impatient tune with his knife and fork. Far be it from me to assert that foreigners are ill-bred ; I only mean that they are generally less shackled by etiquette than we are.

At length the first course made its appearance, and thirty pairs of eyes glistened at the sight. It consisted of soup, bouilli, vinegared cherries, and cucumbers. But

these were not the only ornaments on the table. Three lofty oleanders, in unsightly pots, spread their elegant forms over the grosser dainties beneath. Before the removal of the first course, a pretty little girl made her appearance with a basket of roses, which she hoped to dispose of amongst the company. She might as well have spoken to stone walls; not a head was raised from the direction of the well-filled plate, not an eye wasted its lustre upon the neglected roses. Had they not lofty oleanders for nothing? I had made up my mind to wipe this disgrace from the escutcheon of nature, and had already settled which among the very small German coins in my pocket should have the honour of making the *amende honorable*, when the little damsel and her despised flowers vanished from the room. She had completed the round of refusal all but in our corner, but casting a forlorn look at my grave face, she fancied she traced another rebuff, and gave up the affair as lost. I felt pained at this trifle, and wished that my looks had been of a less forbidding character.

The second course brought with it sausages, sauerkraut, potatoes, with herbs, ham, and herrings. The third course consisted of dishes of small fish, fricasseed chicken, puddings with cherry sauce, and a roast pig profusely adorned with flowers. What a contrast between the two states of this unfortunate animal! I saw him in fancy frolicking about his mucky sty in all the pride and luxury of congenial filth, and I felt that his present appearance was a cruel satire upon his natural habits. As if to punish man for his malevolence, he was forced to discard these flowery sarcasms ere he could

revel in the dainty of unadorned pig. The denuded animal was then borne to a side table where our host commenced operations upon it. With one blow of a huge knife the head flew from the body, and while a fork stuck through the tail kept the headless trunk steady, a knife was hammered along the back-bone, and then with amazing rapidity the body was sliced into the required number of pieces. I could not help admiring the masterly way in which this manoeuvre was performed, and thought of the tardy delicate operation by which a pig is pulled asunder and distributed in private society. Although I never eat the flesh of this animal without recollecting it is that of a very nasty and perhaps carnivorous beast, I never fail to do justice to its admirable qualities. I am sometimes weak enough to pity those whose creeds, tastes, or temperaments deny them the flavour of pig : they must be sadly haunted by

“Phantoms of fair forbidden things.”

This day I learned a new mode of attracting the attention of the waiter. Tinkling with a knife against the glass I had already successfully practised, but the new mode appealed more forcibly to the individual required. An officer of about fifty years of age, who sat near me, pelted the waiter with pellets of bread until it had the desired effect. It was a simple and direct mode of drawing attention, and I would recommend it to the frequenters of our fashionable clubs.

The fourth course was composed of venison and chicken, after which appeared the *finale* of biscuits and

fruit. It is providential that there are mineral waters as well as kitchens in Germany, for the effects of the latter require some correction. The epicure seeks for quality, the gourmand is attracted by quantity: Germans and Frenchmen require both.

After dinner a strange-looking individual made his appearance with a profound bow to the company, and sundry peculiar grimaces. I was at a loss to guess what his occupation could be, when the production of a conjuror's apparatus proclaimed his calling. Of all the conjurors I have ever seen this fellow was the most adroit and the most humorous. The dexterous use he made of a live guinea-pig, which sprung from impossible places at the nod of the magician, was truly admirable. Many tricks which are supposed to depend upon the connivance of a hidden person, were performed without the possibility of an assistant, since he took his place at our table, which was divested of covering. After laughing heartily at this comical stroller, we sallied from the hotel on our road to the theatre near the Cursaal.

In the German theatres the performance generally begins at six and ends at nine—a very rational arrangement, but one which ill accords with the notions of Englishmen, who like to have an evening of it. The parties are not only enabled to retire to their homes comfortably early to an evening meal, thus saved from the ill effects of five hours' immersion in a foul atmosphere, but have an opportunity of comparing notes in public or private with the dramatic cognoscenti, whilst their impressions of the evening's amusements are complete and vivid. It must be recollected that the Germans



are passionately fond of this sort of *causerie* respecting the Arts and the Drama; and next to the actual enjoyment of an exhibition, they value the privilege of their discussions *en coterie*.

My gambroon dress was not quite the thing for the pit of the opera, but recollecting that I was amongst a sensible people, who are too much in love with comfort to attach much importance to exterior, I took my place boldly in the half-filled pit. The theatre is heavy and tasteless, and struck me as unpleasantly dark. The performance of the "Italiana in Algieri" consoled us in anticipation for these slight drawbacks, and we patiently awaited the rising, or rather the drawing aside of the curtain, endeavouring to forget certain unpleasant odours which assailed us.

I was somewhat disappointed on finding that the opera had been "done into German;" not that I am aware sense has anything to do with an opera, but having been favoured with all shades of German during the day, I was willing to indulge my ears with the more refined Italian at night. This was not the greatest evil, for the whole thing seemed a burlesque, and the principal humour of the piece consisted in the grimaces of the metamorphosed Italian servant, and the thousand antics he performed with his enormous turban. I confess I was surprised at the great mirth excited, in a sensible German audience, by the tricks of this buffoon; but I recollected that, in the first city of the first nation in the world, a well-executed theatrical combat draws down more applause than the sublimest passages of Shakespeare. This fact probably proves that the respective

audiences bestow their lightest, but most noisy approbation, on the more palpable features of the drama, reserving their deeper sympathies for the more intellectual effusions of the Muse, on the same principle that

“Light sorrows loose the tongue, but deep enchain.”

Further thoughts convince me that a philosopher may, without any forfeiture of dignity, laugh at the grimaces of a buffoon, and even recall a few childish impressions before the popular temple of the immortal Punch.

Mistaken ideas of classicality have hitherto opposed the innovations of the new dramatic school, as incompatible with the severe tone assumed to be the necessary characteristic of the classical drama, and calculated to suppress the more delicate beauties of pure taste. Upon this rock the authors of the old French school have repeatedly struck, but having had for centuries to deal with audiences accustomed to consider the taste of their dramatic purveyors as immaculate, the frigidity and monotony of their productions have been invested with the title of classicality. A new school at length burst the fetters of antiquity, and by a law of nature took an opposite course: its disciples culling the wild but hitherto neglected flowers of Romanticism necessarily sipped the poison which lurked among the sweets.

This new æra has dissolved the charm of classicality, or rather, it has claimed for the drama a more extended sphere of influence. It has asserted the right of the theatre to the grand as well as the deep, to the attractive as well as to the chaste; requiring for the full effect of the stage that, provided the appendages are subordinate

to, and in harmony with, the more important features, the pomp of the pageant, the sublimity of the catastrophe, the loveliness of the locality, the diversity of the costume, and the various hues of truth, should be duly produced. Essential classicality demands that the endless stores of truth should be harmonized by taste, while it rejects alike the baldness of uninspired propriety, and the tinsel of affectation. The pretended *classique* shudders at the introduction of animals on the stage; the real classic inquires into the necessity of the case, and willing to avail himself of a striking adjunct, he simply requires that the actor on the horse shall have as much to do with the plot as the beast on which he is mounted. A procession, without being the finest point in a play, is, nevertheless, a feature of some importance, and the most beautiful of all animals may surely be allowed his due station in the pageant. I should, however, certainly object to the intrusion of an animal in the midst of a soul-stirring soliloquy; and believe that Richard's vehement exclamation, "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" would derive no additional interest, from a compliance with his request on the part of the stage-manager.

Shakspeare rescued our early drama from the slavery of illegitimate classicality; and if he erred, in obedience to the prevailing taste of the age in which he lived, he has at any rate, besides the merit of a transcendent Dramatist, that of a daring reformer. It was reserved for the zenith of French literature to shackle the genius of a Racine, and to affix to his laboured eloquence the venerable attributes of classicality. Let us then

leave to the pretended classiques the belief that the drama

“Needs not the aid of foreign ornament,  
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.”

It was with a strange feeling that I found myself outside the theatre, after a whole evening's amusement, at the hour of half-price, and could hardly persuade myself that I had not missed the after-piece. The evening's entertainment had certainly been unsatisfactory, and the whole thing bore a different aspect to the brilliant, joyous, noisy, and varied scene of an English theatre.

The crowd flocked towards the Cursaal, and leaving my companions to join in the gaiety of that brilliant scene, I leisurely sauntered homeward, full of German operas and German gamblers. In the *salon* of the hotel, I found a Frenchman and a Nassau officer at high words respecting the battles which had taken place on the beautiful banks of the Rhine during the aggressions of Napoleon; the German seemed piqued, and the Frenchman was nearly frantic. Amidst the confusion created by two voluble tongues, I only distinguished the repetition of those truly French expressions—

“*Mais, je vous dis que Non ! . . . Ah ça, est ce que vous osez me dire . . . ? . . . La Gloire Française !*”

Thanking my stars that I was, not a servant of glory, and not wishing to be introduced between two fires, I made my retreat from the scene of contention and retired to my room, where I still heard the angry voices of the two disputants, more pleasantly subdued by the friendly intervening medium of the floor.

After pleasure comes pain. This must be invariably true, since whenever pain comes at all, it must necessarily come after its bright twin-brother, pleasure ; with the generality, the interregnum of pleasure is of greater duration than the episode of pain. Such, I am thankful to say, has been my case ; and I can generally refer my sufferings either to imprudence or neglect. The pleasures of the past day were exhausted, and pain of my own seeking was about to take possession. A course of warm-bathing demands considerable prudence, and is not to be indulged in without a sufficient reason. I had not only bathed without any cause, but had exposed myself while yet under the influence of the bath to a cutting wind. The case was therefore so clearly against me, that I summoned a sufficient stock of patience to bear the approaching ills like one who was aware he had deserved them.

There are certain dull pains which precede the acuter twinges of rheumatism, as difficult to bear with fortitude as the matured disease. A dreadful gnawing of the bones, accompanied by a spasm of the neighbouring muscles, and sickening vibrations through the tendons, are the *avant-couriers* of the muscular rack ; a moment's relief cruelly intervenes, to render the pangs still more insupportable.

All attempt to sleep was useless ; the increasing violence of the pain drove every soothing idea from my mind, and deprived it of the energy necessary to support the infliction. What gloomy ideas haunt the prostrate mind ! Hope flies when most required, leaving the mourning fancy to conjure up the idea of a lifetime of

agony. It is luckily ordained that the body shall not ultimately triumph over the mind which becomes accustomed to pain, and, with a species of forlorn resignation, awaits the retreat of the enemy. Like a drunkard, who removes the consequences of his over-night's potations by a morning draught of the same liquor which inebriated him, I resolved to cast myself again into the chicken-broth which had exposed me to the attack; alas! hours must elapse before the baths would be open, and my only occupation was to analyze my pains, and to trace the lapse of time by anxiously marking the passage of the slow hours, from the solemn midnight to the cheerful dawn.

After a night of restless agony, the wished-for hour of five at length arrived. Hurrying to the Schutzerhof, by good luck the old man was already at the door, and rapidly explaining the cause of my early visit, I darted into the smoking hall, and entered the first box sufficiently full for my purpose. Determined to give the water a fair chance, I pulled out the warm-water plug, and let in a sufficient quantity to parboil me.

I cannot express the exquisite sensation I experienced on lying down in this delicious fluid; although the pain still remained, it was subdued by the luscious tingling of the broth, and my brain felt relieved of the weight which had oppressed it. The prudent half-hour had elapsed, and I felt no inclination to rise from my circumscribed paradise. To trace the retreat of a bitter foe from a fortress where he has defied your power is too delightful an operation to be forfeited; I therefore resolved to

devote another quarter of an hour to so satisfactory a prospect.

I rose from the bath without a pain, glowing with health and strength, indulging in heart-felt encomiums of the brunnens of Wiesbaden. Determined not to incur a second penalty, I muffled myself up in a cloak borrowed for the occasion, and hurrying back to the hotel, fearful lest the beneficent influence should ooze from my pores, I leaped into bed, with feelings that may be conceived by those who have been relieved from suffering, and enjoyed a sweet slumber.

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

*Walk to Frankfort—Taunus Hills—Effects of Nature—Cultivated Perceptions—Bierstadt—Kloppenheim—Ill-timed Shower, and ill-bred Dogs—Churning—Disinterested Hospitality—Original Wluggism—Igstadt—Useless Information from a Deaf Informant—Fairy Spot—Breckenheim—Hofheim—Deeper and Deeper Still; or Beer, Cider, and Wine—Zeilsheim—Höchst—Cemeteries—Boundary of Nassau—Freedom—Promenades versus Fortifications—German not understood in Germany—Pariser Hof—Accident.*

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Distance from Wiesbaden to Frankfort, 8 leagues or stunden.

Do. do. Mayence to „ 8 stunden; price of Diligence, 2 fl. 24 kr.

Route over the Hills by Bierstadt, Kloppenheim, Igstadt, Breckenheim, Hofheim, Zeilsheim, and Höchst.

Or a longer round by Sonnenberg, Epstein, Königstein, Cronenberg, and Rodelheim.

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“WHAT shall we do to-day, Gentlemen?” This was our usual morning inquiry, and the equitable adjustment of time and space was of course the very soul of our topographical discussions. I felt greatly inclined to walk over the hills by a circuitous route to Frankfort, which we had agreed was to be our next destination; my youngest companion, from previous ill-health, felt unequal to the task, and it was arranged that he should proceed thither in the afternoon by a return-carriage, which had been hired by a party of three. Not being sufficiently



enamoured of our knapsacks to saddle ourselves unnecessarily with them, we left them for him to bring in the carriage, as well as the portfolio containing my sketching apparatus, my sketches, a panorama of the Rhine, and several unfinished letters.

At a quarter past ten we were on our road, and, according to our friend and adviser—a little map of the Duchy of Nassau—we proceeded to the square of the Cursaal. Proceeding along the street to the right, instead of following the carriage-road to Erbenheim, we entered a path to the left, getting at once among green fields and cottages. Wherever foot had been, there we ventured; but I fear that we not unfrequently committed trespass for want of knowledge on the subject. Maps give a straight line for a road which, in reality, is zigzag: seduced by the apparent ease of the operation, we endeavoured to emulate this satisfactory proceeding, and occasionally got bewildered in corn-fields and vineyards. As we receded from Wiesbaden, the dark cluster of the Taunus mountains stretched around, invested with all the charms of lights and shadows by the glorious volumes of clouds which, rising from behind them, sailed over their majestic forms like gigantic swans on the ruffled surface of an enormous pool. How beautifully the cheerful light steals over the deep woods, like a ray of hope on the front of melancholy, developing the lesser features of the scene by the transient gleam! How beautifully the flickering radiance travels over the bosom of frowning mountains, and seems to rejoin the silvery masses whence it proceeded! It is a symbol of the hope which irradiates the dark path of man, and which, after

leading him to the tomb, rises from its lower duty to resume its eternal functions ! It is an exquisite privilege of the human perception, to derive intense and intuitive delight from the forms of Nature. Our minds arrange them in two classes—the straight line and the curve ; whilst the mysterious operations of Providence have cast these into endless combinations, for the evident purpose of eliciting from the human intellect that devotion to beauty, which is an element of virtue. These two apparently opposing principles unite in producing the lovely features of what I may term the humanized landscape, or that which bears the impress of man's taste and skill. Without endeavouring to combat the notion that there is no straight line in nature, I shall simply assert that whatever exists in the mind exists in nature, and that having detected the theory of a straight line in the (painter's) horizon, I am satisfied. If it only possess an ideal existence, or one which affects no sense, like the geometrician's length without breadth, it still exists in the all-embracing sphere of nature.

The line exists to the sight in the horizon. What a beautiful contrast does it form to the graceful curves of the landscape ! On this principle has man been guided to convert it into an element of beauty. The indented surface of the woods proclaims a multitude of yielding parts ; the unbroken but undulating line of the mountains denotes a firmer substance ; while the rigid angles of the stone-mansion, nicely balanced by the refinements of art, convey an idea of strength adapted to utility as well as beauty. Even as we are taught the words by which to express thanks to the Eternal, so ought we to

learn to appreciate the majesty of the Creator in an intelligent survey of his works.

After a circuitous walk we arrived at Bierstadt, an unimportant village, which presented nothing to detain us. Onwards we went to the right and to the left, without attention to the probable path, steering towards any cluster of cottages which appeared in sight; by this course, instead of arriving at the village of Nordenstadt, we found ourselves too much to the north, at Kloppenheim, at the entrance of the Taunus woods. A smart shower somewhat disturbed our equanimity, and we resolved to claim shelter at some cottage. Our progress towards a farm at the end of the village was arrested by the furious attack of four large dogs, who, with the most impassioned appeal to our fears, disputed our right of passage. Luckily, I had in my hand my chair-stick, which formed, when folded up, a club of sufficient size to lay these uproarious brutes dead at my feet. Possibly their instinct warned them of the probability, for, while I stood brandishing my weapon in their faces they were contented with barking lustily, and threatening to leap towards me; but the moment I desisted they again darted at me, watching their opportunity to seize hold of some vulnerable part. If the dog be the friend of man, these animals must have had some potent reason for forgetting their friendship, or be somewhat backward in acquiring its language. I judged them by the same rule which I apply to rude human beings, and attributed their ill-behaviour to sheer ignorance.

To retreat or to advance was equally difficult, so choosing the course more likely to suit our views, I con-

tinued battling our road step by step. Had two of the brutes been tacticians, they would have insured our utter discomfiture by an attack in the rear: luckily one weapon kept them at bay. All this took place in a shower! Most opportunely, when the perseverance of our assailants stood a better chance of success, their vigorous yells attracted the attention of the peasant, who suddenly opening the door of his cottage, sallied out to our assistance. The voice of a master had more effect than my warlike demonstrations, and the obedient animals slunk sullenly away with subdued growls of discomfited animosity.

The most trivial objects become of importance when connected with circumstances in the least degree uncommon. The reader of this journal may probably smile when his eye lights upon the verb "to Churn" arranged under the head of "Events during a Journey." He may, perhaps, smile again when he learns that I never before had beheld the effect of that mysterious operation by which a fluid becomes a solid in less time than water is transformed into ice.

While the rain continued to descend in torrents, I found ample amusement in watching the successive efforts of father, mother, and daughter to turn their little stock of cream into butter for the Wiesbaden market. It appeared a tedious process, and, according to my notions, enhanced the value of butter, which I had hitherto eaten without an idea of the labour by which it is produced.

Feeling thirsty, I requested the good woman to let me have some milk, wishing to have some mode of rewarding them for their civility. She brought us a jugful, assuring

us it was quite fresh ; but when I placed a silver coin upon the table, she shook her head, and retreated, saying, " It is nothing, it is nothing." With no better success did I press the husband to accept of value for value. Finding them obdurate, I called to a little rosy-faced urchin, and putting the money into his hand, I told him it was a present from the foreigners. The father again shook his head, but with a smile of consent, and the happy little fellow posted off to show his mother his unexpected wealth. Having been tempted to taste the butter-milk by the recommendation of the churner-in-chief, I was at first inclined to believe that he intended it as a practical joke ; but the imperturbable gravity of his expression as he repeated " Gut, Gut !" removed the suspicion, and I contented myself with a small portion of this " whig\*" mixture, convinced that there is no disputing about matters of taste.

Perceiving that it would be useless to wait for the termination of the rain, we cast our oil-silk cloaks on our shoulders, and thanking our host for his kindness, departed on our road towards Igstadt. Having quitted the regular road prior to our encounter with the dogs, we were somewhat puzzled to rejoin it ; but after threading our way through kitchen-gardens knee-deep in mud, we once again got into the legal path. Not being paved or macadamized, the high road was nearly impassable, and obliged us, with incredible patience, to lift alternate legs from the bed of clay in which they were embedded. This again drove us into a bye-path, which promised a better footing, and we thus trespassed our way across

\* Whig, sour milk.

fields and plantations to Igstadt. The clouds now began to clear away, and the sun shone forth, converting our lower extremities into masses of baked earth, while our garments transgressed the law so universally posted up "Hier ist Rauchen verboten," (it is forbidden to smoke here.) On approaching a habitation, the angry tones of some more large dogs, who awaited our coming, gave us due warning, and we made a sudden retreat across a field, re-entering the road beyond their jurisdiction. Being at a loss by which road to proceed to the next village, Breckenheim, I looked around for some friendly adviser, and at length espied an old man slowly advancing towards us. Calling out lustily to him, I asked him which of the roads before me led to Breckenheim. Onwards he trudged, and never once lifted his eyes from the ground. Again I roared out to him in a voice which roused the neighbouring echoes, but still no answer—not even a symptom of recognition proceeded from the abstracted old philosopher. At length he reached us, and suddenly perceiving us, nodded, and gave us the usual "Guten Dag." Touching my cap, I requested to know which road led to Breckenheim. His manner then convinced me he was deaf; so for the fourth time roaring out the name of Breckenheim, I awaited his answer. He probably imagined that I had asked him if we were in the right road to that village; for nodding his head in the affirmative, he repeated the eternal "*Ya wohl!*" three times, and prepared to resume his journey. Pointing first to the right, then to the left, and then to the road before me, I again slowly asked him to point out the real road, when, to my infinite amusement, he again

nodded his venerable head, chuckling out the lengthened "*Ya wohl!*" This was all that I could obtain from his age and experience; so wishing him a good day, I was again thrown upon my own resources. The rule I invariably follow is to avoid roads which branch off at right angles, since it is improbable that any direct communication would be so abrupt. On this principle the roads to the right and to the left stood self-condemned, notwithstanding the "*Ya wohl!*" of our deaf topographer. Only one remained, and even that seemed improbable, for it gradually became narrower, and after descending a slight declivity, it was lost in the dense wood which shut in the prospect before us. It was but a walk of pleasure; therefore we determined to enter the wood at all hazards, even though we should not arrive at Frankfort by midnight. After threading our way through an intricate maze of small wood, we suddenly emerged from the gloom of these narrow quarters, and found ourselves in a perfect sylvan retreat. A broad and beautiful sward extending between dense woods on either side lay before us for a considerable distance, one end being shut in by lofty trees, while on the other it was open to the blue distance and the pleasing landscape which lay along the horizon.

At the end of this verdant spot we found Breckenheim, and also discovered that we had come considerably out of our way. This was of the less consequence, as we had taken a more beautiful circuit, and time being with us a matter of no importance, we resolved to scorn direct roads, and dive into fastnesses right and left. This is the only mode of travelling for artists, however

ill it may suit the views of others. To him a straight road is an impertinent dictation, an invidious distinction upheld by those who have parcelled out the earth amongst them. Although in feeling artists are generally Tories, their visions are decidedly republican, claiming the whole earth as the common property of the pencil.

The prospect, on approaching Hofheim, is extremely pleasing. To the left, on a wooded mountain, stands a picturesque chapel of pilgrimage; beneath lies the pleasant village of Hofheim, while to the right the distant river Main forms a bold bend by Höchst, and flows onwards towards Frankfort, which terminates the horizon. Feeling fatigued by our irregular walk and the alternations of sunshine and rain, we entered a wine-house and called for beer, not having yet given up all idea of discovering the superior merits of the Prussian *schwarz-bier*. A weak, tasteless mixture was brought us, which our necessities rather than our will prompted us to taste. After the first cravings of Nature were satisfied, we felt at liberty to criticize, and therefore refused to continue drinking this deteriorated *swipes* for pleasure. The landlord assured us he had some *apfel-wein* he could recommend, and placed before us a jug of this superior liquor. If the table-beer was insipid, the cider was still worse, being not only wretchedly weak and sour, but musty withal. As a last resource, but with considerable misgivings, I ordered wine. My third chance was over; the wine was a worthy rival of the beer and the cider. Without apologizing to the landlord for our contumelious treatment of his dainties, I paid him his reckoning, deeming that a sufficient *amende* for the offence, and a practical satire upon the rejected luxuries.



Two roads presented themselves; one to the right, leading southward towards the Maine, to the post station of Hattersheim, on the high road from Mayence to Frankfort, and the other slanting off to the right of the road to Unter Liederbach, to the village of Zeilsheim. The dark clouds which had been mustering behind the Taunus chain overtook us with imposing rapidity, and forced us to take refuge in a *wirthaus* of Zeilsheim. The unfolding of my chair-stick excited an amusing degree of surprise amongst the wine and beer bibbers of the place. To remove the impression of my being a conjuror by thus converting a piece of wood into a comfortable seat, I showed how much I needed the assistance of other spirits than my own by ordering *brantwein*. To my surprise I was presented with a *petit verre* of excellent *Schiedam* at a less cost than in Rotterdam. The light and aromatic flavour of this delicious cordial contrasts agreeably with the mongrel mixtures offered continually in Germany to the disappointed traveller as "*veritable eau de vie*."

The next town was Höchst, distinguished at a distance by its lofty tower. Beyond the point at which the road from Zeilsheim joins that from Mayence is the new cemetery of Höchst. It would be well if the huge metropolis of England were similarly favoured, instead of retaining the unhealthy custom of inhumation within the city, which it may truly be said—

"Pour honorer les morts, fait mourir les vivants."

There is a dignified appearance about this small town which proclaims that it formerly was in better circumstances. The building to the right in the principal

street has a stately aspect, not at all in harmony with the notion of an unimportant town. War and congresses have effected odd changes in the face of Europe, converting palaces into town-houses and town-houses into palaces. By a sort of poetical justice, the inhabitants of these edifices have experienced as sudden vicissitudes. Beyond Höchst the appearance of the road indicated the approach to an important city, and the only trace of our previous ramble was the receding chain of the Taunus, extending to our left behind Cronenberg and Homburg.

After traversing the Nidda, the road lay parallel to the Mein, but at some distance from it. The boundary between the Duchy of Nassau and the free state of Frankfort is indicated by a marble column to the left of the road, bearing the inscription "Herzogthum Nassau." So, then, we are out of the verdant little dukedom, whose beautiful hills and vales and health-restoring waters form a cluster of agreeable associations! I will not here enlarge upon the independence of its petty sovereign, or upon his *de facto* right to govern his subjects his own way. I leave others to decide whether the all-absorbing power of Prussia has increased the prospect of his independence, or whether, succumbing to the military, literary, liberal, arbitrary power which encircles it, the poor little duchy is other than a province of Prussia.

We are, then, in the free state of Frankfort. Freedom is a sad chameleon! The wild Indian, menaced by inimical tribes and wild beasts, is free to live where and how he pleases! The Tzar of Russia, with a line of murdered ancestors, and his own bow-string before his mind's eye, is free from control! The atheist, with

well-deserved scorn, and endless misgivings, is free from the vulgar prejudice of faith! Verily such freedom is a strange thing! Yet there is a real freedom, which is the birthright of man; a freedom of intellect apart from the license of perverted talent, a freedom of habit unstained by the laxity of vice or infidelity, and a freedom of body compatible with the safety of humanity and the ends of justice. Essential freedom is that system which engenders the fewest evils.

The freedom of Frankfort is nominal. It preserves a shadow of independence as long as it is subservient to the purposes of Prussia and Austria; let it essay to have a will of its own in matters of moment, and what then becomes of its independence? Frankfort is about as independent of Prussia as Hanover is of Great Britain: indeed, not so much so.

One feature of the free city in favour of its title is the conversion of its fortifications into charming promenades. This belt, which formerly girt the city with its grim alternations of bastion and curtain, is now, as it were, a blooming wreath twined around the fair city. Here the peaceful citizen may regain the tranquillity of mind which the cares of business had disturbed, and here the infantine population may wander amidst the fragrant flowers, whose evanescent charms are perchance emblematical of their own brief span. I love to dwell on these transformations; they speak of that spirit of wisdom which fosters sociality, and which determines on inspiring citizens with gratitude rather than with fear. I certainly prefer the sight of a burgomaster at the head of a town council to that of an officer at the

head of his troops. My taste being so commonplace, it is no wonder that I admire a smiling garden more than a frowning battery.

On entering the city, having enjoyed sufficient latitude of choice during the day, we sought some one to shackle our independence, and direct us as to the road we should go. Preparing my usual German question, with the utmost German punctilio, I had already mumbled out the exordium "*Wohlen Sie wohl mein Herr die Gute haben*" . . . . when the person addressed shrugged his shoulders, and intercepted the conclusion by saying—

"I don't understand German! *Sprachen* see English?"

Having laughingly assured him that I was sufficiently vain to think I spoke English well enough to be understood, I repeated my inquiry in our mutual language, and accepted his offer of escort to the Pariser Hof.

At six o'clock we entered the Parade Platz, not at all sorry to have arrived at our journey's end. Our appearance, even when laden with our knapsacks, was far from prepossessing, and decidedly unattractive to hotel keepers; but now, without a vestige of wardrobe save the dusty habiliments on our heated forms, we could not expect to be received with open arms. Still we met with none of the scrutinizing coldness of English waiters.

To my surprise, the younger invalid companion whom I had left at Wiesbaden to proceed by carriage to Frankfort had not yet arrived; and I recollected that in case he should require a passport, he would find himself in a dilemma, as I had all three in my possession. Not knowing what course to pursue, I awaited his coming with considerable anxiety, fearing that some accident might have befallen him on the road, or that he had been

disappointed of the vehicle in question. Every carriage that rattled up the square promised hope, but no friend of mine came by the motley equipages which galloped or crawled past the window at which I was intently watching. Several hours elapsed, and evening was about to be relieved guard by night, and no friend had appeared. At length a pair of drowsy horses dragged an antique *voiture d'occasion* up to the door of the Pariser Hof. All my doubts were at an end. There he was, compressed within this crowded coach, and care on his equally compressed brow. Before he could descend, he shook his head, and faltered out—

“ Oh, my dear fellow ! such an accident ! ”

I fully expected, from this awful salutation, that he had broken a leg or an arm on the road, and anxiously inquired the nature of the evil.

“ I’m very sorry for it ! ” was all the information I could extract from him for some time ; at length he sadly informed me that my portfolio and sketches had been lost on the road. I laughed outright when the nature of the misfortune was explained, and felt relieved at its being no worse. It would be childish to assert that I did not regret my sketches, but I consoled myself with the idea that there might have been more—that the Panorama of the Rhine from Cologne to Mayence was now of no further use, that the sketching-board was not the most high-priced, and that my unfinished letters were of no earthly importance to any body besides myself. Another circumstance, discovered, it is true, after the loss of my portfolio, was, that my knapsack had been considerably burthened by its size, and my shoulders with its weight.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

*Frankfort — Morning Perambulation — Cathedral — Bridge — Library — Prolonged Walk to the Kirchhof or Cemetery — Wrong Scent — Triumph of Patience — The Cemetery — Funereal Thoughts — National Character of Tomb-stones — The Colonnade — Thoughts on Death.*

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Objects of Interest in Frankfort—The Cathedral of St. Bartholomew, with the view from the Pfarrthurm; Church of the Virgin; the Church of the Deutches Haus or Maison Teutonique; the Church of the Barefooted Carmelites (Baarfusserkirche), or the New Lutheran Church, a handsome edifice lately completed; Churches of St. Catherine, St. Nicholas, St. Peter, St. Leonard, Holy Ghost, of the Three Kings (Sachsenhausen), &c. &c.; the Römer; the Saalhof; the Theatre; the Library; the Hospitals; the Lunatic Asylum; the Stüdel Museum; Bethmann's Museum; the Hessian's Monument; the Cemetery; the Hotel de Tour and Taxis (the seat of the diet); the Hotel of the Teutonic Order; the Casino; the Library; the Museum of Natural History; the Senkenberg Museum, &c. &c.

From Frankfort to Offembach . . 1 league; fare 24 kreuzers.

Do. Do. Hanau..... .2 German miles.

Do. Do. Homburg.....2 miles.

Hotels at Frankfort—The Römische Kaiser; Hotel de Russie; Hotel d'Angleterre; Hotel de Paris; the Weidenbusch; the Swan, &c. The Post Office is in the Zeil.

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FRANKFORT is a small and agreeable city, situated in a plain at the base of the Taunus mountains, on the right bank of the river Mein or Maine, which flows into the Rhine a little above Mainz or Mayence. The little *sou-disant* free territory of which Frankfort is the heart extends only a short distance from the city, and contains

a population of upwards of 50,000 freemen. It was a Roman station, and, subsequently, a Frank city, most of its ancient remains pertaining to that period. It is now a celebrated emporium of commerce, and presents various attractions to the casual traveller. Its older structures are extremely interesting, from their various styles of architecture, and the modern mansions are elegant and imposing.

Rising early on the morning after our arrival, I sallied forth to begin my survey of the city. Turning to the right into the Rossmarkt, past the Hotel d'Angleterre, a first-rate hotel, is a fountain with a bronze group representing Hercules and Antæus: owing to the necessity of the case, the Son of Jove is raising his adversary from the water rather than from the strength-recruiting earth. Entering the Grosse Gallen Gasse, a fine street extends to the right to the Städel Museum, and to the left down to the Quay. Reserving the former for a future promenade, I turned down towards the river by some handsome modern mansions past the swimming school. Beyond these clean and elegant structures are some of the most interesting antiquities of Frankfort. In the fish-market, under an archway to the left, is a fountain, with a curious statue of Justice, and a pump with one of Bellona; an ancient church and part of the Römer also deserve notice. Two antique towers by the water-side have a remarkably picturesque effect, and add to the powerful contrast between the two ends of the Quay and the centre, which is dingy and eccentric. At no great distance from the bridge is the Cathedral, a venerable fabric, whose deep red tower cleaves the blue sky with a

solemn effect. This gloomy edifice, which is dedicated to St. Bartholomew, was commenced in 1415, but was not completed till 1509. It is neither so imposing in point of architecture, nor in its size and internal splendour as many other cathedrals, but it deserves attention from various circumstances connected with it, especially as having been the scene of the coronation of the Emperors of Germany.

Early mass was being performed when I entered; and not being willing to thrust my curiosity between the early-rising pious, and the various altars which received their homage, I took but a hurried view of the interior, sufficiently lengthened, however, to convince me that it contained few remarkable objects beyond some curious tombs and altars near the entrance, and a Catholic calendar to the right which defies description.

The bridge is an irregular structure, uniting the suburb of Sachsenhausen with Frankfort. The river beneath it is intersected by islands, and the bridge itself gains in picturesque effect what it loses in regular beauty, by the two heavy-looking mills which are appended to it on the side nearest Sachsenhausen. Beyond the bridge the Quay bears the name of *Schöne Aussicht*, commanding a pretty peep higher up the Maine. The spacious mansions which extend from the bridge to the Ober Mein Thor terminate the line of the city along the bank of the river, the last edifice being the Public Library, an elegant structure, with a handsome portico of six Corinthian columns. The pediment bears the inscription *Studiis . Libertati . Reddita . Civitas*. The gilt tops of the railing on either side may be gingerbread, but they



add to the pleasing effect of this neat little edifice. Behind the Library is the unfinished Hospital, and to the left is an imposing view of the Cathedral tower. Leaving the Allerheiligen Thor to the right, and turning up a street to the left, the principal objects of attraction are, a curious pump, surmounted by a bronze statue of a monarch ; and farther on the Hotel of the Roman Emperor, and the splendid Hotel de Russie in the Zeil. I had thus performed two-thirds of the circuit of Frankfort before two-thirds of its population were awake and stirring. There is a charm in thus forestalling the drowsy world, which, besides answering one of the ends of travelling, has no slight influence upon the temper. He who rises early adds both to his time and health.

After breakfast we started on our discoveries, and determined to pay our first visit to the Städel Museum, the focus of the Fine Arts of Frankfort. This collection occupies a noble mansion in the letter E quarter of the city. We were, however, too early, having mistaken the hour of opening ; we therefore continued our walk with the intention of visiting the New Cemetery, or *Kirchhof*, of Frankfort. Not having any very accurate knowledge of its situation, we contented ourselves with endeavouring to steer in as northerly a direction as possible. Passing through the Bockenheimer Thor, we entered the alley leading to Rodelheim and Bockenheim with the best intentions towards ourselves and our future journey. While the imagination is faithfully occupied in contemplating the cardinal point of a required spot, the feet are not unfrequently pacing in a contrary direction, obedient to the unyielding line of the road. This was our case, and the

nearer we fancied we were approaching the cemetery, the farther we were walking from it. At the barrier of the town I inquired for the *Friedhof* or *Kirchhof* of the city. The liveried keeper of the barrier, after some hesitation, shook his head into a lively look, and after the never ending "*Ya wohl!*" had crawled at full length from his mouth, pointed to a clump of trees in the distance, assuring us that the Kirchhof was just behind it. A spot which is easily shown with an extended finger may not be quite so easily reached. The day was intensely hot, and the state of the road not favourable to a pleasure trip, yet onwards we marched towards the cemetery with unabated zeal. I believed that we were in a wrong direction, according to the map I had seen at Frankfort, but then I had every right to believe our informant. All doubts were, however, soon at an end, for on reaching the low gate of the burial-ground, my eyes gleaned from its extent and paucity of decoration, that it could not be the cemetery of freemen, or at least of the freemen of Frankfort.

This may be to many a convincing argument in favour of employing a guide on similar expeditions. For my part I am of so perverse a disposition, that these amusing difficulties only serve to increase the relish I have for sufficing unto myself.

As may be imagined our disappointment was not great, but unwilling to increase the dilemma, we retraced our steps to the barrier, without warning the keeper from permitting other travellers to be similarly misled, it being their undoubted privilege to exercise a similar want of judgment on a similar occasion. Meeting a

person who appeared as if he ought to be acquainted with geography, I again put the question, and once more got a glimpse in my mind's eye of a cemetery, which bore evident marks of being the one in question. "Across a field past a pond to the right, straight forward, then to the left, up a hill," &c. &c. &c., were amongst the items of instruction; but, as I doubted my capacity of retaining so many small directions, I managed by raising my finger, and gradually shifting it from right to left till it was arrested by an eager "*Ya*" of approval, to obtain a general line of road more easily comprehended by my slow perception. Yet, alas! such is the confined nature of the human understanding, that it cannot invariably follow the concise intimations of the friendly finger: the cemetery was then in the direction of the finger, but at what distance we were left to guess. On we went, guided by the ideal finger mark, which marshalled us the way we were to go; at length we began to suspect that, right or wrong, still this intangible guide would make a point of performing its function. Searching the horizon with anxious eyes for a symptom of the Kirchhof, we at length came to the conclusion that it receded in proportion as we advanced. My companions were inclined to give up the case as hopeless, but as I am by nature obstinate, I felt unwilling that a receptacle for the dead should baffle a receptacle of a living soul, and requesting them to repose by the road-side, I darted off to prosecute my search. Ascending a hill I looked around without beholding any object bearing the character of the one in question, until on turning the corner of an extensive farm I detected in the distance the entrance

of the cemetery, brightly relieved from the motley colours around it. Hastening back to the summit of the hill, I waved my handkerchief to my companions in token of success. Casting myself on an inviting bank I awaited their approach.

Our troubles were at length at an end, and our past disappointments only tended to render the ramble more amusing, and the result more satisfactory. We were now convinced that, instead of steering northward, we had been proceeding due west.

The entrance to the Cemetery consists of a screen of two Doric pillars bearing a pediment, surmounted by a gilt cross and two cherubs' heads. The windows of the wings light apartments devoted to the necessary preparations previous to the interment, which is undertaken by a Company at small cost.

The gate being open, and no one appearing to interrupt us, we entered the Field of Death. Many minds cling to the commonplace character and offensive effects of English burying-grounds, with the tenacity and interest which most Englishmen feel for old customs. They cannot for the life of them see that they are tasteless, unwholesome exhibitions, or that they might be rendered ornamental as well as useful. Their ancestors were buried there, and they hope, the Destructives willing, to be lain there also. This is all very natural, and except that it is childish, is scarcely to be cavilled at. Such people are evidently endowed with a higher degree of instinct than of reason. Others of a more elevated class of intellect, but enthralled by the obsolete notions of the Anti-Gallican school, object to ornamental cemeteries

because they are French. Venerable upholders of antiquated systems enjoy for a brief season the murky atmosphere of the past, whose latest gloom yet envelopes your faculties. Already has the rarified air of improvement assailed you, and fatal to your inveterate habits, the healthful change is denounced by you as a pestilence. Hurry onwards to your unadorned graves, and leave to those who have displaced you the task of correcting your errors, even as you in your day timidly assailed the errors of your predecessors.

After *Père la Chaise*, few cemeteries are worthy of notice, unless the mind of a traveller be so happily constituted as to be able to institute comparisons, and to deduce results, when necessary, without permitting this power of his mind to interfere with actual enjoyments by invidious distinctions. On this latter principle a traveller should note down the most remarkable objects in the world, and scorning all others, fill his memory with the elements and effects of grandeur. . . . . The Cemetery of Frankfort is neither grand nor extensive, being destitute of imposing monuments, and occupying no greater space than is comprised in one of the second-rate London squares. The observer of men and manners is anxious to behold human nature in all its varieties ; in the bustle of commerce, in the joyousness of relaxation and gaiety, in the recesses of domesticity, in the celebration of religious worship, and in the ministering offices to the departed. Nor is national character less vividly depicted by the inscriptions on the tombs of the dead than by the discourses in the temples of the living. In England humility of conception and sobriety of style distinguish

epitaphs: at times overstrained fervour and quaintness of humour excite the transient smile. The faith of the deceased, a touching recital of afflictions and fortitude, allusions to the sorrow of the survivors, and appropriate passages from Scripture, form the average quality of these memorials, betokening the simple severity of the national character. In France there exists greater variety in epitaphs; they exhibit, what I may be excused for terming, a lively affliction. The attention of the beholder is constantly divided between the mourners and the mourned; and not unfrequently does the sorrow of the former usurp the interest due to the latter. Owing to the license granted in this species of French composition, our neighbours on the average surpass us in the laconic, the pathetic, and the inflated; but there is a prevalence of bad feeling in their effusions to counterbalance the occasional bad taste of our own. In Germany a middle path has been chosen, and while the intellect of the survivor is traced in the appropriate inscription, the mind is never disturbed in its reveries of the dead. The pious tone of the English epitaph, and the eloquent regrets of the French inscription, are judiciously combined in the German Kirchhof. It must, however, be borne in mind, that the epitaphs of different countries will vary according to the class of the individuals to whom their composition is intrusted. It is to be regretted that faults of style and grammar which are comparatively unheeded when spoken, tend to destroy the pathos of many well-intended epitaphs.

The interior of the cemetery is as prettily laid out as

the nature of the ground admits; but as it is devoid of inequalities, the picturesque must not be expected.

Affixed to the walls, right and left, are stone and coloured marble tablets, and along the sides of the gravel walks are pedestals, pillars, urns, and crosses, some of which are slightly ornamented with sculptures. The space in the centre is thickly strewed with the humble white crosses of those who, while living, were the humble servants of their now surrounding equals. The upper portion of the area is occupied by a simple colonnade, which extends the whole width, having at each end a handsome mausoleum. The one to the left belongs to the Bethmann family, and in the interior is a marble bust of a female of that family. In the corner against the wall is a neat sculpture of the Three Maries.

The length of the colonnade is divided into fifty-five compartments, each of which is devoted to a family vault, the entrances being formed by three large stone slabs inserted in the floor. Few monuments at present decorate the walls, which have a more forlorn appearance than they would present were they thickly covered with the mournful escutcheons of Death. The Gontard and Passavant families have opened the sad series, and doubtless before long the sure hand of the destroyer will have gathered sufficient victims to render the annals of the spot more interesting to the sympathising visiter. On the Mausoleum to the right is the following specimen of a German inscription:—“ *Wiedersehen ist unserr so Hoffnung und unser Trost.*”

Seating ourselves under the trees which irregularly

occupy the right side of the cemetery, we enjoyed a repose of body and mind peculiarly suited to the place. Without being of a melancholic temperament, I am partial to a meditative sojourn amidst tombs, provided the solitude be unbroken even by the murmurs of life and activity, however distant. From a hill surrounded by the dead, to gaze upon the far-off habitations of the living, is to excite those deeper sympathies which lie inert amidst the lighter pursuits of life. Religious emotion and poetical feeling are blended into an unity of inspiration, which re-opens the fountains of the heart and mind so long impeded by the commerce of the world. Those who teach themselves to view the abodes of the dead as regions of terror, pervert alike their feelings and their understanding.

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## CHAPTER XXV.

*Monument to the Hessians — Unexpected Guide — Bethmann's Museum — Unauspicious Appearance — Success — The Museum — Daenecker's Ariadne — Hunting after Defects — Public Favourites — Foreign Critics — English Art — Städelches Kunstinstitut, or Städel Museum — Busts of Raffaele and Albert Dürer — Masters of Arts — Prints and Pictures — Political Conversation — Anomalies of Character.*

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RETURNING to Frankfort we halted on the *ci-devant* ramparts, in order to consider the probable direction of the Casino of M. Bethmann. Continuing along the



Boulevard, we shortly found ourselves in the platz of the Friedberg Gate, in the centre of which is the Monument erected by Frederick William II. to the memory of the Hessians who fell at the siege of the town in 1792. On a base of imitation basaltic columns is a pedestal, surmounted by a bronze battering-ram, helmet, shield, and lion-skin, and bearing the date of the event it is intended to commemorate.

Espying a pleasing-looking damsel at a neighbouring window, I interrupted her meditations by requesting her to direct me to the Museum of M. Bethmann. She volubly favoured me with some information on the subject; but as it was far too rapid for my comprehension, I was forced to bring her to the point by a finger mark.

Our pride with regard to the inutility, or rather the inconvenience of guides, was occasionally destined, like other sorts of pride, to receive a salutary check. Although it had all the merit of economy, it had all the arrogance of ignorance. Having got entangled in the walks of the rampart garden we were repeatedly forced to ask our way, but whether from the malice of our informants, or from our own want of comprehension, the more we were enlightened by advice, the darker became our prospect. The last person we addressed, had he been a wag instead of a grave German, could not have practised a better sarcasm against our anti-guide propensities than he did from sheer *bonhommie*. After looking especially bewildered for some time, he attempted to afford the required directions, but failing in this benevolent intention, according to his own ideas as well as ours, he beckoned to a labouring man and consigned us to his guardianship,

directed like a helpless bale of foreign goods to the Bethmann Museum. We were thus cruelly left in the clutches of a Guide. However, the truth must be told: we reached the garden in which the Casino is situated somewhat sooner than we should have done by the light of our own natures.

The gate of the garden is opposite the Orphan Asylum, in one of the wide streets which surround Frankfort. Having paid our guide, we rang the bell and waited a considerable time without any appearance of another of that occasionally useful class of individuals. After exhausting our patience by incessant ringing, we were on the point of retiring discomfited, when a lady and gentleman made their appearance and stimulated us to renewed attempts. Disinterested gallantry is always successful; and what we could not achieve for ourselves we were able by a simple operation, that of drawing an inner bolt, to effect for the fair sex. While the new-comers turned into the path which leads through the pleasing garden at the edge of the stream which flows through it, we directed our steps to a small pavilion, which we rightly supposed to contain the object of our search—the celebrated statue of Ariadne, by Daenecker. It bore an appearance somewhat ominous, being encumbered with scaffolding and other symptoms of thorough repair. Every door and window was closed, yet through occasional crevices we beheld enough to excite our curiosity. The workmen were evidently amused at the pertinacity with which we explored the outside of the building, and one of them exhibited sufficient feeling to offer to go in search of the keeper, whom he shortly brought with

him. We then understood that the Museum was not exhibited after the hour of twelve; but, although considerably later, our urgent representations of speedy departure from Frankfort at length prevailed. The word Museum may probably mislead travellers as to the extent of the Bethmann Collection—inasmuch as wonder-seekers are apt to imagine objects of attraction to the full extent of the terms employed to describe them.

This small but pleasing Museum consists of four apartments, filled chiefly with casts from celebrated antique statues and busts. In the centre room are the Laocoon, Bacchus and Silenus, the Apollo, the Antinöus, the Diana, the Gladiator, Trajan, and several busts. In one of the side rooms are the group of Castor and Pollux, Ajax, and the young Apollo; in another is the Queen of Beauty and an Etruscan vase. In a side room to the right is the treasure of the collection—the far-famed Ariadne.

The nymph is represented reclining on a nondescript animal in a negligent attitude, but in a contemplative mood. The thoughts however do not disturb the voluptuous placidity of her expression. The peculiar monster on which she leans is not a felicitous object, requiring explanation on two points: first, with regard to the propriety of its introduction, and then as to the skill of the lady in so nicely balancing her fair form on so treacherous a pivot. The panther is sacred to Bacchus, and that jolly personage was her protector: but this renders the point more difficult of explanation, since the marble monster bears no resemblance to any created thing. The human form would present less

rigidity of attitude on so yielding a surface ; and would scarcely permit such a comfortable state of repose, even on the back of a tame and willing panther. I shall perhaps be told that it is a classical panther—it were wiser to term it “a deed without a name.” But now for the fair princess. It is a favourite French saying that “*femme qui balance est perdue*.” To be balancing on the back-bone of a panther deserves a proverb to itself. It was no mean feat of Europa to cross the sea on the back of a bull ; but the solid flanks of that respectable animal offer a more comfortable seat than the ridgy length of a panther—however it is a classical panther : I am rather inclined to believe that it is a classical *bull*.

The attitude of Ariadne, apart from her strange couch, is neither graceful nor pleasing. It partakes of the general character of the forms which display neither the variety and pulpiness of nature, nor the severe chasteness of the antique. Compared with the dignity of Flaxman, the simple beauty of Westmacott and Bailey, and the grace of Gibson,—this effort of Daenecker may be considered faulty : it has, nevertheless, numerous beauties, which stamp the sculptor as a man of great talent, and which will duly attract the connoisseur. I am the more inclined to be critical upon the boasted masterpieces of foreign artists from the insufferable and wilful prejudice of French and German *cognoscenti* in all that concerns the arts of England. I am not so, however, merely from a spirit of retaliation : I endeavour to account for my opposition to established favourites.

On the subject of art many truths are yet unsuspected

by the British public. Many of them, indeed, would startle hundreds from their tranquil dogmatism and habitual deference to pretended judges, and would teach them that the fame awarded by a noisy and unreflecting public is not always in accordance with truth and propriety. It is the badge of Frenchmen to be unjust to all other merits than their own: they have too much of the sensitiveness of egotism, to be able to form a correct judgment on matters which either do not interest their vanity or which oppose their own pretensions; with them what wilfulness commences, ignorance completes;—the nation which prefers David to Raffael may be fairly denied the capacity for refined criticism. The Germans, with fewer obtrusive points, arrive at conclusions equally false; with less keen perceptions than the French, they bring to bear, upon every question, the heavy artillery of their mystical school; which, unable to fire with the accuracy required, deals universal destruction around. The ponderous battering-ram of a German enemy is even more fatal than the rockets of the French foe. The lively Frenchman may be surprised into truth, but the plodding German blunders on in mysterious amplification.

Luckily the pride of Englishmen will not require foreign aid in the appreciation of English talent when the fiat of authorized taste shall have gone forth. We may afford to laugh at the perverted judgment of foreigners while we candidly emulate their merits, as we glance over the proud list of English artists; and although the glory of modern art is dimmed by the refulgence of the ancient, and we have yet to achieve much, we may feel

proud of our native genius. What the world assigns to Canova, the learned bestow on Flaxman; and it somewhat softens the asperity of criticism when it is discovered that even the fellow-countrymen of the latter great sculptor are too often as ignorant of his merits as foreign critics profess to be. We feel proud of our Flaxman as the superior of Canova, yet many English *virtuosi*, who probably knew nothing of Flaxman, have been in elaborate ecstasies at the graces of Canova.

While we bow with deference to the genius of Germany and France, we proudly shelter our own laurels from jealous attacks. Will the acute Frenchman and profound German dare to question the intellectual greatness of the freemen of the world? They cannot disguise our glory to their own minds, and they have not the effrontery to pollute their pens by a lasting memorial of their shame. We may judge, however, of their enlarged views from the prevailing tone of their works on England. No French or German writers seem to be able to emancipate themselves from the lower mysteries of civilization, and expend the greater part of their stock of philosophy and eloquence on the horrors of English cookery! The dignity of the sirloin finds no favour in their critical eyes; the venison haunch is an unsightly mass, and the ample leg of mutton is a huge mistake. Philosophers of the *ragout* and the *fricassée*, retain your dignified functions—preside over the inquisition of the kitchen, victimize the roast, the boiled, and the baked—but in pity to your own reputations spare the lighter arts of life, and leave to different minds the task of appreciating kindred greatness in more elevated pursuits. I shall now close my

remarks on the statue which drew forth these incoherent observations by an assertion, imitated from the foreign mode of criticising English productions. "It is very well for a German."

Having in a previous Chapter recommended the traveller to view the Drachenfels and the Rhine through the coloured glasses of the Inn at Rolandseck, I cannot consistently condemn the coloured blinds which cast their varied hues over the statue. It is evidently a chief portion of the Exhibition, and doubtless German profanity has discovered in this trifling some analogy with the metaphysics of Art. Oh! these deep-thinking Germans!

Having some time to spare before the dinner-hour we continued our walk round the girdle of Frankfort to that portion of it in which is situated the Städel Museum, a somewhat shorter and milder term than the German title "Städelsches Kunstinstitut." This institution unites the advantages of an academy and exhibition; the works selected from amongst those exhibited being disposed of by lottery amongst the members.

On the stairs are two busts which we are bound to suppose represent the two greatest men in Art. Such is the fair inference. It requires, however, a German judgment to be satisfied with the alliance of Raffael and Albrecht Dürer. I am not disposed to enter fully on the subject of the comparison, or to weigh the merits and demerits of the German genius—for such he was; still I cannot refrain from observing that quaintness and eccentricity are at variance with the chasteness and severity of high art; and that until meagreness of outline,

harshness of execution, and crudity of composition are recognized as elevated qualities, Dürer's claim to companionship with the exalted Raffaello will be denied by all but German critics.

The essential majesty of Art, unstained by wild exuberance and cramped ingenuity, has been upheld by nobler minds, and we must banish the recollection of the sublime energy of Michel Agnolo, the golden glow and refined dignity of Tiziano, the loveliness and radiance of Allegri, the bold vivacity and motley splendour of Cagliari, the sweeping majesty of Robusti, the visionary and solemn elegance of Da Vinci, the gorgeous luxuriance of Rubens, the homely intensity and mellow brilliancy of Rembrandt—in fact, the mind must forget the claims of the mightiest magicians of the pencil before Dürer can become the approved companion of Raffaël.

Chesterfield would no doubt deem me an uncivilized personage for having thus detained my friends on the staircase: my outraged artistic feelings must be my apology for the indecorum.

The first of the eleven rooms devoted to the exhibition contains the prints, framed and glazed, which are changed from time to time, so as to enable the visitors to inspect them without the inconvenience of a simultaneous attack on the portfolios. By this arrangement a Frankfortian may hope at the end of a lengthened life to become acquainted with this portion of the collection. Instead of a catalogue, the visitors are furnished with cards of the four walls of each room, bearing delineations of the comparative sizes of the pictures, and, within, the painter's names and the subjects.



This may appear at first sight a good arrangement; second thoughts, however, convict it of inefficiency. A printed catalogue would not only be a source of profit, but a greater convenience to each individual; for although there may be forty different cards, they only form in reality one catalogue, so that a person has to wait the chance of each morning visiter "dropping a card," before he can pursue his rounds. . . . This is certainly being critical with a vengeance!

The hurried visit I was forced to bestow upon this Gallery enables me only to offer a few disjointed remarks upon the principal works. A portrait of Knipperdoling by Quentin Matsys attracted my attention; it is a vigorously-painted head, with an intense air of truth in the expression, and great beauty of colour and execution. A Holy Family by Bellini, and a St. Sebastian by Giacomo Francia, were also honoured by my observation. One room is devoted to the Holbeins, which are extraordinary productions, of a size rather unusual in England. The tastefully-painted ceiling, the stained-glass skylight, and the odd frames combine to produce a chamber equal in eccentricity to the genius of the painter whose productions adorn it. In another room is a Holy Family by Titian, in which, contrary to the usual custom, St. John is represented of a mature age. Without meaning to be disrespectful to the honest Dutch school, I hurried by their Kurmesses, drinking boors, ropes of onions and copper saucepans, in search of more classical productions. In one room were two efforts which approached nearer to the higher standard, but which, notwithstanding they displayed powers of a superior nature, were

replete with mannerism and eccentricity. These were carefully-executed cartoons by Schnorr and Hermann of original pictures by them in Munich, and in the Villa Massima. They possess exactly the qualities which the English want—correctness of drawing and costume, and attention to detail. This is not entirely the fault of British artists. While patrons offer premiums for crude and unambitious efforts, painters have no inducement to cultivate the more exalted branches of art.

Amongst the few pictures which my hurried visit permitted me to notice were a fine Wynants, a picture by Victors, (a pupil of Rubens,) and a sketch of the Marriage of St. Catherine, by Rubens.

Two of the rooms are devoted to Sculpture, or rather to plaster casts. Although the eye of taste may shrink from the opposition of bright red walls, and pure white statues, the effect upon the ordinary observer is pleasing, probably from the contrast of clear and harmoniously defined objects against a deeper toned, but equally clear, background. In a cabinet museum it seems unnecessary to be critical, but had this brilliant experiment been tried at the British Museum in the Elgin-Marble Hall, we might then have dealt out elaborate condemnation. The bust of the founder at the end of the range of apartments completes the charm of the locality; it converts a mere gallery of works of art into a record of liberal taste, and stamps it with an individuality at once pleasing and satisfactory. As a whole, this Museum possesses considerable interest; and although it contains no works of first-rate character, it leaves in the mind of the visiter a clear and agreeable impression.

At dinner the inmates of the Pariser-hof were fully occupied in viewing, in all its bearings, the diabolical attempt of the miscreant Fieschi. It is instructive to the unimpassioned observer to trace in the various arguments advanced by miscellaneous debaters the results of constitutional feeling, habit, and political bias. If aught can tend to soften the rashly-judging principle within us, it is the consideration of man as the creature of education and circumstances and an unbiassed observation of the various startling conclusions and vicious political sentiments proceeding from individuals of private worth and probity, and the virtuous tone of countless profligates. A man whom I had beheld the preceding evening in a disgraceful state of intoxication, and whose ordinary sentiments evinced a coarse and uncultivated mind, expressed his horror at the attempt, and hoped to see every Republican and Carlist brought to the scaffold. A pleasing and gentlemanly man near me, whose language was that of an acute and intelligent observer, and who had previously betrayed no want of humanity, finished a dissertation upon the fearful catastrophe by saying—“*Après tout ce n'est qu'un coup de politique manqué.*” So much for sectarian man!

Another topic shortly occupied us, and we eagerly listened to the eloquent accounts of the wonderful preparations that were making for the approaching Musical Festival at Mainz. Although we had hitherto entertained no intention of returning thither, we determined to give German music a better chance than that afforded it by the troop of Wiesbaden. If we might credit the accounts, we stood a good chance of composing the

greater part of the audience at the festival, for it appeared that every body was going to sing; in fact, the whole of Rhenish Prussia was about to waft its melodious population to the birth-place of Gutenberg, the inventor of printing—in whose honour the concert was to be given.

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

*The Mayence Barge—The Festival—Singers—Group of Animals—Bull-headed Obstinacy—Rehearsal of Concert—Musical Effects—Smiles and Tears—Rûle Britannia—Melodious Reception—Enthusiasm—Passports—Repentance—Hotel-seeking—Group of Debaters.*

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IN the morning we once more raised our knapsacks and trudged down to the water's side to embark in the barge which was destined to convey to Mayence some of the component parts of the *Gutenberg S ngerfest*. A motley collection it contained. When Germans set about being peculiar, they do the thing thoroughly; no apology for their departure from civilized codes being discernible in any point of their appearance or manner. However, as the greater number of the passengers were enthusiasts, some latitude might be allowed them. Many had come from considerable distances to offer their services at the concert, and many had sacrificed their daily avocations for the sake of supporting the national credit. There was

something in the constitution of this band of musicians which necessarily commanded my respect, and when I had become acquainted with some of the individuals composing it, and had been warmed into sympathy by their eloquent enthusiasm, my interest in their approaching trial increased.

The numbers were soon augmented to an extent apparently beyond the bulk and power of our barge, which bore the appearance of a masquerade, where all were endeavouring to do justice to the grotesque characters which they supported for the time being. This difficulty was, however, soon obviated by the approach of a second barge of equal dimensions, which was lashed to our own, and into which rapidly poured the stream of eccentricity which had so incommoded us. A third barge of smaller size, and without a deck, was also fastened to the other two, and in this a strange collection of quadrupeds was deposited, evidently to the great distress of the various units composing it. A sturdy young bull was amongst the most refractory, and could his four-footed associates have gleaned a moral from his fate, the example would have been powerful. Feeling decidedly averse to the easy and safe operation of quietly walking over an ample plank into the vessel, he assumed all the airs of an offended brute, doubtless imagining that his royal will would in consequence be fully consulted by his tormentors. I have known human beings behave in a similar way. Alas! poor beast! It was in vain that he bellowed for assistance, when the solid earth, which had made him so bold, gradually receded from his helpless members as the irresistible

crane whirled him through the air and deposited him in the bottom of the boat panting, groaning, and trembling. I sincerely regretted that the nature of the poor victim prevented him from judging, previous to his rash decision, of the superior convenience of an inclined plane. I even fear, if I may be allowed to judge by the conduct of human beings, that he will in all probability have profited but little by experience, and that he may again be subjected to the humiliating influence of this lowering system. The poor animal scarcely recovered his shape during the voyage, and bore about him all the melancholy signs of fallen greatness.

At length we started with our triple freight, and were worked by the violent exertions of the Captain and his crew into the middle of the stream, where the towing-rope was in readiness, while on the opposite bank was the natural, but humble, substitute of steam; in fact, that power deprived of its first letter, and its hissing sound—a *team* of four-horse power. It is but a sorry substitute in point of celerity for the magic of hot-water. Amongst the numerous slight accidents which befell our clumsy equipage was the snapping of the towing-cord, and occasional grindings against the bed of the river; these, however, seemed perfectly in character with the whole affair, and consequently were viewed as necessary results.

The principal feature of the voyage was the unpremeditated concert which the amateurs bound to the festival got up, and supported in a very creditable manner. The choruses displayed the admirable precision and harmony for which German singers are remarkable, but

were tainted with that occasional eccentricity which is to be discovered in all their attempts, whether scientific, literary, or artistic. The effect of the united voices was extremely pleasing, and was enhanced by the echo-like sounds which rose from the shore as the inhabitants of some of the villages emulously continued the more powerful strain of our numerous choristers. Music in Germany is certainly contagious, and I even believe that the gravest London citizen, whose utmost musical effort had been a growling accompaniment of rum-ti-u-di-ty-i-do to the chorus of a Bacchanalian glee, would from the influence of German genius be capable of indulging in a solo adorned with roulades and cadenzas, and even be inspired with a melodious falsetto. Singing is certainly the mouth-piece of enjoyment, and, although it may not be easy to prove that man is any the wiser for it, I firmly believe that, when properly administered, it tends to make him better in mind and body.

The Swiss wanderer, self-exiled from his native valleys, sheds tears on hearing the *Ranz des Vaches*; the Englishman, less sensitive, but equally patriotic, represses his tears, but experiences a thrill of emotion at associations connected with his country, and more especially at the familiar and endeared sounds of "God save the King" and "Rule Britannia." The most virulent destructive, who would at home refuse the homage of a bared head to the former, would, I believe, in a foreign land instinctively pay this debt to the symbol of his country.

I plead guilty to being exceedingly thin-skinned on the subject of my native land; and the tribute of a tear

to her glory, happiness, or misfortunes, has too often invaded my cheek to allow me the supreme felicity of being reckoned a care-for-nothing philosopher. A smile may be a suitable acknowledgment of trifling gratifications, but a tear can speak what the tongue is unable to express. The poet of smiles and tears has sweetly expressed this idea:—

“Give smiles to those who love thee less,  
But keep thy tears for me.”

I was interested in the performance of “Rule Britannia” in German by our enthusiasts, not alone from the friendliness of the subject, but also from a desire to hear the difference of effect in the performance of a piece of music, sung on the one hand under the influence of national feeling, and on the other merely with reference to its musical character. I have no doubt that my partiality blinded me in this instance, but the Teutonized “Rule Britannia” struck me as a comparatively uninspiring piece of music, when I recollected the sublime energy of our national air as executed at home. I felt perplexed by the intricacies of the execution rather than cheered by the beauty of the melody. Wishing, however, to acknowledge the compliment, we gave three hearty cheers, which had in them more national feeling than the German “Rule Britannia” had imparted, and was the sort of payment best suited to these enthusiastic performers.

It was lucky, indeed, that some favourable circumstance beguiled the time occupied by our tedious voyage,



having, on landing at Mainz, achieved about eighteen miles in six hours and a half.

At the mouth of the Maine our slow but steady team took its departure, leaving our fleet to be worked across the Rhine by manual labour. It was a sight to fatigue even the beholders; never did men more fully earn their subsistence by the sweat of their brow.

On approaching the left bank of the Rhine, we were hailed in the most melodious strain by numerous voices proceeding from the terrace of the Favorite, or the gardens called the Neue Anlage. Our progress had been watched by a fraternal band of musicians, and they were doubtless in high spirits at beholding so considerable a portion of their projected concert rescued from the perils of the treacherous element. According to our English notions, the circumstance did not call for such a display of feeling, which might better have been the welcome home of adventurous mariners from the trackless ocean. It is to my mind an enviable condition of feeling which can thus be interested by slight occurrences; it tends to enhance the value of those every-day events which might otherwise be consigned to oblivion, or recorded only as examples of the monotony of existence. Thrice-happy people, who can thus steep the dull or trifling tissues of life in the golden hues of enthusiasm and hope! To you is granted a power far more gracious than the fabled virtues of Lethe; to you belongs the faculty of creating bright illusions, to which the mind clings till the yielding judgment converts them into realities. Lethe imparts forgetfulness, while your more glowing stream

casts a spell over the memory, and leaves nothing to forget.

The pleasing train of thought resulting from this simple circumstance was speedily discomposed by the perpetually-recurring and ever-annoying application for passports. Whether the transition from thoughts of a pleasant nature to a subject so thoroughly disagreeable disturbed the equilibrium of my temper, or whether I acted upon a staid principle, it would perhaps be difficult to ascertain, but certain it is that never in my life did I feel so inclined to waive the courtesy due from one human being to another, and to visit on the humble official who faithfully performed his ungracious duty the sins committed in the name and in furtherance of good government. I certainly lost my temper, and trust I shall not again recover so unpleasant a portion of it. I asserted that I had already shown my passport to the authorities, and that having merely left Mayence for a few days, I did not deem it necessary to place it again in their hands. Obstinate refusing to show the identifying document, I rudely pushed my way past the persevering functionary, and continued my road, inflated and peevish, full of more angry denunciations than soothing reflections. For the sake of disburthening my conscience, I here pen what I failed to perform—"I hereby show my passport," and exclaim, in Otway's verse,—

"Forgive the barbarous trespass of my tongue."

It is indeed, I confess, a far more prudent and easy plan to follow the ordinary routine sanctioned by custom

than to be perpetually at variance with police or custom-house regulations. What can the habits, feelings, or preconceived notions of an Englishman have to do with a Prussian official in the discharge of his duty? Where the one fancies he displays independence, the other beholds nothing but insubordination.

It was fortunate we had not deferred our return to Mayence till the day of the Festival; for even at this time the hotels were generally full, and hurrying travellers in every direction proved the difficulty of finding accommodation. Hastening to our old hotel the Rheinberg, we luckily found apartments disengaged, and proceeding to the uppermost floor in the house, we took possession of our consecutive garrets.

Safely lodged ourselves, we could afford to be somewhat amused at the consternation of the flurried passengers of the steamer from Coblenz, which arrived shortly after our musical fleet. I am wanting neither in affection nor respect for my dearly-beloved countrymen, but there was something so exceedingly droll in the varied demonstrations of the disappointed hotel-seekers, that I was forced to hide the smiles which involuntarily arose at their infinite perturbation. One individual seemed scarcely to believe the fact, and stopped some time in the street to argue with the porter who carried his luggage as to the improbability of there being no room. Another, firmly believing in the influence of gold, instructed his *commissionnaire* to offer *un souverain Anglais* for an apartment. Others slyly left the vociferous and the disheartened to forestall them in the search. One group amused us exceedingly: it consisted of two ener-

getic ladies and a mild gentleman: while the former abruptly halted to ask their retiring companion, with angry emphasis, "What shall we do?" the downhearted male responded, with a mournful accent, "Nothing!" Their bolder natures forbade the possibility of their following this modest advice, and they pursued the noisy tenor of their way, flushed and fidgety.

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## CHAPTER XXVII.

*The Morning of the Day—Visit to the Dom—Ancient and modern Ecclesiastics—A Wife of Charlemagne—More Music—The Gardens of the Favorite—Preparations for Festival—Programme—The Concert—The Ball—Suspicious Quarters—Disreputable Couple—An Englishman alarmed—Reserve and Hauteur.*

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Objects of Interest in Mayence—See Chapter XX.

THE morning at length dawned upon the hopes of a musical people. The genius of harmony appeared to have taken up his abode in Mayence, and those who did not in some way or other contribute to the universal sacrifices at his shrine seemed interlopers in the region of sweet sounds.

Banishing, for the time, all thoughts of music, we agreed to devote the morning to the Cathedral, which we had neglected on our former visit. The square in which it is situated contains some curious old houses;

one especially, in the right-hand corner, now an hotel (the Römische Kaiser), merits attention. In another part of the Dom Platz, or rather in the Gutenberger Platz, is the New Theatre, a fine bold edifice, in the Roman taste.

The exterior of the Cathedral is grand and gloomy, its proportions being colossal, and its prevailing colour a dull red. It would be difficult to convey a notion of the style of this remarkable edifice: it is a Gothic structure, with a Moorish aspect, presenting the most heterogeneous features, many of which are rude and many unfinished. It will easily be imagined that it is more striking than pleasing, more eccentric than correct. The size of the houses by which it is encumbered in every direction presents a scale by which to measure its stupendous proportions. Owing to these unworthy satellites, we were some time before we found the right door, and even then were obliged to make signs to sundry little boys who were lounging near us, importing the inutility of a portal without a key. In due time the bronze door opened, and we were ushered into the stone and marble wilderness.

We first paid our respects to the Bishops of Worms, who have handsome monuments to record that they have been; one of the finest being to a prelate of the house of Schönenberg. The eye glides over a variety of quaint effigies and motley altars, emblazoned and sculptured and encrusted with rich marbles. One altar, decorated with twisted columns, is adorned by three statues from the chisel of Albert Dürer. One of the most remarkable tombs is covered with fretwork, except

a portion containing a sculpture of the Crucifixion. The friends of a Hierarchy will be edified by the numerous stiff and decorous effigies of generations of Bishops; martial and saintly, all displaying the true secret of their conventional greatness in the heraldic devices which proclaim their alliance to noble houses. We luckily live in a purer age as regards human rights, and we not unfrequently behold lowly station and sincere piety invested with episcopal wealth and power. It is true we sometimes witness the success of the classical critic, and the family tutor; but let us hope that these are either exceptions to the rule, or that such circumstances alone did not command the prize.

“Virtue alone ennobles human kind;

And power should on her glorious footsteps wait.”

It must be remarked in favour of the ancient Bishops, that the spirit of the age in which they lived did not require the performance of those severer moral duties which a later period exacts from the higher ecclesiastics: they were generally independent sovereigns invested with religious attributes; the former being, however, the predominant character and influence.

In an obscure corner is a tablet which excites the interest of the observer, though it is unadorned with costly artifices. It bears the date of 798, and the name of Fastrasana, a wife of Charlemagne. To ascertain why so important a personage has not a fitting monument must be a delightful task for the antiquarian.

The circular carved oak choir is in a wretched, florid style, and does not even present the advantage of a rich-toned wood. I need hardly observe that it accords but

ill with the bold Normanish-Gothicish character of the cathedral. Above the Bishop's chair, which is also in bad taste, is a statue of St. Martin, the patron of the church. If the liberality of that humane Saint has permitted him to retain the other half of his cloak, he could not make a better use of it than by casting it over the absurdities of his choir.

At the entrance of the other choir are marble statues of Moses and Aaron; nearly opposite to which is a handsome stone pulpit, spoilt by some detestable gilding. To expect harmony in so odd and disjointed a cathedral, which has been battered by the devilries of war out of its good looks, and surfeited by the additions of ages, is perhaps unreasonable; but a man who writes a journal for private purposes is not withheld from criticising unmercifully by the fear of public reprobation. Although naturally a good-tempered man, I cannot find it in my heart to bestow unqualified praise on every earthly object. Even to be deemed the possessor of unmatched urbanity—

————— I'd not be bound

To tread the same dull circle round and round.

The Chapter-House contains some curious sculpture, and in the cloisters are numerous mutilated tablets; one of which displays the shield and crest reversed. More food for heraldic antiquaries!

Emerging from the solemn recesses of this imposing Cathedral, we were again exposed to the infection of a musical atmosphere. Those who did not sing, talked about the festival; and in every direction were heard the sounds—"Sängerfest—Gutenberg—Anlage,"—and

various other words expressive of the all-absorbing subject. Wisely judging that the concert, which was to commence at four o'clock, would not in all probability terminate before a late hour, we took the precaution to dine beforehand. This was a sensible plan as far as our intellectual enjoyment was concerned, for it is impossible that a hungry man should be able to relish the subtleties of Art whilst groaning under the inflictions of Nature. "*Quiconque a bien dîné trouve tout le monde heureux.*"

We needed no guide to point out the way to the Garden of the Favorite, the whole population of Mayence kindly undertaking that office.

The Anlage, which constituted the garden of the former Favorite Palace, is situated at the eastern extremity of the city on an elevation, commanding a pleasing view. It is rapidly recovering its good looks, and will shortly present in full beauty those attractions which the German gardeners consider as the characteristics of "an English Garden." A portion of it around the terrace was partitioned off, so as to prevent the outsides being as favoured as the insides. The preparations were on a moderate scale: the space devoted to the audience was divided into three portions, at the following prices:—2 fl. 20 kr., 1 fl. 45 kr., and 1 fl. 21 kr. The regulations were, however, so little observed, that persons having tickets of the lowest grade might intentionally or otherwise occupy places of a higher price. The orchestra was tastefully hung with white draperies; and on the sides were the names of the most celebrated German composers. Those of Mozart, Beethoven, and Handel were



of course conspicuous ; but I was surprised at the absence of a name which has reflected so much honour on the German school—that of Weber.

For the benefit of those who may be curious as to the selection made by a German Committee of Taste, I subjoin the Programme of the Concert.

THE FIRST  
MAYENCE MUSICAL FESTIVAL,

8th August, 1835,

for the purpose of raising sufficient funds to erect  
a Testimonial to GUTENBERG,  
the inventor of Printing.

Director of the Orchestra—Hofkapellmeister Mangold.  
Leader—Herr Messer ; the composer of the Brazen Serpent (Die eherne Schlange), Dr. Loewe presided at the performance of this piece.

First Part.

1. Grand Symphony, in c flat, by Beethoven.
2. Chorus of Priests (D sharp) from Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, and Air with Chorus : " O Isis and Osiris."
3. The Brazen Serpent, grand vocal Oratorio, by Loewe.

Second Part.

1. Overture to *Leonora*, by Beethoven.
2. Ode in honour of Gutenberg, composed for the occasion by Meyerbeer.
3. Chorus of Prisoners (A flat), from "The Jail of Edinburgh,"\* by Caraffa.

Such was the selection made by the Mayence Committee. I do not possess sufficient musical knowledge to be enabled to analyse the merits of the case, and leave to others the satisfaction of discovering that the whole of

\* Founded on the Heart of Mid-Lothian.

the pieces were improperly chosen, and that "those things are better managed across the Channel." I went to the concert disposed to be pleased, and felt little inclination to quarrel with the entertainment. The reported number of the performers was seven hundred—five hundred of whom were singers. The effect was, of course, imposing, and occasionally the rushing breeze swept past the orchestra, forming a mysterious accompaniment to the swelling voices of the band. It is true much of the power of this combined harmony was quenched by the atmosphere; yet it must be allowed that the harshness and reverberation of an inclosed space is unpleasant, compared with the lightness and mellowness resulting from a performance in the open air. It is, perhaps, impossible to command such a concentration of ideas, or so completely to lead the feelings to the required point amidst the exciting influences of Nature as amidst artificial objects tending to one end: the balmy air, the sunny radiance, the perfumes of flowers, the murmuring breeze, the chaunts of birds, and the numberless appeals of natural beauty in the open air, divert the attention from the labours of the artist, while the heated assembly, the glaring light, the monotonous decorations, and the other accompaniments of a theatre, induce the mind to an uniform attention.

I regret that I am unable to institute comparisons between the Mayence Festival and those which have latterly taken place in London. Such a course would, however, be unjust, inasmuch as the German commemoration was supported by unpaid and unprofessional performers.

Between the acts the honourable corps of listeners,

and the still more honourable corps of performers, disbanded, and retreating *en masse* to the adjoining café, indulged (at their own expense) in a general scramble for refreshments. The lower part of the *plateau* on which the former palace stood was thronged with amateurs in the lower grades of society; and it was pretty evident, from the complacency of the various physiognomies, that although the grapes were nearly out of their reach, they were not deemed at all sour. Below them on the river were listeners of still more patient natures, crowding the various floating booths which bore their intranced cargoes on the placid bosom of the Rhine. As they could only catch the louder parts of the performance I may be excused for terming them, in contradistinction to the more favoured crowds—the *swell* mob.

The principal feature of the second part was the Ode in honour of Gutenberg, a lively and striking piece of music, well-adapted to the occasion. Audiences are generally rude towards finales, and on this occasion Caraffa's Prisoners appealed to a merciless set of judges, who so far neglected their duty as to retire from the bench before the verdict had been pronounced.

Public attention was now directed to the Ball, which was to take place in the evening at the New Theatre. Had we felt inclined to join the revels our travelling costume would doubtless have opposed our admission: as it was, we preferred passing a quiet evening and discussing the merits of German music; and the truth, or rather probability of foreigners' doubts as to the possibility of Englishmen ever being able to arrive at the least degree of excellence in any of the Fine Arts. After

exhausting our musical knowledge, and having acquired the imperious necessity of always being in the air moving about, we sauntered towards the scene of gaiety, and entered a *café* close to the Theatre to indulge in coffee and argument. The room, which was on rather a lofty first-floor, bore, to my mind, a disreputable appearance; and I trust I shall not be deemed censorious if I warmly objected to the looks and manner of the *demoiselle du comptoir*. Let the state of Denmark be ever so rotten, a little assumption of decorum is not at all amiss; and if this young person were to struggle against her nature, and do a bit of respectability, on however small a scale, it would be a decided improvement. I must have been peculiarly ill-humoured on the evening in question, for I never felt so thoroughly uncomfortable, or so suspicious of the character of the place I was in. But the *coup de grâce* came shortly:—a low, vulgar, flauntily-dressed little man, who had been laughing and romping with the young person just victimized, sidled round the room, singing and shuffling till he had whirled himself towards our table, where he stopped short, and with a look of the most consummate puppyism, proceeded to admire his monkey-face in the large pier-glass, and to adjust his dirty, tawdry cravat, and arrange his glutinous curls. I felt choking at the small monster's impudence, and felt a great longing to give him a sound thrashing, but recollected that I was invested with no authority over the follies of my race.

When my choler had been excited to the highest pitch, the odious fellow turned round, and staring me full in the face, while in his dirty hands he held a greasy pack

of cards, said to me in a most off-hand tone, "*Voulez vous jouer ?*" . . . Mrs. Trollope, in her entertaining Sketches of the Rhine, has depicted in a lively manner the unspeaking emotion of a delicate girl when addressed by a stranger at the Cursaal at Wiesbaden, who requested to be allowed to place a stake for her upon the *rouge et noir* table. Now I do not happen to be delicate, even for one of my own sex, but I confess that the whole current of my blood seemed turned at this proposal. I darted at the filthy gambler a look of such defiance and contempt that even his callous feeling was abashed; and the rapid and indignant tone in which I pronounced that emphatic French word, "*Monsieur !!!*"—which in its deeply accented quality implies both anger and scorn—almost knocked him backwards; and rising from my chair, I darted from the room as though I dreaded the pursuit of some ferocious monster. I breathed only when once more in the open air, and shortly laughed at myself for permitting my comfort to be disturbed by a disreputable mountebank.

The English are peculiarly sensitive on the subject of untoward collisions in worldly intercourse. It is one of the most praiseworthy prejudices they derive from education, protecting their social condition from the assaults of vulgarity and vice, and shielding their moral nature from the taint of pollution. The coldness and reserve which are the guardians of the better feelings, are not to be confounded with the supercilious frigidity of false pride, or the sullenness of ill-humour. We enjoy as civilized beings the privilege of resenting all unjustifiable attacks upon our feelings and habits, and claim the prescriptive right of repelling the vicious and the virulent.

The reflections attendant upon this incident lasted me the rest of the evening, and were at length softened by the eternal murmuring of the boat-mills on the Rhine, and the precursive drowsiness of that natural amnesty of all offences—sleep.

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## CHAPTER XXVIII.

*Concord Steamer—The Rhine Boats—Innovations and Romance—Oppenheim—Royal Barn-door—Smallness of the World—Complimentary Mistake—Acquaintances' Acquaintances—Worms—Real History—The Neckar—Mannheim—Windings of the Rhine—Speyer—Germersheim—Night Thoughts—Shroek or Leopoldshafen—The Carlsruhe Diligence—Baden Scenery—Approach to Carlsruhe—Arrival at Midnight—Lodgings at a Premium—Zähringer Hof—Board and Lodging—Morning Disturbers.*

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Distance from Mayence to Shroek by towing-path, 34 leagues.

Fare by Steamer: 1st Cabin, 5th. 10sg.; 2nd Cabin, 4th.; 3rd Cabin, 2th. 20sg.

Distance from Shroek to Carlsruhe, about 2 stunden.

Fare 44 kreutzers.

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IN the morning we proceeded with our knapsacks to the Quay and embarked on board the Concord Steamer, at the early hour of four. Beyond Mayence the Rhine loses its romantic character, and presents as few features of decided interest as the generality of rivers. Occasion-

ally a beautiful spot or a venerable ruin relieves the monotony of the scene, but, on the whole, the voyage from Mayence to Strasburg, the extent of the steamers' jurisdiction, is a tedious passage of upwards of fifty leagues. If anything can console the traveller during this protracted trip, it is the admirable condition of the vessels, which certainly present very excellent accommodation. Visitors to Germany are under considerable obligations to the enterprising speculators who have converted the Rhine into a high road. It is true this easy mode of communication has destroyed something of the romance of the region of legends, but it does not force any man to adopt it by the destruction of more ancient modes of journeying. There are still tedious, dangerous barks and unskilful boatmen to lead the enthusiastic into excitement and danger, and no law exists to oppose the wayfarer's tardy progress according to his sublimer fancies. Until omnibuses shall invade the lovely valleys and the secluded glens, or steam-engines introduce a new feature in linear perspective in the sequestered regions of the Rhine, until then, the ordinary, unambitious traveller may congratulate himself upon this considerate adoption. I for one respectfully raise my humble voice against being raised to the summit of the Drachenfels or Braubach (Marksburg) by machinery, or being whirled through the Wisperthal by one of "Stevenson's improved." When the land of motley superstitions and graceful illusions shall be invaded by "surplus capital," then may the lover of Romanticism tremble for its existence.

The first place of any importance beyond the island

which faces Bodenheim is the ancient imperial city of Oppenheim, to the right on a hill, at a little distance from the River. A long wall and some ruined towers are all that meet the eye from the river; but this town derives its interest principally from having been the scene of the extraordinary passage of the Rhine by Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. It was, perhaps, the first instance of a barn-door serving as a vessel to convey a regal warrior across a stream. The place of his landing is shown on the Oppenheim shore, and farther up on the opposite coast is a memorial of this expedition, called the Swede's Column.

It is a constant observation that the world is exceedingly small, and that all the people in it are by some means or other acquainted with mutual friends. If we could all have lists of our relations, friends, and acquaintances, to answer the purpose of social passports, it would be astonishing what a degree of confidence would be inspired by mutual discoveries. This amiable plan might, it is true, be occasionally productive of awkward *rencontres*; for if, on the one hand, we should be fortunate enough to discover the cousin of a valued friend in a man we had been coldly eyeing for an hour, we might on the other hand find ourselves in juxtaposition with the very person whom, of all others, we least wished to meet. The chance discovery is, therefore, more in accordance with the purposes of civilization. I am led into these observations by a little incident on board the steamer illustrative of the common remark. At the court-end of the vessel I espied a lady-like personage, whose appearance at once convinced me that she was a country-



woman. As she was alone I approached her, and made a slight observation in English. "*Je ne parle pas Anglais, Monsieur,*" said she, with a smile. I expressed my surprise at the circumstance, and apologized for the mistake which my reliance upon physiognomy had originated. She replied, that she was bound to feel flattered at the error, since the personal appearance of English ladies was of a high character.

I bowed at the compliment to my countrywomen, and assured the lady that I still saw no reason to alter my view of her case, and that I considered the mistake entirely one of Nature's creating. "*Et de quel pays croyez vous que je suis, Monsieur?*" said she, with a smiling and inquiring look. Not being acquainted with her particular *penchant*, I professed my inability to answer so perplexing a question.

"*Eh bien, Monsieur, je suis Suedoise !*"

"Madame," replied I, in as gallant a tone as I could command, "*la reputation Suedoise ne se dementit pas.*"

Of course we could not be very unsocial after so flattering an *exposé* of our mutual opinions.

An elderly man, of gentlemanly appearance, joined our party and introduced to the lady, who proved to be his wife, an English gentleman who had travelled in Sweden, and who was acquainted with numerous families with whom they also were intimate. The result of a little conversation proved the very small size of the world to my complete satisfaction. I happened, in alluding to Stockholm, to name a valued Portuguese friend, M. da C—nha, who had resided there with the embassy,

and who had painted in glowing terms the beauty of the Swedish ladies. It appeared that he was also known intimately to my new acquaintance, who proceeded to question me as to his adventures since he had quitted Stockholm. The lady placed a card in my hand, and requested that I would transmit it with kind remembrances to my interesting young friend. I may be permitted here to copy the name on the card, and to express the pleasure I experienced in the unassuming society of the Baron and Baroness de Löfvenskiöld.

The world was not, however, small enough yet! The English traveller in Sweden, while recounting his adventures in Stockholm, having alluded to a charming young lady of family, for whom he confessed having entertained a partiality, was interrupted by the Baroness, who informed him with a smile that the charming person in question was her sister!

After two sudden bends of the river the traveller perceives the town of Gernsheim, beyond which, after passing two islands, he catches sight of the antique towers of Worms. This ought certainly to be one of the resting-places of the historical student. He may already be well versed in the annals of this venerable city; he may in his closet have dwelt on its various fortunes, he may have traced it from its Roman origin to its enlargement under the early Frank Kings, its state during the reign of Charlemagne and his Carlovingian successors, and its renewed grandeur after the ravages of the Napoleon of his day—the Goth Attila; and he may have followed the stream of time until he beholds its meridian splendour as the seat of the various diets held by the Emperors in the

middle ages, and the scene of Luther's championship of the Reformation in 1521. He may have mourned over its destruction by the scourges of Europe in 1689, and have cast a melancholy veil over its modern desolation. He may have done all that knowledge can enable him to achieve; he still lacks the material proofs of the truth of history—the speaking facts of reality.

The vessel stops a short time at Worms, but as the city lies at some distance from the river and is concealed by trees, the steam-boat tourist can only indulge his antiquarian longings by a sight of its venerable spires. The next point of any interest is the mouth of the Neckar, to the left, beyond which on the same side is the city of Mannheim. It was now about twelve o'clock, and we proposed stopping at Mannheim, but finding that the steamer started on the Tuesday evening and performed a night voyage, we determined upon proceeding to Shroek or Leopoldshafen, where we should in all probability arrive before midnight.

As a considerable cargo had to be landed we had time to take a survey of the town from the vessel; but as the greater portion of it lies at a distance from the Rhine, we obtained only a glimpse of its extensive *châteaux* embowered amidst the noble trees of the park which surrounds it.

The windings of the Rhine beyond Mannheim are numerous and sudden, and trifle considerably with the sight of the traveller by repeatedly reproducing spires and towers which he had imagined were left far behind. This duplicity of the Rhine renders the voyage somewhat tedious; for although the steamer evidently ad-

ances, the eye is still arrested by the features of the previous hour. The spires of Speyer, or Spire, haunt the vision for a long time, and the traveller gladly casts a look at the prospect before him, without, however, deriving much satisfaction from the review. Even the bridge of boats at Germersheim presents some attractions amidst the flatness of the Baden and Rhenish Bavaria shores. It would appear that the construction of this bridge was a most disinterested act of kindness towards the three or four individuals who chance to pass daily from Landau to Waaghausel.

We were yet at a considerable distance from our destination when the shadows of evening closed around us. The little twinkling guardians of the night stole one by one into the deepening vault with the same regularity they have observed ever since the flood, and as they presented nothing peculiar on the evening in question, I shall not indulge my star-gazing propensities with a description of the spangled heavens.

If the reader becomes as tired as I do with endeavouring to make out the forms of the blackened landscape on either bank, and with committing endless mistakes in the interpretation of these nocturnal hieroglyphics, he will discover, as I did, that an hour employed in this indefinite study is sufficient, and will then turn his thoughts inwards, as people say, and commune with himself, or perchance he will—smoke. They are both profitable modes of employment; the one for the mind, the other for the tobacconist. I flatter myself I mastered the subject completely—for I did both. The spirits of the passengers gradually yielded to the sedative of

evening: the topographical inquiry, the historical allusion, the enthusiastic burst, and the whole train of travelling effusions, subsiding into that silent quiescence which is the parent of

“ Sweet rills of thought that cheer the conscious soul.”

Between the hours of ten and eleven, our vessel, to our infinite relief and gratification, touched the indebted landing-place at Shroek or Leopoldshafen. It requires great good-humour and optimism to gild a steam-boat voyage from four in the morning till ten at night, if the scenery affords no assistance in contemplations.

The moon rose beautifully from behind a volume of cloud, as if to greet us on our arrival in the territory of Baden, and lighted the huge equipage destined to convey the passengers by the steamer to the city of Carlsruhe. Having paid our fare of 44 kreuzers, we prepared to take our places on the outside, to the astonishment of the conductor, who assured us that there was room in the interior. He, doubtless, thought we were either mad or—English—when, with knapsacks on our shoulders, we scaled the heights of the *diligence* and took our places on the lofty *banquette*. We shortly experienced one of the inconveniences of our exposed situation and sought refuge in smoking, from the chilliness of the night. A still greater inconvenience had nearly resulted from this remedy; a sudden jerk of the diligence having emptied the lighted contents of my pipe amongst the straw which *carpeted* the bottom of our fortress seat. I managed to crush the midnight incendiary before it had communicated its sparkling effect to the tender ma-

terial by its side, but remained for a considerable time in awkward suspense as to the probability of my guilt of the novel crime of setting fire to a diligence. If my legs could have suspected the risk they ran, I doubt if they would have remained in such a tranquil position near the scene of the threatened conflagration. While contemplating the beautiful appearance of the moon struggling with clouds, my attention was rudely arrested by a blow on the cheek, and I gleaned from this circumstance a fact which the darkness of the night might otherwise have hidden from me, namely, that by the road-side grew apple-trees, which proved as disagreeable in the mouth as on the cheek. Whether it may have been fancy, or not, I will not pretend to say, but the scenery struck me as bearing so different a character to that ~~it~~ had lately left, as to induce the belief that I should, without any knowledge of the fact, have determined that we were travelling in another country, or, at any rate, in another duchy. The features of the scenery were larger, and extensive tracts of level land spread around in the vast plain which lay between the chain of mountains and the Rhine.

The approach to Carlsruhe is extremely imposing by night: deep masses of wood stretching right and left, and long broad avenues, giving it a stately and solemn effect. Not a sign of Carlsruhe met our scrutinizing gaze for a long time, and we looked around in vain for a beacon whereby to trace its direction. At length a dull light appeared at the end of the avenue, and the increased action of the home-sick horses promised an approach to the capital of Baden. I do not recollect any city that

ever made so great an impression at first sight. It was, to be sure, moonlight, and that is well known to rival charity in covering a multitude of sins. The contrast between the stately groves, and the broad regular streets and gleaming houses, was extremely agreeable; and the short midnight survey we took of the noble palace and the imposing semicircular sweep which fronts it, inclosing an elegant and well-wooded garden, promised a great treat to our sight-loving eyes when the next day's sun should beam over the delightful region we now beheld girt with the mysterious majesty of moonlight. I did not then suspect, what I am now obliged to record, that the real of daylight did not equal the real of midnight: the beauteous tints imparted to the edifices by the pale light of the poet's pet, and the harmony of the deep sweeping shadows—cold and impenetrable,—had tended considerably to enhance the dignity of the subject. In my original notes was a very elaborate and enthusiastic ode to moonlight, but the subject not being of general utility and having been somewhat overworked, I sacrificed a very well-meant effusion out of respect to the time and taste of a discerning public.

Descending from our lofty station, cold and cheerless, we had the pleasing intelligence that Carlsruhe was so crowded, in consequence of the opera season having commenced, that we should have some difficulty in finding accommodation. Leaving most of our steam-boat friends, to consume the valuable time we posted off in search of a *rara avis* in Carlsruhe—an hotel with three disengaged beds. It was midnight, and, save the solitary traveller—like ourselves—in search of a night's

lodging, no human being was to be seen in the broad and handsome streets of the capital. Many of the hotels seemed untenanted, or their drowsy inmates refused to answer the midnight peal; some did civilly open their doors, and speedily close them again with the oft-repeated assurance that there were no beds in the house. It seemed useless to make further inquiries. I now proposed that we should extend our rambles about the city and devote to sight-seeing those hours usually consigned to sleep and dreams. This plan was assented to by my companions with quite as much alacrity as was natural to men who have a predilection for regular habits. I ventured to assure them that, in common with themselves, I entertained a vulgar prejudice in favour of sleep, and that should a ray of hope be shed upon our case by the tiniest rushlight in Carlsruhe, I would willingly exchange our midnight promenade for a luxury more suitable to our nature and to the hour.

This manly determination to pursue the only course which was left open, appeared to operate in our favour with the guardian spirits of the night; for, on entering the Great Square of the Town-Hall, we beheld on the opposite side, a lamp glimmering most invitingly through the aperture of a half-opened door. Eagerly advancing to this cheering beacon, which we found to be the Zähringer Hof, we raised our voices once again on the hackneyed topic of '*Zimmern und Betten*.' Alas! there was but one bed, and that we resigned to an elderly French officer, who had hitherto met with as little success as ourselves. Wishing him joy of his comfort, we entered the *salle à manger* to determine on our future operations.



I proposed sleeping on the floor, since it was evident the most important necessary after lodging was board, and we thus should unite the two. "Doubtless the master of the hotel can give us some blankets, or cloaks, or something to soften our inevitable fate," said I in full to my companions in English, and to the waiter extremely concisely in German. He shortly brought with him Herr Schepeler, who, taking our case into consideration, with a half-suppressed smile at our dilemma, determined—like a good Samaritan—to alleviate our sufferings to the best of his ability. Another wayfarer despondingly peeped in at the door of the saloon, and evidently broken-spirited by the ill success which had attended his search, he placidly yielded to the offer of joining our encampment. The damsels of the establishment made their appearance with tressels and bedding, and—with symptoms of merriment—speedily laid out the coffee-room in true hospital style. Carefully warming my system with a half-bottle of Hock, I got between the blankets of my lowly couch without discarding the more decorous portions of my dress.

Our repose was interrupted at an early hour the next morning by the agents of cleanliness, who assailed our ears with the noise of brooms and pails, and made vehement demonstrations of their intention to expel us from our unlicensed dormitory. Yielding to necessity, we arranged a hasty toilet, and sallied into the sun-lit city of Carlsruhe, to employ the time before breakfast in a topographical survey.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

*Carlsruhe.—Its situation and appearance—Its Architecture. New and Old—The Château—The Bleythurm—The Gardens—Thoughts on Gardening—Botanical Garden—Principal Edifices—Voiture d'Occasion—Ride from Carlsruhe to Baden—Old Hock—Rastadt—Approach to Baden—Zähringer Hof and conditional Lodging.*

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Objects of Interest in Carlsruhe.—The Grand Ducal Palace and Bleythurm; the Botanical Garden; the 'Salle d'Exposition,' open Wednesdays, from 10 to 12 and from 2 to 4; the Court Library, open Wednesdays and Saturdays, from 10 to 12 and from 3 to 5; Cabinet of Natural History, open on Monday from 9 to 12; Chemical Cabinet, on Saturday, 2 to 4; the Court Stables; the Mint; Palaces of the Margraves, William and Maximilian; Old Market, with statue of founder; the Palace of the Margravine; the Catholic Cathedral; the Military Church; the Arsenal; the Foundry; the Garden of the Margravine Amelia, with Mausoleum; Pyramid to Carl Wilhelm; Palace of Margraves; the Evangelical Church; Rathhaus, or Town-Hall; Infantry Barracks; the Hospital; the Opera; Hydraulic Tower; Museum; Synagogue; Carls Thor; Ettlinger Thor; Durlacher Thor; Augarten; the Friedhof, or Cemetery; &c.

Distance from Carlsruhe to Baden Baden, 8½ stunden.

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CARLSRUHE was, as its name implies, the chosen residence (or repose) of its founder, the Margrave (Markgraf) Charles, afterwards Grand Duke of Baden. The solitude of the situation had such charms for this regal melancholy Jaques, that, in 1715, he erected a hunting seat in the midst of the Hartwald, the forest which now

closes in the town on the north and east. This was the origin of one of the prettiest cities in Germany, which has sprung up amidst a wooded plain in all the pride and elegance of modern architecture, decorated by the joint endeavours of the architects Weinbrenner and Arnold. It has cleanliness and regularity in its favour; but it must yield the palm, in point of interest, to cities where the pages of history are unfolded in the exquisite remains of successive ages, and embellished by these striking illustrations.

There is something extremely fatiguing in the constant repetition of new buildings of the same colour and similar forms, and streets drawn with geometrical precision. A set of regular features without expression may constitute a certain class of beauty, but I imagine that most connoisseurs in charms will pardon an unclassical nose for the sake of brilliant eyes or an expressive mouth. If they can all be found together, it is as well; but I doubt very much if the chilly elegance and uninspiring regularity of Carlsruhe will excite as many fervent admirers as its neighbour the antique and fascinating Frankfort. The colour of the stone with which the greater number of the edifices is constructed is unpleasant, having a tinge something between butter and cheese. Of the forms it is necessary to say something more, since foreign critics are so extremely complacent with respect to their own architecture. There is scarcely a building in Carlsruhe in accordance with architectural principles and propriety, and which does not display an unsuccessful attempt at modernizing ancient architecture; the columns are generally faulty, presenting capitals of every

style but the right, and shafts either too thick or too thin. The most ludicrous specimens of columns are those which compose the gate facing the statue of the Grand Duke, being unworthy of a tyro in the study. I confess to having been sadly disappointed at the architecture of Carlsruhe, and regretted that I could not conscientiously bear my humble tribute to the shrine of the worthy architect Weinbrenner, lately deceased.

I sighed, amidst the glare of fresh walls, for the dirt of age, and would willingly have exchanged the *pure* Grecian for the *impure* Gothic. I would have bartered a whole modern street for a crumbling cross, and a host of modern churches for a single cathedral of the *dark* ages. Determined, however, to be pleased with the present, I did not allow my longings for the sublime to interfere with the claims of wholesome inferiority and tedious decorum. Happy is he who can fully enjoy, while he duly estimates, everything in turn, extracting pleasure even from the perception of discrepancies.

After breakfast we returned to our sight-seeking, having, in the mean time, engaged a carriage to take us to Baden, in conjunction with a Danish gentleman, who spoke neither French nor English. Our first visit was to the Grand Ducal Palace, the edifice which had excited our admiration the previous night when lighted up by pale Dian's lamp. As I have before said, the daylight view did not answer our expectations. It presents, however, a noble appearance in spite of Sir A. B. Faulkner's decision. The garden in front of the *château* is pleasingly laid out, and the rows of orange-trees in large tubs present a novel feature to the English traveller, whose

principal ideas of orange-bearing are connected with the Jew boys who bear them about the streets of London.

Finding that the front entrance was devoted to our betters, we proceeded to the garden at the back of the palace, and applied to the servant in waiting for permission to ascend the Bleythurm, or Lead Tower, which commands an excellent view of the city and its environs. This aspiring journey is well worthy of being undertaken, since the chief peculiarity of Carlsruhe is not to be detected by an ordinary survey. The palace forms the centre of a circle, the half behind this edifice displaying a dense mass of foliage, and the half in front being composed by the small city. The radiations from the common centre are formed on the one side by the gravel walks intersecting the Hartwald, and on the other by the regularly-drawn lines of streets. The effect is novel and picturesque, and the deep tone of the woods gives a powerful relief to the bright edifices which stretch around. Carlsruhe is certainly a little jewel of a town, but I doubt if it be a jewel of the first water.

On descending from this terrestrial observatory, we were induced to visit the chambers of the palace, but, with the exception of the ball-room, they possess few attractions. The Grand Duke of Baden has so many palaces, that it would be a sad tax upon his revenues to keep them all in repair and properly decorated. Besides the numerous hunting-seats are the Palaces of Carlsruhe, Mannheim, Baden, Schwezingen, Rastadt, La Favorite, Eberstein, Durlach, Bruchsal, and Waaghausel. This is very well for a small Duchy.

We regretted that we could not devote sufficient time

to the palace-gardens, which fully justify Mrs. Trollope's botanical enthusiasm. The flowers enamel the whole scene with their endless hues, and, contrasted with the frowning woods around, appear like swarms of butterflies sipping the summer sweets. It requires considerable taste to introduce them harmoniously in a garden of the stately style, so as to avoid on the one hand a wild profusion, and on the other a cramped monotony. Let us imagine the bold elevation of a mansion, with projections of corresponding character, abruptly placed on a level intersected by small beds of flowers. The eye will immediately detect a want of harmony in the opposition of the small features of the landscape with the solidity of the building, and will require that this defect be remedied by the formation of a terrace next the mansion, and the occasional introduction of bolder features, whether statues, vases, or stone copings to some of the beds of flowers; it will also probably require that clusters of small trees be judiciously introduced to add to the boldness of the forms and to the vigour of the light and shade.

We next strolled into a small botanical garden to the left of the palace, and afterwards into an exhibition of pictures, prints, and casts, also in its neighbourhood. Neither of them merited a prolonged survey, and we devoted the unexpired time of our leave of absence to a further review of the city. Besides the Ducal Palace are the residences of the Margraves and the mansion of the Margravine (Markgräfinn). In a Gothic tower in the garden of the Margravine Amelia is a mausoleum, erected in 1802, by Weinbrenner, to the memory of her husband.

Some of the principal edifices in Carlsruhe are situated in the squares which run through the city from the palace to the gate beyond the residence of the Margraves. To the left of the Zähringer Hof is the Evangelical Church, a handsome edifice, erected in 1807 from designs by Weinbrenner. It has a neat portico of six Corinthian columns, but the general design of the superstructure is not in harmony. The nave is 130 feet long and 63 feet high. The altar piece, representing the Ascension, is by Jagemann.

Adjoining this edifice are the Lyceum and Polytechnic School. Nearly opposite the Evangelical Church is the Rath-haus or Town Hall, designed by Weinbrenner in 1821, and presenting a front 245 feet in length. This edifice will be easily recognised by its weathercock, a gilt female figure. In the centre of the square is a pyramid, erected in 1823 over the ashes of the Margrave Carl Wilhelm, an unsightly object, but which is doubtless rendered acceptable to the taste of the inhabitants of Carlsruhe by recollections of public worth or private virtues. In a line with this monument are two others—a statue of the founder of the city, and, farther still, an obelisk. Near the statue is the Palace of the Margraves, adorned with a portico of six Corinthian columns, in front of which is a fountain. The gate at the end agreeably terminates the vista, and may be enjoyed at a respectful distance, since, as I have before stated, it is a decided exception to architectural rules. For the other public buildings I refer the reader to the head of the chapter.

On returning to our hotel, we found our Danish com-

panion and the *voiture d'occasion* ready to start for Baden. Our bill was, as may easily be supposed, very moderate, and I was exceedingly amused at the reduced charge for our night's "board and lodging" on the floor, which amounted to ten kreuzers each. I fancied the conclave of master and waiters conferring on this important item, and the discussions attendant upon the comparative value of a bed, *comme il faut*, and a couch, *sur le parquet*.

The ride from Carlsruhe to Baden, a distance of eight stunden and a half, is extremely agreeable. To the left the imposing chain of the Black Forest, stretching its motley forms as far as the eye can trace, and to the right the more distant Vosges, lying along the horizon veiled with sunny grey. Avenues of fruit-trees shield the traveller from the sun, and break the expanse of the valley, which spreads, richly clad, towards the undulating Rhine.

Our road lay through Ettlingen,—a town containing upwards of 3000 inhabitants, and distant about two leagues from Carlsruhe,—Bruckhauser, Neu Malsch, and Rastadt, where we obtained a hasty view of the back of the palace. On the road we stopped at a village inn noted for old hock, a luxury not to be slighted at a social table, much less on the king's highway. This respectable liquor was reported to be twenty-five years of age; a fact I felt inclined to believe, without requiring a certificate of its vintage. I regret that I cannot record with certainty the name of the village where this aged offspring of the Rhine is to be found. It is at an inn to the left of the road, before which is a wooden shed for



the accommodation of travellers. I may mislead my friends unless I inform them that this tempting village is on the Carlsruhe side of Rastadt.

Beyond Rastadt, or Radstadt, the road lies to the left, and leads to the valley or glen, at the extremity of which is situated the town of Baden. The approach to this celebrated watering-place is picturesque and beautiful. A noble avenue, stretching across the narrow defile, lies buried beneath the exquisitely-wooded heights, which rear their bold summits around the verdant glen. On a nearer approach the eye travels up the steep sides of the lofty eminence to the left, on whose summit is perched the ruinous fabric which was the pride of the earliest Margraves of Baden. The darkly-wooded crest of this towering mountain marks the outline of a portion of the Schwarzwald, one of the branches of the ancient Hercynian Forest, which stretched like a huge beard across the face of ancient Europe.

At length a few white buildings, shut in by the hills which rise around, announced Baden-Baden. After rumbling across the bridge which strides over the undignified little ditch flowing through the town, we alighted at the Zähringer Hof, where we obtained beds for the night, on condition of resigning them on the morrow in favour of some great personage, who was expected to honour Baden with his presence. After the previous night's lodging, the prospect of a bed was too flattering to allow us to grumble at these terms.

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## CHAPTER XXX.

*Situation of Baden-Baden—Contrast between Wiesbaden and Baden-Baden—The Conversation House—Chaberts—Thoughts on Gambling—A Man's Own—The Residence—Surrounding Scene—Secret Tribunal—Old Castle—The Wood—Time's Decrees—Enthusiasm—View from the Platform—Descent in the Dark—Night Wanderings in the Wood—Tame Wild Beast—Travellers' Right to the Wonderful—Safe Return and waking Vision.*

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**Objects of Interest in Baden-Baden**—The Altes Schloss, or Old Castle; the Residence, or New Château; the former Collegiate Church; the Frauenkirche; the Hospital Church; the Collection of Antiquities; the Trinkhalle for the Ursprung; the Pavilion of the Grand Duchess; the Hospital; the Promenade and Conversations Haus; the Oak Walk; St. Cecilia's Mount; the Convent of Lichtenthal; the Höllenquelle; the Brühbrunnen; the Horses' Bath; the New Vapour Baths; the Poor Bath. In the Environs—Ebersteinburg; the Jagdhaus; Mercury's Mount; La Favorite (2 leagues).

**Hotels at Baden-Baden**—The Badischer Hof; Zähringer Hof; the Stag; Ville de Paris; Red Lion; the Salmon; the Sun; Ville de Strasburg; Stephanie Bad, &c.

**Tables d'hôte**—At 1 o'clock, 1 fl.; at 4 o'clock, 1 fl. 24 kr. **Lodging**, 1 fl. per night. **Baths**, 24 kr.

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THE situation of Baden is truly delightful; I should, however, question the salubrity of its site, encompassed as it is by lofty hills, generally well wooded, and seated at the bottom of the dell formed by the junction of their bases. If it is shielded from the noxious blast, it is likewise shut in from the genial breeze, and the torrents

from the encircling hills require a wider channel for their dispersion than that of the little Oelbach. For a residence I should prefer Wiesbaden, which has a similar advantage of a wooded neighbourhood in ~~the~~ direction, and is more favoured in point of breathing room. But with respect to romantic situation, Baden is infinitely superior to its rival of Nassau; and if the open site of the one be conducive to health, the deep-laid and sombre beauties of the other excite a more vivid interest. Wiesbaden has no powerful individuality; it is chiefly recognized by its situation with reference to the Taunus Hills, the Rhine and the Maine, and is recalled to the memory by certain local associations, rather than by any characteristics pertaining to itself. Not so with Baden; its features are interwoven with the adjoining scenery, and nothing around it attracts the mind from the fact of the town being the crowning spot, and from the belief that all the natural grandeur which girds it is tributary to the gay little crescent of stone and mortar beneath. The retrospect of Baden is peculiar for its perfect unity of conception, whereas the recollection of less striking spots is effected piecemeal and indistinctly; the one starts into the mind a finished picture, perfect in form and colour; the other is conceived partly in outline, presenting a series of sketches rather than a general effect. It is the property of the great and the beautiful to command the most vivid intuition.

The Conversation House,—the Cursaal of Baden, is the chief attraction of the spot, and presents a perpetual round of gaiety to the visitors. It is more secluded than

the *Cursaal*, and is represented as being conducted on a more refined scale. I am no judge of these subtleties of taste, and rely therefore on the opinions of others. The able authoress of Belgium and Western Germany, speaking of Wiesbaden, contrasts the entertainment at the *Cursaal* with the well-appointed tables at Chabert's, to the disadvantage of the former. I plead guilty to entertaining a considerable distaste for the sort of gaiety to be found in these places, and more especially where it is connected with gambling.

The Conversation House is an extensive and handsome range of building, composed of a centre and two wings; to the right are the apartments devoted to the restaurant of Chabert; to the left is the theatre, and in the centre edifice is a saloon 150 feet long and 51 wide, which is destined to conversation and gambling. What conversation can there be amidst the sickening attractions of the gaming-table? Is a gambler a fit creature for conversation? Can he exchange ideas who is monopolized by one fatal to his mental repose and intellectual activity? Can others who are susceptible of social influences impart their cheerful thoughts and virtuous opinions with the monotonous sounds of the mechanical croupier and the ringing of ill-gotten gold in their ears? Call it by any other name, but respect the gentle graces of conversation.

The celebrated argument, that "a man has a right to do what he pleases with his own" is, perhaps, the only one which can apply in favour of gaming: and weak as that argument is, if intended as such, when applied to the corruption of political power, it is even weaker when

uttered to palliate the offence of gaming. Is there no moral standard to which all individual feelings and interests are to be referred, and which is calculated to render them in harmony with and conducive to the general good? Is there no power in example? Has each individual an abstract right apart from the federal and prescriptive laws, a right involving the maintenance of the most odious errors of principle and practice? I can afford to smile at the hasty spleen with which many have uttered these weak and unmanly words, yet, if the principle upholding the right of each individual to do what he pleases with his own, without reference to the natural, acquired, and unalienable rights of the nation, be advocated in earnest, I trace the speedy disseverance of the social bonds, and the triumph of that hackneyed maxim, "Each for himself, and God for us all."

Having "a decided right to do what I pleased with my own time," I resolved to avoid the gay scenes of the Conversa—or rather the Gambling House, and to devote the afternoon and evening to the Old Castle and the wood around it.

Proceeding up a wide street opposite the grove of chestnut-trees which forms the entrance to the Salons, we ascended a path at the top to the left, and after mounting the numerous steps which break the steepness of the hill-side, we found ourselves in a very agreeable and shady garden. Seating ourselves, we had leisure to enjoy the confined but beautiful panorama which spread beneath. In the narrow dell at our feet lay a portion of the partly-concealed town which sweeps in an irregular crescent at the base of the hill on which the

château is built. On all sides rise the bold undulations of the deep-toned hills, the more distant and elevated of which are crowned with forests of firs, while the nearer and lesser elevations, shelving down to the glen beneath, are intersected by vineyards and corn-fields, while oaks and beech-trees are scattered in clusters around. The immediate foreground of the picture was composed by the bolder foliage of the château garden, and sharply relieved against the sky were the varied forms of a picturesque summer-house and the massive walls of the château.

Passing under the gateway of the castle or palace, we took a cursory glance at the strange-looking edifice which bears this name, although it assuredly displays few external traces of regal splendour. We tried in vain to obtain admittance, and were not sorry that such was the result, being anxious to reach the Old Castle to enjoy the scenery of that more commanding site. Even if we had been so fortunate as to gain admission, I could have given to my curious friends no description of the dungeons and the other contrivances of the fiendish Secret Tribunal (*Vehme-gericht*), which is reputed to have held its Satanic sittings in the dark recesses of this castle, after the *masterly* and minute picture by Mrs. Trollope.

Whilst treading the floor of the vaulted vestibule I shuddered at the thought of the diabolical contrivances which lay buried beneath, and the mass of human misery which had given this gloomy castle an unenviable celebrity. I fervently thanked God that I lived in a purer age, and that I belonged to a nation the sworn foe of

tyranny and cruelty. Oh ! how it makes the heart and brain ache to ponder over the monstrous crimes committed by the few in the name of religion and authority ! Yet these horrors appear to have been the necessary (because permitted) precursors of a purer reign ;—the lurid atmosphere which was to be dispelled by the sunny ray of truth and freedom. A scrutiny of the operations of Providence may take cognizance of effects with occasional accuracy ; but to understand causes requires a clearer mental vision than we possess in this state of transition. The Altes Schloss, or Old Castle, is at some distance from the Residence ; and the road to it—always on the ascent—lies through a forest of firs of the most noble dimensions. The path is broad but steep, and the ridges which occasionally cross it may probably impede the progress of a carriage ; ladies can, however, ascend on donkeys, should they deem that mode more easy than pedestrianism.

The afternoon was bright and warm, and the shade afforded by the soaring pines was no partial protection against the sun's expiring warmth, since the summits of the lofty avenues were arched over with the dark fringe of the stately columns which composed them. The warm brown tints of the slender stems were relieved against the deep cold masses of the jagged foliage, while occasional gleams of golden light played over their decided and rugged forms, like transient smiles athwart a grim and lowering visage. There was nothing of the feeling of Salvator Rosa about this dark and imposing picture, which possessed more harmony of form than vigour of composition, more delicacy of detail than va-

riety of effect. No bold and picturesque masses swept daringly across the scene, and no rolling clouds imparted the magic of light and shade. This style of beauty must not be expected, but a landscape of solitary grandeur meets the eye all around; fragments of the rocky foundations of the castle occasionally protruding through the mongrel soil, and the gradual lowering of the distant hills proclaiming the pedestrian's upward progress.

At length we gained the crumbling arch which once resounded with the tramp of knightly steeds, and the shrill but friendly blast of the henchman and warder. It now bears few traces of its former pride, beyond the heraldic device which seems, in mockery of man's pride and power, to cling to the humbled fabric with all the tenacity of a potent moral. Why has this trivial memorial survived the wreck of the baronial halls, once teeming with feudal splendour? Why should the empty title outlive the records of the deeds which ennobled or disgraced it?—The moralist will declare it to be in accordance with the decrees of destiny, which ordain that the pride of man shall find a tongue of censure, a voiceless satire, in the most insignificant of his productions; while the materialist will probably admit of no further cause for its preservation than the enduring nature of the arch in which the device is embedded.

Where once the men-at-arms merrily quaffed the jovial flagon, and the cool floor resounded with the clang of mailed feet, a scene of shrivelled domesticity met our eyes: the image so occupied my fancy that I scarcely noticed the appearance and occupation of the humble people, who were endeavouring to conjure up meagre



comforts in a gloomy recess of the feudal fortress. I am somewhat partial to contrasts; they are, however, too often anomalies. At the theatre I have repeatedly tried to think only of *Shakspeare's* three witches in *Macbeth*, but have found it impossible to forget the individuality of Messrs. Dowton, Blanchard, and Knight. So with regard to ancient structures, I feel it necessary to my perfect enjoyment, that their character should be undisturbed and their influence unimpaired, so as to excite that unity of perception and feeling which kindles enthusiasm—

“For in it lurks that nameless spell  
Which speaks, itself unspeakable.”

An impression powerfully assailed my mind while surveying this extensive edifice, that it bore the appearance of a factitious ruin rather than a real handywork of time. I could not reconcile it with my ordinary notions of a castle: it appeared to me to want many of the characteristics of that class of structures, the plan being dissimilar with regard to both its outward form and internal distribution. In our English castles we are accustomed to trace extensive outworks and lengthened walls, and the circular tower or isolated square turret enables us to discern the general plan of the building. In the Baden Castle all is square and compact, and the structure and materials of the walls appear the result of a calculation for romantic effect of colour and arrangement. I would not, however, venture upon promulgating this strange hypothesis as a conviction grounded upon substantial facts.

It is certainly a noble ruin; and as the eye scans the

massive and mouldering compartments which divide its space into pits of fearful depth, half hidden by the tangled brambles winding across them, an involuntary shudder steals through the frame. Although devoid of exquisite tracery of wide-spread arches and the luxuries of architectural eccentricity, this ruined fabric possesses an air of forlorn grandeur which compensates for its deficiency in detail.

After stumbling over rugged fragments, under threatening archways and along crumbling cornices and copings, we ascended the uppermost platform by a convenient temporary stair. A scene of astounding grandeur rewarded our toil and left us speechless with admiration.

The sun had just disappeared behind the distant horizon, and the serenity of the sky and the stillness of the atmosphere united to render the medium through which the scene was viewed, appropriate to the character of the landscape and the tone of the feelings at this period of the day. The freshly aroused energies of morning, and the aspiring and vigorous thoughts of mid-day, may be fitted to relish the bolder varieties of nature, from

“The murmuring prelude of the ruder gale,”

to the fearfully developed storm, whose black and lurid masses cast their funereal shade around—and whose vivid flash imparts an ephemeral beauty to the forms. The tranquil evening mind desires no such melancholy majesty. The close of each day is a type of the evening of life; the asperity of morning vigour is reduced; the fervour of awakened hope is sobered, and the present,

divested of its earlier glow, permits the mind to contemplate the chances of the future. The harmony existing between external objects and the secret influences of the soul is at once cheering and beautiful; and had we been destined only to live a span and die for ever, our scrutiny and knowledge of material nature would probably have been more acute, but we should have been deprived of that exquisite and prophetic power which tinges the duller sphere of time and space with the lovely hues of eternity.

It must not be supposed, from these remarks, that I would restrict the effects of nature, or insist upon a better arrangement of harmony in the scale of creation; but I do feel that certain sympathies may be said to exist between the heart and mind of man and the more poetical of nature's works, and that if these were excited by every object, the nervous system would be overwrought and the fancy degraded from its high station.

The panoramic view from the platform of the Baden Castle is composed of two portions, which are, however, in perfect harmony. The gigantic undulations of the pine-crowned hills, sweeping in irregular masses around, contrast forcibly with the varied level, stretching to the Rhine, and beyond its serpentine course to the chain of the Vosges,—relieved faintly, but clearly, against the pale sky. From the mysterious depths of the roofless chambers of the castle, where sullen ruin cowers amidst fitful moanings and wailing blasts, the eye rises to the majestic mountains which solemnly rear their dusky forms above the black unbroken sea of pines, which, like an enchanter's spell, fold the castle in their stern embrace.

From these again it travels onwards, gently descending the sweeping line of lesser hills, which form the valley in which Baden is situated. Beyond, an immense expanse of plain meets the eye to the right and to the left, intersected by the endless features of a cultivated landscape. To the left, the steeple of Strasburg Cathedral may be faintly traced, and to the right the venerable towers of Worms, while the winding Rhine studded with islets, and the distant Vosges, complete this enchanting panorama.

I confess to having been overwhelmed by sensations while standing on the small platform surmounting the ruins, gazing with the eloquent tear trembling on my cheek. The subdued tone of the clear twilight, the deep solitude of the spot, the unbroken silence which reigned, and the intense character of majestic loveliness with which all around was invested, completely overpowered the stoical pride and calmness which the world had instilled into me, and I yielded to the delicious emotion of a thrilling heart. Oh ! may the chill hand of apathy never assail this fount of extasy !

We lingered on the castle walls till the shade of evening had cast all the loveliness of the scene into a visual oblivion, and the chilly air warned us that the better part of enthusiasm, as of valour, is discretion. The gloom of the broad ruins was now sufficient not only to chill the mind, but to endanger the body ; and it demanded no little care to avoid stumbling over the rough edges of our irregular path into the abyss below. After threading our way along the intricate line, strewn with shapeless remains, we emerged from the gloomy strong-

hold just as the tenants of the lower portion of the edifice were carousing around a rude blazing fire, which cast a grim light upon the shapeless masonry which shielded them from the night blasts.

Once more we found ourselves in the Pine Forest, now partially illumined by the silvery moon which rode unseen above the dark canopy of the interlaced branches.

Stupified by the grandeur of the scene we had just witnessed, we failed to observe with accuracy the bearing of the road, and having quitted it to enjoy the midnight solemnity of the endless columns which surrounded us, we wandered on directed only by occasional spots of light which, like "Wills o' the wisp," disappeared on our approach. At first this style of nocturnal wandering was, as may be conceived, vastly romantic and agreeable, but after allowing our enthusiasm to evaporate, our reason informed us that we might easily lose our way, and be obliged to devote to a rectification of the error more time than was agreeable at that period of the night. We also entertained thoughts on the subject of wild beasts; and although the *probability* was that none would venture so near the habitations of man, yet we were not at all prepared to fall victims to a *possibility*. We therefore armed ourselves in a small way, and I doubt whether the gravest of mankind would not have laughed outright at the sight of our valiant band with drawn clasp-knives, and anxious eyes and ears, on the look out for wild beasts.

"George, did you hear the rustling among that furze?"

"I did!"

"Don't you see something moving?"

Before the corroborating evidence could be spoken, an animal of considerable size rushed from the cover towards us. Our knives were in readiness, and we had screwed our courage "to the sticking point," when, to our great relief and amusement, a fine large Newfoundland dog came frolicking about us. The timely rattle of his collar, and the cheerful twitching of his ample tail, saved us from an absurdity, and the poor beast himself from an unprovoked attack. We were somewhat relieved by the presence of our canine friend, who was a powerful addition to our corps, but just as we were congratulating ourselves upon so valuable a coadjutor, the noble fellow gave us a parting bark, and scampered back into the depths of the forest.

Had he not made his appearance we should have had the right of which many travellers have availed themselves, of asserting that wild beasts lurked around us in our dismal route, but that they were deterred from attacking us by prudential considerations.

Our situation now began to be extremely unpleasant, and I confess that I could not view with complacency the chance of passing the night in the forest. At length we emerged into a clear space where we were enabled to make observations, and found that we had been sufficiently fortunate to have proceeded not quite in the opposite direction to that required. Having attentively considered the bearings of the different objects, we once more plunged into the interminable avenues, and after considerable labour found ourselves in a part of the wood

whence we could discern, far beneath, the glimmering lights of Baden. Our delight at the discovery cannot, perhaps, parallel that of Columbus at the sight of land in his American expedition, but it was so great that we nearly "cried before we were out of the wood," and stumbled over some fragments which impeded our path. We shortly had the satisfaction of entering the road, where no man errs; and after passing the New Castle and its hideous *oubliettes*, we descended what the Cambridge men would term "a no-end of steps," and found ourselves, tired in body and mind, close to the (lateral) front of the Zähringer Hof. It was too late to think of other adventures, so, with the groaning and sighing satisfaction of a well-spent but fatiguing afternoon, we leisurely ascended the great staircase, and closed in the arms of sleep the life of a day.

I was awakened somewhat suddenly before my pleasant dreams had been brought to an exquisitely impossible termination, by a circumstance which would have harmonized with visions of a more sombre character. On opening my eyes they met another pair unnaturally glaring, fixed intently on them: the face which accompanied them was, in the true spirit of a dream, lank and harsh, adorned with snowy locks, which fell luxuriantly around, invading even the lower half of the visage, in the shape of ample mustachios and whiskers. They were mysteriously lighted, at least so it at first appeared to my startled vision, but upon cooler examination I discovered that the candle which the elderly spectre held in his hand was intended to light him to his own room, for which he had mistaken mine, and I imagine that his

astonishment at finding a stranger in *his* bed was equal to my surprise at beholding so picturesque an intruder in *my* room.

" *Mille pardons, Monsieur! Mille pardons!*"

" *Oh! Monsieur, il n'y a pas de quoi!*"

Such were the magical words which caused the gentlemanly spectre to vanish, and sent me to a renewed slumber.

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## CHAPTER XXXI.

*Baden Water — Strasburg Diligence — Sunshine — Black Forest — Vosges — Achern — Kehl — Bridge of Boats — The Rhine — Strange Regulation of inveterate Smokers — French Territory — Custom House — Smuggling, an amiable Weakness — Dessaix' Monument — Military Enthusiasm — Hôtel du Corbeau, Strasburg.*

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Distance from Baden to Strasburg, about 12 leagues.

Fare 5 francs 50 cents.

Hotel at Kehl—Gasthof zum Rehputz.

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THE sun shot his liveliest rays into my room long before the waiter, in obedience to my over-night's commands, brought me a morning potation of Baden water. Having relinquished all idea of bettering my perfect health, or of improving my imperfect looks, I quaffed it down as a mere matter of curiosity, so as to be able to affirm with a clear conscience that I had tasted the far-famed water



of Baden-Baden. It is slightly saline, and not decidedly unpleasant; but it struck me as wanting the exhilarating effect of the inimitable hot chicken-broth of Wiesbaden.

After taking a further survey of the town, we transported ourselves and luggage to the *Bureau des Diligences*, near the Conversation House, and took our seats on the *banquette* of the Strasburg Diligence. I fancied I traced a difference between the French and German modes of transacting business: every thing in the *Schnell Poste* office being conducted like clock-work, while in the French bureau all was hurry, petulance, and confusion. This latter national peculiarity matters little to me as an individual, except when it interferes with my comfort, which it assuredly does when I am disturbed by the clamour of *Monsieur le Conducteur*, and *Messieurs les Voyageurs*, and their mutual attempts to obtain my seat without any respect for the laws of number by which those affairs are generally settled.

Resisting all remonstrances, the surplus passengers were at length accommodated with a *voiture supplémentaire*, and we were left in quiet possession of our elevated and ample seats.

At eleven o'clock, the disputes between the book-keeper and the conducteur, the postilion and the stable-boys, and the passengers and the conducteur, being concluded, if not amicably arranged, we rolled out of Baden on our road to Strasburg.

The day was one of unmitigated sunshine, and the morning flakes, which had held out a promise of soothing influences, gradually vanished from the clear and glow-

ing sky, leaving us a prey to one of the most searching suns that ever scorched a traveller's cuticle. I have in the course of my life been foolish enough to brave a Spanish mid-day sun simply because the deed was pronounced rash and unnecessary: with the exception of that I never was fully exposed to such a continued and fierce fire as was our constant companion on this journey. It seemed too powerful to leave us sufficient energy to complain of, or to obviate it; and instead of a regular perspiration, the surface of our hands was baked, while small sudorous pustules oozed from the frying pores.

The whole scene was, however, so enchanting, that the warmth of our fancies kept pace with the warmth of our bodies, and the electricity of thought and feeling combined to impart to us a quiescent strength. The landscape is nearly the whole way of a similar character, yet it can hardly be deemed monotonous. The road runs parallel to the Rhine but at some distance from it, while on either side stretches a lengthened chain of mountains; to the right the Vosges, and to the left the mountains of the Schwarzwald, or Black Forest. The charms of both these ranges are of an exquisitely delicate character, presenting an endless variety of harmonious hues rather than boldness of form and vigour of effect. At intervals the light graceful columns of pale smoke rising from the Schwarzwald announce the stations where the rude but simple charcoal-burners turn to account portions of the huge forest which environs them.

At a considerable distance the elegant spire of Stras-

burg is seen to cleave the air, relieving the otherwise unbroken line of the horizon.

At Achern, near which, in the mountains, is the memorial to Marshal Turenne, the road branches off to the right to Kehl, the frontier town to the Duchy of Baden. This little town suffered greatly during the wars of the French Revolution, the houses of the inhabitants being demolished to make way for extensive fortifications.

Having been subjected to certain formalities at the German Custom-House at the entrance of the bridge, we were gently committed to the fragile-looking footing of that lowly structure. Only one vehicle at a time can proceed across it, the vibration being too considerable for its powers of resistance. The force of the current is here so increased, that the upper side of the bridge is obliged to be strengthened by various contrivances to resist the impetuosity with which it flows down from the fall at Schaffhausen. It is no longer the fine ample river whose opaque pale green volume flows through the Rheingau and the defile of castled crags, but has degenerated into a turbulent and furrowed mill-stream. The two islands which intersect it divide it into three channels, one of which constitutes the lesser Rhine. A precautionary notice is stuck up at the end of the bridge to warn persons from smoking on that inflammable structure. There would at any rate be no want of water to extinguish the flames. The regulation seems the more strange, emanating from people who smoke in bed and inside coaches. I should rather like to see the result of a wager as to the possibility of setting fire to a

bridge with a cigar, not believing the wood to be very dry after having been exposed for years to water above and water below.

Having crossed the bridge, we entered the French territory under the gaze of the little swarthy red pantalooned French soldiers who were idling away their leisure time with the listlessness peculiar to their profession. Their costume is infinitely less elegant than that of the Prussian soldiers, but is better adapted to the rough circumstances of a campaign.

The first inconvenience resulting from our arrival in the French territory was the custom-house inquisition to which every package was subjected. Having drawn under a shed to the left of the road, we calmly resigned our unsuspecting-looking knapsacks to the tender mercies of the *douaniers*, and watched with cruel complacency the minute search which awaited the more voluminous luggage of our unhappy fellow-travellers. The officers performed their duty as leniently as could be expected, but it would be impossible for even a Sir Charles Grandison to reconcile the harassed traveller to the exercise of this odious legality. To me the whole scene is so annoying, that I confess I at times cherish a sort of favourable opinion of the Bold Smuggler and his crew. Human nature always seems pleased at being able to defy the inquisitorial authority of governments. We all know that it is conventionally, yea, even really wrong to disobey the laws of the realm, be they ever so anti-social; but too many of us fully appreciate the sly exultation of successful smuggling; it is a tribute to our own ingenuity or boldness at the expense of a feebly-recog-

nized restrictive code, and is, as every gallant man knows, no trifling source of gratification to the ladies, who are more inclined to admire the beauty or rarity of the illegal present than to sigh over the deceived functionaries and outraged laws.

At length we were permitted to remount, and to continue our journey. An avenue, luckily not a straight one, led towards Strasburg. To the left of the road we caught a glimpse of the monument erected by Napoleon to the memory of General Dessaix: it is a truncated pyramid, designed by the architect Weinbrenner, and adorned with four bassi relievi by Ohmacht of Strasburg. These sort of posthumous honours have a considerable influence with the French soldiery, who seem partial to the operation of fanning the flame of their valour with the breezes of the past. The military career is with them a sort of passion, and, like most other passions, not under the guidance of reason. With us it is a trade or calling, where each man is expected to do his duty without the help of enthusiasm. Our soldiers advert to victories more as historical facts than as incentives.

After being soundly abused by three drunken members of the army of the *Grande Nation*, we arrived at the gates of the city, and having delivered our passports, we were suffered to proceed "into the bowels of the land" without further impediment. The diligence saved us the trouble of selecting a biding-place by stopping (at six o'clock) at the Hotel du Corbeau, Quai des Bateliers, where we proceeded to instal ourselves for the yet undetermined period of our stay at Strasburg.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

*History of Strasburg—Its Character—Transitions of Wines—The Rappel—The Cafè—Sugar and Water and Champagne—Arrangements for Return—Church of St. Thomas—Monument of Maréchal Saxe—The Chair—The Royal Mummies—Grasping Sacristan—History of the Cathedral—Interior—Gold—Ascent of the Tower—Bureau d'Inscriptions—Thunderbolt—Prospect from the Summit—The Mayor's Order—Amende Honorable—Musical Band.*

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Objects of Interest in Strasburg—The Cathedral; the Church of St. Thomas; the New Temple; Church of St. William; the Palais Royal, or Bishop's Residence; the Prefecture; the military edifices; the Catholic Seminary; the College; the Theatre; the Library; the Museum; the Botanical Garden; the Casino; Les Contades; and Robertsau Promenades.  
Hotels at Strasburg—A l'Esprit; à la Maison rouge; La Ville de Lyon; Hotel de Paris, du Corbeau; Poêle de Vignerou; La Fleur, &c.

Table d'hôte at the Corbeau (with wine), 2 fr. 10 sols.

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THE fate of Strasburg has been as varied as that of most important cities, in countries where the curse of war has been introduced. It was, originally, a station of the Celts, and was afterwards the Roman station—Argentoratum, in the possession of the Triboci, a people inhabiting Alsace. The barbarians in the 5th century, having no better employment, destroyed it; leaving the more difficult task of rebuilding to the Franks, who restored it under the name of Strateburgum,—the origin of the abbreviated German name Strasburg, or the town of

roads, several important high-roads meeting at this spot. By right of some sort, it became, in the course of time, an Imperial city, and bears to this day a decidedly German character; but, in 1681, Louis XIV., having, probably by accident, cast his eyes for the first time on a map, was struck with the brilliant idea that it ought to belong to France,—and having given orders to the effect, it was in time of peace annexed to the French territory. That scrupulous little personage, Napoleon the Great, not satisfied with the fortifications of the city and the line of demarcation formed by the Rhine, fell in love with its opposite neighbour, Kehl, as an admirable position for a fort; and having borrowed it with no other consent than his own, he converted the peaceful German village into a menacing French fortification. In like manner, he fell in love with a small, but celebrated, island opposite the western coast of France,—deeming it an excellent nursery for the (to be) universal navy of the Ubiquitous Nation; but finding the barbarians of Albion unable to appreciate either his wisdom or his impudence, he went to play the fool elsewhere. With all their depravity, there is something of *bon-homme* about these conquerors!

Strasburg is now in the peaceable possession of the French, who are, however, unable to divest it of its German character—whether in point of look or language. Although the origin of Strasburg is sufficiently remote to have raised the expectation of numerous antiquities, I am not aware that, besides the cathedral, it possesses many monuments of deep historical interest. Its whole appearance is cold and heavy; and the river

Ill, which flows through it, tends but little to enliven or ornament it. It is certainly a fine town, and, in point of bustle and amusement, is very superior to the chilly Coblenz and the formal Carlsruhe.

In the style of living there is little difference between the Strasburg hotels and those of Germany, with the exception of the wine. Many people are surprised at the apparent suddenness in the change of the produce of the grape in various countries, judging only from the distinct classes of wine they have been in the habit of drinking. The change is not, however, so sudden if the intermediate produce be taken into consideration. The wine principally consumed at Strasburg is the *vin d'Alsace*, a liquid in a decided state of transition from the Rhenish produce to the lighter French wines. Thus, I believe, by an attentive survey the vinous reign will be found progressive and harmonious; relieved occasionally by the irregularities of soil and atmosphere.

Leaving sight-seeing to be the occupation of the morrow, we sauntered about the town, which was beginning to resound with the lively clatter of a population released from the duties of the day. The jovial *bourgeois* was conducting his better-half and laughing fractions of children to the scene of his evening recreation—the *café*, or the cabaret; the buxom *marchande* was trudging to the *Place d'Armes*, to feast her eyes on the *beaux militaires*; and the *petite couturière* and arch *soubrette* were tripping to their evening assignations; in fact, all had now to perform the important duty of pleasure-hunting—no mean portion of French existence. Carried by the throng to the *Place d'Armes*, we were



there compelled to stand, wedged in by the softer part of the population of Strasburg, to listen to the shrill but lively performances of the garrison band.

With dizzy brains and cracked ears we mechanically followed the military amateurs to the tune of the *Rappel* through the streets of the city, subdued as it were into unreasoning obedience by the harsh accents of the metal drums. We luckily recovered our senses and our freedom before we had quite made the circuit of Strasburg, and escaping into the Square of the Broglie, we joined the more quiet promenaders in that pleasing spot. At one end of it is the theatre, a fine edifice, presenting a handsome portico of six Ionic columns, surmounted by statues of the Muses. As there was no performance, we were driven into a neighbouring café, bright and brilliant, like all the other lighter inventions of French fancies.

At the table next to us was a party gifted with the peculiar vigour of voice and manner which is supposed to characterize the generality of Frenchmen. All their jokes were evidently first-rate, if we might rely upon the testimony of the hearty laughs which followed them. Not feeling the full force of their wit, my thoughts turned with regret to the minor infliction of the garrison drums, and I repented the exchange. Recovering my fortitude, I resolved to be amused with their petulance and noise. We had called the waiter repeatedly, but being overwhelmed with commissions, he could only bestow on us the hurried "*à l'instant, Messieurs.*" One of our noisy neighbours caught the infection, and in a Stentorian voice summoned the flurried waiter to his side. We

ventured to appeal again to the *garçon*, but our full-voiced antagonist drowned our slender order in a magniloquent command to bring him—a glass of *eau sucrée*! Somewhat tickled at this lame conclusion, I resolved to give him an English hint, and begged the waiter, in a very gentle tone, to bring us at his earliest convenience some ices and Champagne.

The English wag who found the chain-pier at Brighton so long, that at the end of it he caught himself speaking broken English, would discover, upon better grounds, that the good people of Strasburg are so near Germany as to be half Germans. It is amusing to trace the amalgamation of the two national characters.

A considerable portion of the next morning was consumed in arranging the plan of our return; for both time and cash hinted at such a proceeding. Our first thought was to take the steamer, but we learned that it did not start for some days, and we were unwilling that our now valuable time should be trifled with. We then thought of the diligence to Baden, but definitively agreed to hire a private carriage. The first driver consulted on the occasion offered to take us to Mannheim in a day and a half for twenty-four florins, or about fifty francs. A second proposed to perform it for forty francs, or to Leopoldshafen, to wait for the steamer, for thirty-two francs, or to Carlsruhe for twenty-six francs. While deliberating on these offers, another candidate was announced, and liking the style of person, I proposed to him the following route: To start at eight o'clock on the following morning for Carlsruhe, and to sleep there; the next day to proceed by Durlach and Bruchsal to Heidel-

berg, where we should pass the night; and to complete the journey the day after, by taking Schwesingen on our road to Mannheim. I closed the bargain by agreeing to pay him for the three, tolls and trinkgeld included, twenty-four florins, and received from him a thaler, in token of the covenant between us.

The morning being a little cloudy, we determined to defer our ascent of the Cathedral tower till the afternoon, when the sky would probably be clear. We therefore visited the Church of St. Thomas, chiefly remarkable for the noble monument to the Maréchal Saxe, and the tombs of Oberlin, Koch, and Emmerich.

The Marshal's monument is extremely imposing from its execution and size, and from the material in which it is wrought. The figures, which are the size of life, are of white marble, and the obelisk, which completes the composition, is of a deep mottled grey. The only fine piece of sculpture is the statue of the warrior full armed except his head, descending majestically to the tomb. The figure of France is that of a squalling *vrouw*, and the Hercules is an undignified model of the Life Academy. Death is covered with a drapery, which does not sufficiently indicate the skeleton beneath. The colour of the wall in which the monument is inserted is unfavourable to the general effect, being of nearly the same tone as the obelisk, which required a dull puce or some negative colour to give it value. Considering the importance of this celebrated tomb, it is deficient in high character and skilful arrangement.

While in the full tide of admiration, the crazy chair upon which one of my companions had been sitting gave

way under him, and made him perform an awkward obeisance before the tomb of the Marshal. The sequel will prove that even crazy chairs may be turned to account by business-like minds.

In a side chamber is a sight which partakes of the awful and the ludicrous. In glazed cases are the full-dressed mummies of two members of the House of Nassau, a full-grown male and a young female. The face of the former has been so encased in cement and varnish, that it is far from presenting a solemn appearance, having the look of a bad wax figure. The female has been less favoured, and her corroding lineaments have exposed the blackened skull and the vacant sockets of her perchance once sonnetted eyes. There is something truly disgusting in an inappropriate display of the human corpse: it forms a proper object of curiosity and study in the hall of science, but in the catch-penny booth it becomes a loathsome spectacle. The monks at the Kreuzberg Chapel are in their proper place, and no adventitious interest is given to their remains; but the mummies of Strasburg are bedizened and besmeared to attract the attention of the vulgar. Princes of Europe! how like you the tale? Here lie two of yourselves, decked with the robes which once, perhaps, formed their pride, lying to be grinned at, or turned from with disgust, by every stranger who chooses to fee the sacristan. The humble monks of the Kreuzberg have commanded more respect.

On leaving the church, we paid the sacristan a sum which appeared to satisfy him; but as my friend of the crazy chair passed him, I heard him say, "And for the

chair, Sir!" I could not help laughing in the fellow's face, and assured him I should advise my friend to pay for the superannuated chair if he would pay him, in return, for the fright and the bruises. Go where you will, man is still a rapacious animal, but it is not in the power of every intellect to derive a livelihood from a broken chair.

The day having brightened, we took advantage of the sunshine to visit the Dôme. This splendid cathedral is erected on the site of the original Münster, founded by Clovis and, enlarged by Charlemagne, which was destroyed by lightning in 1907. The present noble edifice was commenced in the eleventh century, but was not finished until 1439. Bishop Werner, of the house of Hapsburg, has the honour of being the founder, but the greater share of respect is due to the skilful architect of the northern tower, Erwin de Steinbach, whose son John continued the erection, and unto whose daughter Sabina is due the credit of the sculptured portals. These interesting persons were interred within the Münster. The completion of this important structure was superintended by an architect of Cologne, named Johann Hülz. The numerous statues which adorn the arches of the entrances suffered considerably during the reign of sacrilege in 1793, but they have been judiciously restored, and the triple entrance now presents a very imposing feature of the edifice. The dull, murrey colour of the stone impairs the beauty of the effect by diminishing the clearness of the light and shade; and the elegance of the front has been seriously affected by the filling up the space between with windows which do not harmonise

in colour or composition, and which destroy the effect of the two spires: a gable, as at Antwerp, would have been a great relief. This cathedral has the advantage of its Antwerp rival in point of entrance, the Belgian facade being surrounded by unsightly edifices, and the chief portal being divided into two small doorways; in point of colour, however, it is far inferior, the beautiful grey tone of Antwerp Cathedral enhancing the exquisite fretwork with which it abounds. The tower of Strasburg is extremely light in effect, being pierced in every direction; but it wants the richness of Antwerp and the grandeur of the unfinished one at Cologne. The lightness of Antwerp depends more upon the design, whilst that of Strasburg is the result of the perpendicular piercings and lines, which interfere considerably with its richness and solidity. Many critics appear to be enamoured of this great lightness of style, and endeavour to claim for stone a character which does not belong to it. One of the first requisites of a stone edifice is solidity, and it should be capable of containing within it chambers of all dimensions. This character is destroyed by those endless piercings which so delight the lovers of lightness. If the eye can see through a structure in every direction, the judgment convicts it of inefficiency, and reduces it to the level of a screen. Even a tower should possess real and apparent solidity of material, and its lightness should result from the elegance of design, and not from its deterioration as a firm superstructure. Were Antwerp less confused and knotted, and Strasburg less geometrical and lineal, both would be more in accordance with my humble taste.

The original design of Erwin made the proportion of the tower more lofty than it is at present ; and I imagine the spectator will miss the difference between 437½ French feet, its actual height, and its intended elevation of 594 feet. It is thus reported to be between 6 and 7 feet higher than St. Peter's at Rome, and 25 feet lower than the Great Pyramid. Some authorities make the height of the Strasburg Tower 494 feet; others beyond that; and others again considerably under. I am not inclined to reconcile the difference of these statements, but am satisfied with the recognized fact, that Antwerp is some few feet lower than Strasburg.

The interior of this noble cathedral is vast and imposing; it is 355 feet in length and 132 in breadth. No organ-loft and screen impede the view of its whole extent, which is perhaps somewhat lessened in effect by the unusual width of the nave. The rich stained glass windows pour in their varied floods of subdued light upon the noble columns which soar to the emblazoned roof, or bear the graceful arches, mottled with fantastic hues, or bathed in solemn shade. One important window at the end of the Cathedral has been suffered to retain its insipid *purity*, and sheds a melancholy pale light on that portion of the edifice. If I recollect rightly, that exquisite edifice, the King's College Chapel at Cambridge, suffers from a similar cause.

To the left, on entering, is a finely-sculptured pulpit, adorned with figures; it was executed in 1487. On the same side, in a recessed chapel of considerable size, is a very superb high altar, the effect of which is rather startling at first sight, but which, on inspection, turns

out to be golden gaudiness. The love of gold leads into all sorts of oddities. In one of the churches at Rouen there is a specimen of this. The good folks who had the management of the decorations of the principal altar, having heard that gold was brilliant, determined to do the thing thoroughly, and accordingly gave orders for the construction of a huge altar entirely gilt.

The ornaments of the ceiling are painted in bad taste and impair the effect, but the pillars are exquisitely finished. The painting of the altar represents St. Laurence, to whom the chapel is dedicated. One portion of the decorations of the cathedral particularly attracts the eye: at the intersections of the groinings of the roof are bosses, with heads at the four angles. In a chapel at the end is the tomb of a Bishop, of the House of Lichtenberg, who had the honour of laying the first stone of the tower, in 1277. The end of the choir is spoiled by the ornaments which have been introduced, without a consideration of the style of the edifice.

To the right of the choir are various interesting objects; a fine crucifix, a curious pillar, an old sculpture of the Death of the Virgin, and the celebrated astronomical clock. This latter extraordinary relic appears fairly worn out, but must, in its day, have been a very surprising object—since it performed the offices of clock and almanack.

The Old Marguiller, decked in his gay costume of blue and silver, determined that we should not profit by the time of service to the detriment of his perquisites, and invited us to view a remarkable piece of sculpture in a *caveau* beneath the church. He entered upon a



long harangue to prove the wonderful nature of this work of art ; but, I confess, my thoughts were elsewhere, and I am unable to report his erudite remarks.

As we were about to retire, an ecclesiastical *commissaire* asked us if we wished to ascend the tower, and offered to accompany us. On arriving at the apartment of the *Concierge*, our volunteer guide was saluted with such a volley of select abuse by the portly dame who officiated, that he was glad to avoid the unequal encounter by a precipitate retreat. She doubtless anticipated the effect of the information he had bestowed on us, for on our asking the price of admission and receiving for answer that it depended upon our liberality, I deposited in her hands the exact number of *sous* which our guide had stated to be the legal toll. The lady had evidently a better opinion of our information than of our liberality, if we might judge by her altered expression ; we obtained the necessary tickets, however, without further remark. Had she not displayed such powerful symptoms of *virago-ism*, we might have been tempted to purchase the medals of the cathedral which she exhibits for sale :—their merits were annulled by her demerit.

The view from the summit is not for the weak, the indolent, or the gouty : it is the reward of the thoughtless and the adventurous. The fatigue of the ascent is lessened by the friendly intervention of the platform, a large open space occupying, with the residence of the keeper, the summit of the unfinished tower and the space between it and the spire. Every corner of this portion of the edifice attests the proneness of human

beings to transmit their names to posterity. The resident masons of the cathedral, seeing no reason why they should not profit by the whims of travellers, have, doubtless, pointed out to the aspiring many the advantage of a graven memorial of their fame—the expense can, of course, be trifling to the traveller, but is an important item in the mason's receipts. I gently rejected the tempting offer, not being anxious to join the crowds who thus attain celebrity, and still less approving of the petty commerce which converts a cathedral into a *bureau* of inscriptions. It is amusing to observe the evident eagerness with which the Smiths and Joneses of creation have seized upon the vacant spaces around the more illustrious names. Rest in peace, ambitious shades!—your names, entwined with the Goethes and the Byrons, will descend to an admiring posterity; your recorded fame will survive till the wrecked cathedral, or the pulverized stone, shall quench your immortality, or till the earth itself dissolve—

“and one prodigious ruin swallow all.”

From the platform we could trace the ravages of the thunderbolt which had recently struck the cathedral. After having shattered portions of the tower, it forced its way through the roof of the church and buried itself in the pavement. Seeing the gate open, we pursued our way and found ourselves carefully threading one of the narrow spiral staircases which ornament the corners of the lower portion of the upper half of the spire. Being pierced in every direction, the alternation of the dark bars and bright sky produces a giddiness which ill prepares the vision for the more critical aspect

beyond, where the contraction of space and the fearful track of the thunderbolt combine with the dizzy height to essay the stoutness of the traveller's nerves. I always resolve that every ascent of the sort shall be the last, yet want the resolution to adhere to the prudent determination—when my charmed eyes reach the cloud-capped tower. The ascent of Strasburg was enough to satisfy me, and I once more, and more firmly than ever, resolved to tempt no further the giddy heights of towers, having ascended the two highest—Strasburg and Antwerp.

It is certainly worth while to be a little alarmed, a good deal fatigued and extremely giddy, to enjoy the brilliant prospect of the broad expanse of many lands which lie beneath, mapped out in nature's harmonious lines. It must be seen bathed in sunshine—for, although a passing cloud might add variety to the beauty of the sky and landscape, a pure and balmy atmosphere seems more in accordance with its character. It has neither the sublimity of the Baden panorama, nor the varied charms of the view from the Drachenfels; but it equals both in extent, and is invested with as distinct an individuality.

The parallel chains of the Black Forest and the Vosges compose the sides of the panorama, stretching from the north, where their faint forms melt into the horizon towards the south, where they mingle with the towering and icy barriers of Switzerland—whose boundary bulwarks are traced beyond the altered course of the Rhine. The ridgy spine of the Schwarzwald marks the lengthened form of the Duchy of Baden, half invaded by the

deep forests which crown its heights and half spread out in gentle valleys and richly-clad plains. While the eye is fascinated, on the one hand, by the endless tints of these more distant mountains, it wanders curiously amidst the wide-spread summits of the nearer Vosges; and traces beyond their flattened forms the various routes to the capital of France. On either side of the Rhine, whose course is brightly seen occasionally interrupted by the islets which intersect it, lie the ample plains of France and Baden; spreading between the mountains to the frontiers of Switzerland, diversified by the endless forms and hues of cultivation. Not the least interesting feature of the scene is the blue-roofed city spread around the cathedral: its spires, towers and turrets, its sparkling streams, its wide areas, its long-drawn streets, its cramped and gloomy recesses, and its cheerful patches of green contrasting their deeper tones with the harmonious scene which encircles them.

London viewed from its towers invariably excites, in my mind, different impressions from those created by a survey of other cities. Its vastness awes, and its appearance oppresses me. While I derive from a contemplation of its Leviathan-form a melancholy tone of mind, I feel cheerfully excited by a similar view of continental cities. The mournful aspect of Rome may depress the classical imagination, but it presents powerful charms to the senses: London oppresses alike the body and mind from the vastness of the theme—material and moral. It raises man from his lowly functions as a citizen to his sublimer duties as an accountable being,

and with the wide-spread scene at his feet lie the petty thoughts and deeds which before agitated his mind.

On descending to the platform we found the old man in the tower in a state of great perturbation, exclaiming, that "we had done very wrong in ascending the shattered portion of the tower, against the positive orders of *Monsieur le Maire*." To render his argument still more impressive, he produced a written document, signed by the first magistrate, forbidding the ascent as dangerous. Pleading ignorance of this mandate, we consoled the ancient official for the unintentional contempt of the mayor's prescript and his secondary dignity, by inviting him to accompany us in libations of beer of his own selling.

The evening was spent in a wood, in the outskirts of the city, where a military band enchanted the good people of Strasburg, and numbers of Swiss and Bavarian peasants enlivened the *réunion* by their picturesque appearance.

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## CHAPTER XXXIII.

*Return to Germany—Custom-house non-examination—  
Rastadt—The Palace—Carlsruhe—Flies—Gottes-  
Aue—Durlach—Bruchsal—Wiesloch—Vinegar  
versus Winninger—Brantwein—Heidelberg—the  
Castle—View from Botanical Gardens—The Cellars  
and Great Tun—The Allgemeine Burschenschaft—  
English and German Students.*

Distance from Kehl to Rastadt..... 6 German miles.

Do. Rastadt to Carlsruhe..... 3 do.

Do. Carlsruhe to Bruchsal..... 3 do.

Do. Bruchsal to Wiesloch..... 3 do.

Do. Wiesloch to Heidelberg... 2 do.

Or should the traveller prefer returning by the steamer, the terms are:—from Strasburg to Mannheim, 9 fls. 30 kra., or 21 frs. 50 cents.; to Leopoldshafen, 6 fls., or 13 frs. 95 cents.; to Cologne, 25 fls. 15 kra., or 55 frs. 40 cents.

Objects of Interest in Rastadt—the Palace: the Schools; the Baths on the Murg.

Hotels—The Golden Lion; the Golden Cross.

Objects of Interest at Durlach—The Château, now the seat of the Directory; the Garden and Antiquities; Roman Tower, and the ruins of Castle.

Hotels—The Crown; the Karlsberg; the Stag.

Objects of Interest at Bruchsal—The Palace; the Church of St. Peter; the Hospital; the Reservoir.

Hotels—Badischer Hof; Zähringer Hof; the Wolf; the Ritter.

Hotels at Wiesloch—The Three Kings; Golden Eagle; Swan.

Objects of Interest in Heidelberg—The Castle, Botanical Garden, and Tun; the University; the Museums; the Hospital; the Churches of the Holy Ghost and of St. Peter; the Lunatic Asylum. In the neighbourhood—The Heiligenberg; the Wolfsbrunnen; the Kaiserstuhl; the Riesenstein, &c.

Hotels, &c. — The Badischer Hof; the König von Portugal; Carlsberg; Prince Charles; Adler; Darmstadter Hof, &c.

At eight the next morning we were on our return to Germany. We were obliged to shew our passports on

leaving Strasburg, and again on entering Kehl, where the Custom-house officers of the Grand Duke of Baden, after looking doubtfully at the outsides of our knapsacks, considerably permitted the insides to remain undisturbed. It amused us to be able to defeat their intentions by such utter innocence as our slender stock of luggage announced: the most hardened natures seldom had the conscience to examine the pretensions of our worldly goods. From Kehl to Rastadt is reckoned 9½ stunden, and we remained at the latter place sufficient time to take a survey of the town.

Rastadt, or Radstadt, is a small town containing about 5600 inhabitants, situated on the right bank of the Murg, at no great distance from its junction with the Rhine. It is chiefly remarkable for its palace, and for the negotiations which took place between Prince Eugene and Marshal Villars in 1714, and the Congress of 1797.

The church occupies the centre of the principal square, which is ornamented with three fountains: the latter has a handsome but far from lively appearance.

We had no difficulty in finding the palace, Rastadt being neither extensive nor intricate. In its best days it must have been a handsome edifice, but it now presents traces of neglect and decay; and the colour which pervades its forlorn exterior is singularly unpleasant. Even the celebrated gilt Jupiter which surmounts the Belvédère fails to impart an air of grandeur to the desolate-looking walls, while the sentries at the entrance of the court-yard seem satires upon its fallen state. It is a pity that so fine a building should be suffered to

wear so rugged an exterior, and that it cannot be transported to Kensington Gardens, where it would stand a better chance of renovation.

At eight in the evening we arrived at Carlsruhe, and driving once again to the Zähringer Hof we experienced a different reception from that which had on our midnight visit fitly prepared us to welcome the cold graces of that capital. We obtained beds, but little repose, owing to certain discrepancies in the scheme of comfort, which many are apt to attribute to a want of care and cleanliness, but which in too many German hotels seem to be the result of inevitable fate.

At six in the morning we were again *en route*, not regretting the earliness of the hour—since it promised a short relief from the attacks of millions of flies, summoned into inimical activity by the parent of light and—vermin. I do not roundly assert that there are more flies in Germany than in England, but I am tempted to believe that the English flies take advantage of the introduction of steam-boats, to make a summer's trip to the Rhine. Would that they confined their visits to German society!

Carlsruhe may be termed the city of avenues, for, on all sides, it is radiated with them; and, as I have before stated, one half of the star, of which the palace forms the centre, is divided into long and shady vistas.

Leaving the former Abbey of Gottes Aue, now Barracks, to the right, we proceeded by an avenue of poplars to Durlach, formerly the residence of the Margraves of Baden-Durlach, whose palace has been converted into the seat of the Directory. To the right of



the town, on a vine-clad hill, are the ruins of a tower, supposed to be of Roman origin, and of a castle once belonging to the Counts of Heeneberg.

The road then lay northward by Weingarten and Nieder Grombach, and after an agreeable ride we arrived, at a quarter before nine, at the pleasant town of Bruchsal, which the important consideration of breakfast prevented us from exploring. I regretted this, since the situation of its palace is represented as delightful. I beg to record the excellence of the half bottle of Affenthaler which was put before me and was charged only 12 kreuzers:—it is an agreeable red wine, equal to moderate claret.

The only points which attracted my attention at Bruchsal were the picturesque appearance of the market-people who crowded the square, and the odd-looking bridge adorned with a crucifix and quaint statues.

The next station was Wiesloch, the road passing through Ubstadt, Stoltfeld, and Mingolsheim. Nearly the whole of the route lies at the base of the northern portion of the Mountains of the Schwarzwald, while to the left stretches the varied valley, shelving to the Rhine. At Wiesloch we stopped to bait our horses, and were of course reduced to the necessity of taking more wine. I here find another note on the subject of wine.

The liquor set before us had evidently parted company with its sweetness some considerable time, not even the blush of departing beauty being discernible. After doing justice to it by sundry wry faces, I summoned the landlord and told him that I preferred a

sweeter wine, and turning to my companions I denounced it, in English, as being no better than vinegar.

"*Ya! mein Herr*, it is vinegar!"—said mine host, eagerly.

"Vinegar!" echoed I, with amazement.

Another "*Ya!*" and a series of nods completed the picture of his assurance, and my surprise. Seeing by our perplexed looks that something was wrong, he brought me a list of wines, and there pointed out a name which cleared up the mystery.

It was indeed "*Winninger*" we had been drinking, and the German mode of pronouncing that word did justice to the merits of the wine, which might, *de jure*, be German Winninger, but was, *de facto*, decided English vinegar.

Another liquor was brought, and finding it useless to complain of a prevailing error, we ordered brandy to counteract the sourness of the wine. Just as I was on the point of raising the glass to my lips, my nose informed me it was rum. Judging of the little chance I had of persuading a German innkeeper that rum is not *brantwein*, I swallowed the dose as an unsavoury preventive of a greater evil.

The horses not having concluded their meal, we passed under a picturesque gateway stretching across the street, in search of the remains of a Roman road in the environs. After scrupulously examining every broad and level piece of earth and every collection of paving-stones which met our eyes, we returned to our hotel as wise on the subject of the Roman road as we had been before.

The road from Wiesloch to Heidelberg is extremely

agreeable, having to the right lofty and varied hills, and to the left the plain watered by the numerous small streams which descend from the mountains to the Rhine. The road lies through Nualoch, Leimen, Rohrbach, and Schlierbach. The lofty Kaiserstuhl and the ruins of the venerable castle announce with becoming dignity the approach to Heidelberg.

Our object in quitting Carlsruhe at an early hour was fully answered: we had sufficient time to view the ruins of the castle by daylight. After alighting at the König von Portugall, a very good hotel, kept by a person who speaks English, we immediately sallied forth to view the stately wreck which still gives interest to the town. On our road we stopped to admire the eccentric ancient fabric now occupied as the "Ritter" Hotel. At the end of the long street which traverses the town, we beheld the wide-spread ruin seated on a broad eminence beneath the towering forms of the dark mountains which rise behind it. At the foot of the mountain were boys with donkeys for the accommodation of ladies or gentlemen of small powers. After a steep ascent, we gained the entrance, and paused for a short time to survey a large but low-roofed hall, whose walls are stained with colours of every hue, and through whose dreary extent the light of day creeps as if doubtful of its right to invade the chill and gloomy recess.

Heidelberg has been a most unfortunate structure, and it would appear as if the pride and strength of its walls had invited ruin in every possible shape. It was not enough that it should be exposed to the inevitable fate of old age and legitimate decay—but the artillery

of heaven and earth has essayed its fearful power against the stately pile. It has likewise suffered the penalty of a dangerous neighbourhood; having been sadly injured, in 1537, by the explosion of the powder magazine of the castle, on the summit of the Geisberg. What with its wounds during the Thirty years' war, its bombardments under Louis XIV., and the ravages of the lightning which has repeatedly struck it, it is a matter of surprise that so much remains.

This proud palace of the Electors of the Palatinate consists of specimens of various styles of architecture, from the fretted pinnacle and elaborate architrave of the Palatial and Domestic Gothic to the simple fortress-tower, bald and bold. A portion of it was erected by the Elector, Frederick IV., as late as about the beginning of the 17th century. The terrace, overlooking the Neckar, commands a noble view; and the imposing façade of the castle is seen stretching along it towards the lofty octagonal tower which terminates the eastern portion of the edifice.

But the part most likely to arrest the attention of the traveller is the pile which surrounds the Great Court, or rather the various structures which inclose it. The general tone of the fabric is a dull red, over which occasionally creep the luxuriant ivy and tangled verdure of decay. The broken and grass-strewn area around which these stately ruins arise, accords with the desolation of the whole scene; and as the eye passes curiously over the forlorn expanse, the mind conjures up visions of the past, peopling its lonely space with gorgeous and beautiful creations of former days. It

lacks not inhabitants either, but they are spell-bound, at the havoc of their chosen retreat:—along the walls are generations of princes and nobles even as they lived, girt with their rich and quaint costumes down to the lowest dainty of fashion, curiously preserved, like themselves turned to stone, for the amusement and instruction of less picturesque ages. Being ignorant of the precise particulars, I cannot venture to point out the various additions of the Othos and the Fredericks; and must leave the Rittersaal, the Library Tower, the Great Tower, the English Buildings, Frederick the Fourth's Palace, and the Chapel of St. Ulrich, to be more accurately pointed out by local guides.

Having a right to keep my ignorance to myself, I shall, on the subject of Heidelberg Castle, imitate the amiable reserve of abler writers and announce my deficiency thus:—"Our limits preclude a detailed description of its origin and of the successive shocks which have hurled its proud pinnacles from their lofty station."

Although this beautiful fabric owes less of its attraction to the poetical forms and hues of ruin than most ancient structures, it nevertheless derives a melancholy interest from the contrast between its yet remaining strength and beauty of detail, the ruggedness of its riven towers, and the wide-spread searing decay of its once rich devices. The architect who searches for harmony of plan or chasteness of decoration will, in all probability, be disappointed; there is much that may shock the taste of such a spectator. The gate leading to the Botanical Garden is indeed an anomaly amidst the grandeur of the other parts. But, take it for all in all,

the most refined must be struck with its majesty and beauty. A visit to it at sunset, and during the early moonlight, will highly gratify the cultivated observer.

Taking his station at the end of the Botanical Garden, the traveller's vision embraces one of the most exquisite views in Europe. Before him is the venerable ruin, rearing its still majestic form on a commanding height, sheltered by the towering Kaiserstuhl, the Geisberg, and their lofty neighbours, which form a background of the richest foliage, here expanding into deepening woods, there gracefully creeping, in harmonious clusters, over the lighter verdure of the soil. The lengthened side of the castle, studded with windows of all dimensions, is terminated on the one hand by two picturesque towers, and on the other by a lofty octagonal turret, and by the richly and elaborately-ornamented façade and terrace which overlook the river.

The last murmur from the impenetrable woods around dies away as twilight casts its veil over the enchanting prospect to call forth fresh graces. The deepening shadows of the luxuriant belt of trees by which the basement of the castle and its rocky foundation are girt on the side nearest the spectator, gradually mingle with the increasing mass presented by the widely-extended side, which is melting from the eye into deepest shade. The angles and projections of the terrace-front gleam in subdued lustre as the tranquil eve closes the gates of day upon their beauties, which seem struggling with darkness and decay. Its feudal fame, its princely pride, its mouldering halls, are fast sinking in the deepening shade, typical of its fate, alike with the eternal amphi-

theatre of high-piled woods around, and with the ignoble hut which lies buried amidst the crumbling fragments of its gorgeous neighbour.

As the eye turns from the imposing depths of the wooded background, now sharply outlined against the pale sky, it follows the graceful forms of the noble trees which skirt the basement walls, and which, undulating over the sloping sward, catch the subdued tints of evening. Farther on it is arrested by a bright spot, where, deep in the valley beneath, the peaceful Neckar, illumined by the full-orbed moon, which has just risen behind the mountain screen, pursues its gentle course beneath the ancient bridge, and beyond the picturesque towers of the town. A gleaming turret occasionally relieves the gloomy appearance of Heidelberg, which stretches irregularly along the narrow valley of the Neckar, which is here traversed by a stone bridge. The towers of the ancient town trace their dusky forms on the silvery stream as it gently winds onwards with occasional ripples, and flows past the small fragments of rock which intercept its current.

Beyond the town a broad evening shadow mingles the river with the surrounding plain; and it is only when the eye has wandered amongst the dark objects which intersect the valley in every direction, that it again detects in the distance the silvery thread, gracefully winding till it is lost in the ample Rhine at Mannheim. The course of the "Vater Rhein" may, perchance, be faintly traced, and beyond may be dimly seen the plain and the mountains of Rhenish Bavaria, which form the horizon of this exquisite picture.

One or two of the towers of the castle and the chapel are locked up, but the greater part of the edifice may be visited without expense. In many rooms the doorways, mantel-pieces, and the corbels are in a perfect state. On entering the grand square, the richly-decorated *façades* of the two principal buildings attract the traveller's attention. The elaborate execution of the statues and other ornaments, the beautiful views from the windows of the library, the curious kitchen, with the central fire-place and chimney, will all be viewed with interest. Not the least object of attraction is a French artist, who has meritoriously devoted upwards of twenty years to making elaborate drawings of every portion of the building.

At the farther end of the court-yard is the anomalous gateway to which allusion has been made. A chamber above contains a small collection of curiosities connected with the castle and its possessors. Proceeding onwards, the tourist passes a fine ruinous tower, one-half of whose ponderous walls have sunk entire into the moat, exposing the picturesque vaults in the interior. Pursuing his walk through the Botanical Garden, he reaches the terrace, whence he commands the view I have endeavoured faintly to depict.

Before quitting these enchanting ruins, we paid a visit to the large and picturesque cellars in which the princes of old were wont to keep the most esteemed portion of their hospitality; and verily their extent conveys a very favourable notion of the duties of the butlers of yore. No generous wines now hallow these gloomy caverns, where the ghost of departed hospitality still



hovers amidst the scene of its former triumphs, echoing the traveller's footsteps and the fruitless appeals to the hollow sides of the degraded casks which encumber the collar with their sinecure weight and width.

I luckily did not permit my enthusiasm to honour the first tun with any great share of panegyric, and thus avoided the laugh which attends the surprise of the visitor when he discovers that he has been wasting his breath on the smaller tun of the two. They are both worthy of notice as curious specimens of cooerage; and the fact of their being smaller than one of Barclay's vats did not at all disturb my satisfaction at the sight of these ponderous servants of Bacchus. The Great Tun is reported to be thirty-three feet long and twenty-four feet in diameter, and is capable of holding 236,000 large bottles of wine, which quantity has floated within its huge ribs three times. A staircase leads to the top, and the implements with which it was made are hung around the walls.

Returning to our hotel, filled with the grandeur of the scene we had just contemplated, our attention was fully occupied during the remainder of the evening with the motley groups of students who filled the streets with their persons and their voices. They were of course as eccentric-looking as it was possible for them to make themselves; and some amongst them bore their singularity so well that, had it been only external, the most ill-natured critic would have been tempted to be lenient in favour of young men who could make oddities so pleasing and trample on prejudices so gently. I wish I could assert that this moderate judgment might be formed of

the body of students. It is, however, the received opinion that the "Allgemeine Burschenschaft," or Confederacy of Students, has usurped a power which is not exactly calculated to be placed in the hands of young men who are only *learning* to think and act. The patriotism which swept their devoted legions into the ranks of the invader is not a proof of their fitness to deliberate upon the welfare of the nation, neither does the enterprise of the Burschenschaft during the excitement of war authorize their turbulent activity in time of peace.

It is doubtless requisite for the moral advancement of a nation that some minds should be always employed in detecting the errors of man's social and political condition. This, however, though a necessary, is an ungracious office, and is ill-suited to the ardour and instability of youth, which is more calculated to enter energetically into a beaten track, than to toil through the rugged and pathless region of innovation. One point, however, requires notice in a review of the usurped privileges of the studenthood. From their position and power, they are enabled to proclaim publicly those reform principles which less-favoured members of the community are afraid to avow. No German sovereign would willingly forfeit the credit resulting from celebrated Universities; and from this enlightened fear are derived the security and daring of the Burschenschaft.

The students of the German Universities present a striking contrast to those of Oxford and Cambridge; and the Englishman cannot fail to notice with pleasure the superiority of the English students in conduct, manners, and appearance. The streets of our University towns

present assemblages of gentlemanly youths, who are practising the earlier stages of those qualities which are to be the badges of their after career. We behold the future legislators of our land combining the advantages of refined social intercourse with the pursuits of varied learning.

The streets of a German University town display a perpetual carnival, where the uninitiated traveller would seek in vain amongst the turbulent, picturesque, and banditti-looking youths who crowd them, for the embryo statesmen, philosophers, and divines, whose future wisdom and virtues are to uphold the civilization of a forthcoming æra. The gentleness and dignity inculcated by the English code of sociality are, I imagine, more conducive to honourable feeling and morality than the overbearing eccentricity permitted by the laws of the German studenthood. With the relative excellence of the two modes of instruction I have no concern; with the social condition only of the two bodies I have presumed to meddle, by offering a few unconnected observations.

I feel a sympathy with the liberal professors whose matured minds prompt them to espouse the cause of reform, and enable them to place its advantages and disadvantages in a proper light; but I shrink from the vehement liberalism of their excited pupils, who injure the sacred cause of freedom by their thoughtless and indecorous partizanship.

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## CHAPTER XXXIV.

*Schwezingen—Palace and Gardens—Wall Scribbling—Individual and national Characteristics—Mannheim—The Palace—Picture Gallery—The Park—The Jesuits' Church—Decoration of ecclesiastical Edifices—The Opera—Lestocq—Wine-shop—Uncongenial Situation—Curiosity—Mystery.*

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Fare from Heidelberg to Schwezingen, 48 kra.; distance,  $\frac{2}{3}$  of a post.

Distance from Schwezingen to Mannheim, 3 leagues, or 1 post.

Objects of Interest in Schwezingen—The Palace and Gardens, containing the Temples of Apollo, Mercury, and Minerva, the Roman Ruin, the Mosque, the Birds' Fountain, Pan's Fountain, the Bath-house, the Botanical Garden, and Roman Remains.

Hotels at Schwezingen—The Grünen Baum (Green Tree); Pfälzer Hof (the Post-house); Weissen Schwanen (White Swan).

Objects of Interest at Mannheim—The Palace, containing a Picture Gallery, a collection of engravings, a Statue Gallery, a cabinet of Natural History, and a Library; the Gardens of the Palace; the former Jesuits' Church and Lyceum adjoining the Palace; the Theatre; the Observatory; the Arsenal and Cannon Foundry; the Town-hall and the Custom-house; the second Catholic Church; the fountains in the Place d'Armes and Market; L'Harmonie (Casino).

Near Mannheim—The Muhlau pleasure-seat; the Lindenhof, and the Gardens opposite Mannheim.

Hotels at Mannheim—Hôtel de Russie; Rheinische Hof; Pfälzer Hof; Weinberg, &c.

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IN the morning we started for Schwezingen, a perfect oasis in the sandy plain which surrounds it, and forming a pleasing stage on the road to Mannheim. This road is

but a short distance longer than that along the Neckar, and deserves the additional outlay of time.

I imagine that the gardens of Schwezingen would form an object of attraction in any country; even after Versailles they are calculated to excite admiration. They occupy 186 acres, and consist of an ornamental park and botanical garden, the latter comprising about 21,000 species of exotics and 170,000 feet of fruit-trees.

The palace merits little notice; but on passing under the centre archway, the pleasing forms of the garden salute the eye. From the wings of the garden front, two conservatories, lower than the main building, sweep semicircularly round, being continued so as to complete the circle by a similar sweep of trellised arbours, leaving in the centre, opposite to the gateway of the palace, a sufficient opening to permit a view of the stately avenue beyond, and the large piece of water in the distance. In the centre of this circle is an oval basin, which receives the waters of a handsome fountain. Apollo, seated on the back of a dolphin which pours forth a stream fifty feet high, is surrounded by children playing with swans, which also eject streams, but of lesser elevation. Behind this are other fountains, two of which represent stags seized by dogs, which in their dying agonies pour forth copious streams of a liquid more refreshing than their hearts' blood. Four vases of Carrara marble ornament the space around the circular fountain. To the right and left behind the arbours are shady groves, enclosing in a verdant labyrinth numerous statues, fountains and temples. To the right is the temple of Apollo, an admirably con-

trived decoration, presenting two picturesque views. On the same side is an excellent fountain presided over by the jovial Pan, and near it is the Birds' Fountain, a circular arbour, on the top of which is an assemblage of birds of all sizes, which agree to spout forth various streams at the command of the keeper. Near it is the Painted Wall, a fresco-painting at the end of a small avenue, representing a bit of landscape and a clear sky. It is principally worthy of remark as presenting a refutation of the common assertion that the English are the only people in the habitable globe who scribble their names on every object they come near.

Not only is this fresco scribbled over, but the queerest German names are dug into the bosom of the earth, and graven in the blue vault of heaven; and this desecration required that the parties so offending should stride over the barrier which points out the respectful distance from which the scene is to be viewed.

I sincerely wish that travellers would divide their censure into two chapters, one bearing a list of the errors common to universal man, another containing those of nations in particular. It is rather too bad to say that the English are vulgar, and the French vicious, when vulgarity and vice are individual defects rather than general or national characteristics. When we assert that the English are philosophical and the French fanciful, we come nearer the national features.

To the left of the centre avenue is a pleasing decoration called the Temple of Minerva. In its shady solitude the student might successfully woo the Goddess of Wisdom. Passing the large statues of river gods

which stand on the edge of the large basin, the eye lights upon a Roman ruin to the left, a closer examination of which will repay the traveller. Its construction is ingenious, and presents a successful imitation of the rough masonry of an early Roman temple. A staircase leads to the summit, whence the minarets of the Mosque are traced amidst the dense foliage. This pleasing and faithful copy of an eastern edifice is the most imposing feature of the gardens, from its extent and the quality of its execution. Some portions of its details are incongruous, but on the whole it bears a very real aspect, and would have gladdened the heart of George IV. as a summer-house for the fairy land of Virginia Water.

Whoever expects to see in these grounds a rival of Versailles will be disappointed; but the eyes which have been accustomed to the parks of London will glisten at the delightful garden of Schwezingen, where Nature and Art go hand in hand, forming a very harmonious union.

From Schwezingen we continued our route to Mannheim, where we arrived in time for the table d'hôte, at the Rheinische Hof.

Mannheim is a handsome city, and owes its origin to the Elector Frederick IV., who founded it in 1606, on the site of the former village. The first city was, however, a prey to the ravages of the Thirty years' war, and its successor shared a similar fate in 1689, when the French destroyed it. The present Mannheim, (the third), is reckoned one of the handsomest cities in Germany. The plan is regular, and the public and pri-

vate edifices are on a commanding scale. It has a population of 19,000 inhabitants, but they have considerably diminished in number since the city has ceased to be the residence of the Elector of the Palatinate.

The palace is an extensive structure of the dull red stone of which so many edifices are built in this part of the globe; a tone which may accord somewhat better with the solemn Gothic, than with the ordinary style of palatial architecture of which this residence is a heavy specimen. This huge palace excites unpleasant emotions from its want of harmony with the surrounding circumstances, and from the forlorn look attendant upon its neglected grandeur and the ruinous condition of the right wing, which was bombarded by the Austrians in 1795. A portion of it is fitted up as the residence of the Grand Duchess Stephanie, while others are occupied by the Library, the Cabinet of natural history, and the Picture gallery, one part being used as barracks.

Whether from a want of interest in the collection of pictures, or from an indisposition to relish the series of brown-looking rooms in which the works of art are displayed, I am unable accurately to determine, but I was disappointed. The local guide-books tell me that there are several productions of great merit, and the writers are doubtless "all honourable men," but I may be permitted to doubt their connoisseurship, if they venture to raise the Mannheim gallery into a shrine of virtue. It is always a sign of doubtful attraction when



the eye wanders from the pictures on the walls to the prospect commanded by the windows.

After wandering about the park, which lies between the palace and the Rhine, we entered the Jesuits' church, an edifice adjoining the château, with which it communicated when the father confessor of the sovereign was a more frequent visitor in the royal cabinet than the prime minister. Service was being performed, and from the appearance of the altar and a procession through the church, which closed the scene, we judged that some important festival was being observed. The audience consisted almost exclusively of females, the only male visitors being three heretics, who had been lured into the church by curiosity alone. As such we made amends for our intrusion amidst Catholic mysteries by a contribution to the fund, which was collected by means of a long pole, to which was appended a small leathern bag.

The interior of the church is light, and may be termed handsome; but the frescoes with which the ceiling abounds, representing events in the life of Loyola, are too obtrusive and discordant to permit the eye to take a tranquil view of quieter portions of the edifice. It would appear that the German ecclesiastics of old were great amateurs of painted ceilings, and that if the *plafond* were decorated, it mattered not how it was executed. It is to be regretted that English ecclesiastics have not participated in this love of art, as it would be impossible for their desires to have been so lamely carried into effect as have been those of the Mannheim

Jesuits. It is to be deeply regretted that so influential a body of men should have opposed the introduction of pictures into English churches. We are bound to believe in the goodness of their motives, but may be permitted to question the wisdom of their decision.

Some of the squares of Mannheim have a handsome appearance. In the centre of the Place d'Armes is a bronze fountain, executed by Crepello, which wants one thing only to make it a very respectable ornament. The bridges over the Manzanares at Madrid and the fountains of Mannheim are twins in misfortune, and *only* require that for which alone they were erected—water. The allegorical group in the market place is an equally dry subject.

On returning to the hotel, we were saluted by our landlord in a tone of such vehemence as to the probability of being too late for the opera, that we really imagined we should be doing ourselves an injury by staying away. Not conceiving it possible that we could resist its charms, he really felt a friendly uneasiness at our perilous situation, such at least is the liberal interpretation of his considerate anxiety in our behalf, and I leave to others wiser in the ways of the world to detect a sneaking kindness for the treasury of the opera of his native town in this zealous exertion. In despite of our dresses, our money was doubtless welcome, for if report speak true, the German theatres seldom pay their expenses. The performance was Auber's "*Lestocq*," translated into German, under the title of "*Lestocq oder Intrigue und Liebe*." It was creditably got up, and making allowance for the reduction of *éclat*

attendant upon the restricted means of a small theatre, the interest was well sustained. The part of Elizabeth was well supported by a portly personage, Mad. Pirscher, while the courtly and intriguing Frenchman was played in gentlemanly style by Herr Nieser. But I confess to having been more attracted by an inferior person to either the princess or her tutor, namely the waiting woman, Catherine, pleasantly represented by an arch looking actress of the name of Löwe. But, what on earth care my friends for Mad. Pirscher, Herr Nieser, or Madlle. Löwe, or for my play bill commentaries? I plead the excuse of the Honorable Company of Cork-cutters, as (mis) represented by the inimitable Mathews, who imagined that cork-cutting was a subject of deep interest to the whole of the civilized world.

After the theatre we walked about the dark streets of Mannheim, in the hope of being attracted by some symbol of entertainment and refreshment, where we might dissipate the chances of ennui likely to result from the rational hours of the German drama. The greater part of the city was as gloomy as the lovers of early hours can desire, though occasionally a bright spot upon the breast of evening, or, in other words, a light, cheered our sight with the prospect of an evening's carousal. Few however proved to be hospitable incentives to merriment, and we were about to give up the search in the belief that Bacchus held no court in the sleepy city of Mannheim, when we caught the welcome sounds of music and mirth as they joyously escaped through the antique casement of a humble wine-shop. The company was plebeian in the lowest degree, and looked like spec-

was seen through the dense volumes of tobacco smoke which filled the low-roofed apartment. The effect was stupifying, and what little sense was left in the bewildered brain by the tobacco was fairly driven away by the astounding noise which proceeded from twenty or thirty disputants, all at full speed and with the utmost power of their tongues. I have occasionally seduced my refinement into experimental visits to English pot-houses, but I never yet entered a den so thoroughly overpowering to all senses at once as the Mannheim cabaret.

In the midst of this heated and noisy scene my eyes fell upon a form which harmonized as little with it as Free-Will does with Fashion. A young girl of about eighteen was modestly waiting the pleasure of her uproarious masters in a retired corner of the room, with a look of such quiet dignity that she seemed resigned to some cruel spell which had consigned her to an uncongenial employment. Her beauty was of that high character which many would persuade themselves and others belongs alone to high-birth, but which the physiognomist detects with philosophical complacency amidst the offspring of penury, and even in the ranks of vice and crime. It partook more of Italian dignity and feeling than of German sweetness and playfulness.

I felt considerably interested for this mild and beautiful creature, and ventured to ask the landlady, who appeared far more suited to the scene, who she was, and any particulars concerning her which might be made public. At this moment the object of my remarks advanced with the refreshment we had ordered, and the

few words she spoke were sufficient to prove that her beautiful face was seconded by a sweet voice. I involuntarily gazed at her as I placed in her delicate hand the amount of our bill, with a piece of silver for herself, and beheld with no small emotion a tear start into her eye as she bashfully thanked me for the offering. As she was leaving the spot I observed her cast a timid look at my youngest companion, and, as though the sight of him had roused some painful recollection, she hastily turned away to hide the tears which had begun to flow.

Deeply interested by this little incident I again requested the hostess to inform me who she was, and whence she came. Shaking her head with a faint smile, she said to me in a very solemn tone—"No, Monsieur, that must not be told!" "What! is it then a mystery?" "Yes," replied she, "it is a mystery, and a painful one!"

Further than this I could not learn: and it was with no slight curiosity that, on rising to depart, I cast a respectful glance at the beautiful and mysterious waiter. Her eyes again met mine, and her expression convinced me she suspected I had been endeavouring to discover her painful secret.

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## CHAPTER XXXV.

*Walk to Darmstadt—The Kreuzer—Weinheim—The Rhine—Erring Topography—Sandhofen and Sanddorf—The Wood—Neu Schloss—Lorsch—Impracticable Beef—England and Englishmen—The Metibocus—Starkemburg—Bensheim—The Bergstrasse, Ancient and Modern—Auerbach—Zwingenberg—Bickenbach—Eberstadt—A Full Stop—The Hay Cart—Darmstadt.*

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Distance from Mannheim to Darmstadt by Weinheim, 12 stunden.  
 Ditto . . . by Neu Schloss and Lorsch, 10 stunden.

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At nine in the morning we started from Mannheim on foot with the intention of proceeding to Darmstadt. Not wishing to trudge along a dusty high-road all day, we determined upon avoiding that which leads by Weinheim, Heppenheim, and Bensheim; which, besides the disadvantage of being dusty, had that of being longer by two stunden, the distance by Neu Schloss and Lorsch being only 10 stunden.

At a short distance from the mouth of the Neckar a bridge crosses it, which communicates with, or rather carries on the road to, Weinheim, which lies to the right. On offering a kreuzer in payment of the toll I was informed by the collector that he could not take it, as it was not the money of Baden. Not wishing to enter into the labyrinth of German money, and having no other coin about me, I put on a very grave look, and pointing

to the word *kreuzer* stamped upon it, said, "Is not that German?" "*Ya wohl, mein Herr,*" replied the toll-collector, as he gazed at it through his spectacles. "Are not you German, and is not this Germany?" continued I. "*Ya wohl,*" again, uttered he. "Well, then," concluded I, "you *must* take your own *kreuzers*." The logic seemed convincing, and I triumphantly strode over the bridge, having thus settled national differences.

According to our pre-arranged plan we took the smaller path before us, and continued walking for some distance, when we fancied we were gradually advancing towards Weinheim.

Altering our course at the expense of decided trespasses we espied at some distance the wood which was to form one of our principal landmarks. After walking for about an hour we thought it advisable to stay proceedings, and to trace our route by the map. This silent authority appeared to coincide with our view of the case; and, borne out in our supposition by so unchanging a compass, we boldly pursued the bye-path before us. At length to our surprise, on ascending a species of embankment, we came suddenly upon a beautiful view of the Rhine, when we were indulging in the flattering hope of being happily situated just half-way between that river and Weinheim. The Rhine, gleaming in the morning sun, rolling its tranquil green volume between banks of pleasing simplicity, was too charming an object to foster any ill-humour at our topographical blunder. To the right lay the irregular wood, which once stretched its dreary length along the entire tract of land lying between Mannheim and Darmstadt, and whose dense but

dissevered portions now strew the plain between the two cities. We had been forewarned that our road lay through the wood, yet we were quietly sauntering on the banks of the river, occupied with thoughts of the intricate and tangled mass before us, instead of boldly plunging into its shade. We had ascertained that the village, which lay at some distance before us, was called Sanddorf, and we could therefore scarcely reconcile ourselves to a ramble in the wood when our path was clearly before us. For some time we wandered on in doubt, and at length I saluted a decent-looking person, with a stately "*Wohlen sie wohl, mein Herr, die Gute haben?*" &c., and requested to know the real road to Sanddorf. He seemed perplexed at the question; but with a sort of misgiving manner, pointed to the wood as the only road.

"But *Mein Herr*," said I, "is not the village yonder, Sanddorf?"

"No, *Mein Herr*," replied he, smiling, "that is Sandhofen."

The enigma was solved, and our unavoidable fate decreed that we were at length to enter the wood and bid adieu to lovely prospect of mountain and valley. A narrow path led across the corn-fields to the verge of the wood, and we shortly found ourselves shut in by the maze we had endeavoured to avoid. For some distance a path proclaimed it to be a humanized retreat, but it gradually became less perceptible, till the whole wild of stem and branch and clustering leaves became trackless and sombre. Our only guide was now the direction of the faint shadows projected by the trees;



and our knowledge of the situation of Sanddörf, which lay N.N.E. It is no easy matter to walk steadily on in a straight line amidst thousands of thickly clustering trunks of trees, illumined by the flickering golden lights which seem, like swarms of fairy butterflies, to be dancing in the refreshing shade. Walking the chalk is a joke to it, for that trial presents a clear stage,—but in threading a wood, the respect due to one's nose and other important members diminishes the accuracy or consecutiveness of the topographical observations necessary to a successful result.

We met no human beings of whom to solicit aid in our difficulties, and not even the attacks of savage animals varied the even tenor of our way. We were reduced to the unpleasant necessity of drawing upon our own resources, and the deeper we advanced in the wood the more cheering became our *expressed* hopes as to a speedy termination of the well-wooded prospect around us. It would be arrogance to deny that travellers had before our time and even in our own days been lost in woods as interminable, and I believe the nine days' march of Cæsar's legions through the Hyrcanian forest—of which the one in question probably formed a portion,—to have been a greater trial than our own; but as travellers in a small way have a right to make the most of their small store, no one can quarrel with me for not giving the dimensions of the wood near Manú-heim.

At length in the distance the cheering light peeped timidly through the trees, and, hailing the symbol of daylight and breathing room, we trudged towards the

ray of hope as fast as our knapsacks would permit us. On emerging from our cover, almost blinded by the overpowering light, we beheld at a short distance the long sought village of Sanddorf. We there learned that we had performed a very unnecessary circuit—the road leading direct through the wood being shorter by a considerable distance than the more varied and pleasing route by which we had proceeded.

A little beyond Sanddorf we passed the boundary of Baden and Hesse Darmstadt, and battled our way through another wood to Neu Schloss with a magnanimous contempt for beaten tracks. A third wood yet awaited us, from which we were duly delivered to find ourselves, at the hour of two, in the village of Lorsch, a place containing a population of 2459 inhabitants, and the ruins of the Abbey founded in the 8th century by *Pepin le bref*. In the fields around the church are scattered remains of the Convent which once existed in the neighbourhood. The village is situated on a branch of the little stream called the Weschnitz, which flows into the Rhine between Gernsheim and Worms.

Having proceeded about six stunden on our road, owing to our irregular route, we gladly entered a very humble house bearing signs of *bier und brantwein*. This place will be forcibly impressed upon my memory as long as it is able to cling to road-side associations. Never in my life had I before beheld a meal which I could not eat and even relish; but on this occasion I was completely mastered by the disgusting heap of motley-coloured fat which was set before us as beef. It was, without exception, the nearest approach to absolute filth

that could be discovered in the lowest gastronomical calendar. Imagining that it might be the ordinary food of the good woman and her family, or even her holiday dish, I preferred doing my palate a little violence for a few minutes to discomfiting her for the future. I therefore essayed the ominous-looking dish—but the first mouthful was so convincing that I leave silence to explain what became of it. Lest the old woman—whose eyes were fixed on me in expectation probably of an approving nod—should suspect the real cause of my loathing, I hastily assured her that the day was far too warm to permit me to enjoy hot meat. She was disarmed by this exclamation, and bustled back to her kitchen to get some ham, which I ordered with a forlorn hope that it might not have come in contact with the detestable beef, or have been cooked after the same fashion. Our smiling old hostess shortly appeared laden with a huge dish of flaky ham of every shade of red, from the brilliant tint of its raw state to the dull purply hue of its more tendinous and filmy portions. Still it was not by any means unassailable, and with the assistance of some decent wine we managed to make a hearty meal.

“Are you a Frenchman, mein Herr?” said she, as we touched glasses.

“No, *Gott sey dank*,” replied I, “we are Englishmen.”

“Do all Englishmen wear mustachios?” inquired she.

I assured her that very few did, but that I found it cheap, for that I could now pass for a French student, and venture to complain of overcharges.

“Where is England, and is it not very far away?” again inquired she.

When I informed her that I could get home from Lorsch in a week, she seemed surprised, and expressed her wonder that I should have come so far merely for pleasure, adding, that there must be a great deal to see in England,—the English being so rich.

I endeavored to explain that in England it was the fashion to appear rich, and that it was considered an aggravation of an evil to be poor, and appear so. Whether she understood my very abridged German, I know not; but she laughed, and shaking her head solemnly, slowly said—

“Oh, but the English are very rich—they pay *all* their *rechnung!*”

I reflected that similar arguments were common in more civilized communities than Lorsch—Mr. B. is a highly-respectable man:—he has 1000*l.* a year. . . . .

On leaving Lorsch we traversed a pleasing tract of land, bounded on the east by the picturesque chain of mountains of which the soaring Melibocus with its white tower forms a portion. This lofty and imposing eminence lay to the left, glowing with the rich light of an unclouded afternoon's sun, while to the right, amidst the beautiful mountains which rise behind Heppenheim, were the ruins of Starkenburg. At Bensheim we entered the Bergstrasse, the Strata Montana of the ancients. This noble road, which extends from near Darmstadt to Heidelberg, runs beneath the fine chain of the Odenwald, and is agreeably shaded by trees nearly its whole length, without presenting the tedious uniformity of French avenues. It is an ancient Roman road, and the mind of the traveller naturally summons associations of the past to

enliven the serenity of the present. It peoples these bold causeways with the glittering legions of imperial Rome; and instead of the unpicturesque but peaceful subjects of a petty German duchy, it conjures up the luxurious patricians with their stately trains, the martial centurions and their brilliant bands, and spreads through the fields and plantations the hardy slaves of tyrant masters. When the common sense of mankind shall have stamped these gorgeous errors with the seal of ignominy, and all the fascinating corruptions of unchristian ages shall have been unveiled by the hand of reason and religion, the poet and the painter will still instinctively cling to these dazzling portions of their intellectual creeds.

As we passed beneath the bold Melibocus, we were almost tempted to spend the evening on the summit to enjoy the beautiful prospect which it commands. Being situated between the village of Auerbach and the town of Zwingenberg, no difficulty of accommodation need be apprehended in case of a romantic expedition to the little white tower, which rears its conspicuous form to a height of eighty feet.

Our enthusiasm had decreased in proportion to our fatigue, and we were now more inclined to appreciate than to encourage enterprise. We therefore eyed the lofty mountain, and contented ourselves with imagining the prospect which awaited more adventurous travellers. On reaching Bickenbach, decided symptoms of fatigue were manifested by my youngest companion, and it was evident that he bore great ill-will to the knapsack which strained his shoulders. At length, unable to proceed, he cast himself by the road-side with a groan which

awakened the neighbouring echoes. Our prospect of reaching Darmstadt that night was slender, unless some friendly vehicle should relieve our distress.

A short repose enabled my young friend to pursue the journey, but it was evident that his strength and spirits were waning as rapidly as the daylight; and we had scarcely arrived within sight of Eberstadt when he sunk into a dry ditch by the road-side, exclaiming piteously, "I shall surely die!" This time there appeared no chance of a speedy recovery; and I cast myself on the ground by his side, not at all sorry to rest my weary limbs.

As the last flush of daylighted up the scenery around, the noise of an approaching vehicle cheered us with its premonitory sound, and a well-filled hay-cart shortly drove up to the spot where we lay. I speedily made a bargain with the driver, and with our remaining strength we clambered up the lofty side of the waggon, and sank into the yielding hay with a grateful feeling seldom witnessed by a bed of down. It was in truth one of those minor ecstasies which are scarcely worth recording, but which are ever pleasingly present in the mind. Reposing on this soft couch, breathing the mild and refreshing air of evening, we soon forgot our fatigues, and merrily made the woods ring with our joyous choruses.

The night was extremely dark when we found ourselves deposited at the gates of Darmstadt, to wend our way as best we might to the nearest hotel. No lamps befriended the benighted traveller, and it was only by steering to the solitary light which gleamed at the furthest corner of the square that we managed to discover

a resting-place for the night. Of the accommodation afforded in this chance hotel I cannot speak highly, since the first specimens we had of its dainties were tea highly-flavoured with cinnamon, and bread full of caraway seeds. This however is but a matter of taste, and very civilized people may prefer spiced tea and sweetened bread without being capable of any further moral enormity. The appearance of the place was unprepossessing, and would decidedly have deterred us in broad daylight. Our beds suggested various unpleasant ideas.

In spite of these disadvantages, we enjoyed nearly two hours' sleep, which was full as much repose as we generally obtained, owing to the various associations which cluster around the humble traveller.

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## CHAPTER XXXVI.

*Glimpse of Darmstadt—The Past and Present—Walk  
—Gros Gerau—Dinner—After-dinner Resolves—  
The Basket—Costheim—The Fair—The Sentinel—  
The Rescue—Mayence—The Cologne Steamer—The  
Rhine—The Steward's Table—Disappointment—  
Adieu to the Rhine—Cologne—The Gothic.*

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Objects of Interest in Darmstadt—The Palace, containing the Grand Ducal Residence, the Cabinet of Natural History, the Picture Gallery, the Cork Models, the Armoury, and the Library; the Theatre; the Churches of the Palace and of the City, and the New Catholic Church; the Gymnasium; the Exercierhaus; the Stables; the Casino; the Garden called the Bosquet, near the Palace; the Grosse Wog, or Reservoir.

Hotels at Darmstadt—Darmstadter Hof; Traube; Prinz Carl, &c.

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IN the morning we hoisted our knapsacks, and sallied into the city to snatch a hasty glimpse of its general character. It is composed of two portions, the more modern of which bears a considerable resemblance to Carlsruhe. Under the late Grand Duke, so celebrated for his musical taste, the capital increased more than double in population, and a new handsome city sprang up by the side of the more ancient and gloomy town. But the mainspring of the attractions of Darmstadt was lost at the death of its musical sovereign; the court festivities and the carefully-conducted opera vanished with the presiding mind, and left the recollection of their attractions to render the past a source of innocent pride to the descendants of those performers and patrons whose



voices enchanted by their beauty or rewarded by their enthusiastic applause.

The principal object of curiosity is the Grand Ducal Palace, an edifice which fairly represents the two periods in which the city was erected, one half being composed of the buildings which constituted the ancient residence, and the other consisting of the handsome wings forming a portion of the extensive palace contemplated by the Landgrave Ernest Lewis. The museum and the library occupy these modern additions, while the Grand Ducal family is lodged in the original palace and a portion erected in 1788.

Opposite to the palace is the Opera, a handsome edifice constructed in 1819 from designs by M. Moller. Its portico presents a handsome elevation of six Corinthian columns, but as we hurried through the town, I am unable to say whether they are superior to those at Carlsruhe. A noble street leads from the palace to the Mayence gate, where we found ourselves at half-past seven on our road to Mayence.

Endless avenues awaited us ; and, as if to remind us of our previous day's fatigues and inglorious *finale*, the towering Melibocus saluted our eyes at every turn with the pertinacity of the Cockney's landmark, St. Paul's. The day was intensely hot, and the scenery did not present sufficient attractions to make us forget the heat of the sun, the dustiness of the road, the weight of our knapsacks, and the length of the avenues. No adventures befell us ; and when we had worked our passage to the village of Gros Gerau, we were fully prepared to do justice to the neat little dinner which was set before us.

Without being guilty of violent epicurism, we seemed more anxious to drown our fatigues in wine than to add to the catalogue by again taking to the road. The hours passed quietly away, and stole our chance of arriving at Mayence before a late hour at night. We had, however, resolutely made up our minds to reach the Rhine before sunset, yet could not reconcile ourselves to achieve it by force of legs. We therefore resigned our bodies to the safe keeping of one of the most odious contrivances ever suggested by the malignity of a surgeon's jackal friend. It was a long basket fixed upon a pair of shapeless wheels, without the soothing medium of springs, or any of those effeminate inventions by which people are *not* shaken to pieces. A hard seat was slung across the basket, and on this we were compelled to undergo all the varieties of the common tilt, the dislocating jolt, the perpendicular bump, and the lateral swing, much to the detriment of the equilibrium of our bodies, the even tenor of our tempers, and the musical tone of our voices.

At length a final bump proclaimed our arrival at the near shore of the Maine, and saved us from the next step of the foolish beast, which would have plunged us, like poor Jack Falstaff, out of our clothes-basket into the river. Having been ferried over to Costheim, we excited no small curiosity in that village, where an overjoyed population was indulging in the fun and frolic of a fair. Being by this time thoroughly home-sick, we disregarded the small allurements of the scene, and trudged onwards towards Castel or Cassel, the fortress which is connected with Mayence by the bridge of boats.

Not wishing to disturb the gravity of German gaiety

by our odd appearance, we struck into a bye-path, which led somewhat circuitously to the fort through which our road lay. This proceeding did not appear to coincide with the views of the sentinel who was guarding the place from invisible enemies, and who opposed our passage in a very abrupt and rude manner. Being convinced that we were not intruding on forbidden ground, I was resolved to carry the point, and doggedly continued my road. The haughty little Prussian grew warm, I became hot, and it was evident hostilities were about to commence. He blustered with his musket and I with my thick stick; and I was already calculating the chances of the bayonet parry, when a timely assistance was afforded in the shape of an officer who was proceeding by the same path. The sentinel presented arms, I touched my cap, and while my assailant was following the laws of the military code, I was following the law of instinct, by removing myself as quickly as possible from the proximity of danger, and this I did by pursuing the road. I had resolved to follow at all hazards. I am the last person in the world to defy authority; but when caprice usurps its powers, I am ready to try the merits of the case upon personal grounds. I will always obey the veriest underling of government in the proper discharge of his duty, but object to be bullied out of any legal pursuit even by sabres, muskets, or mustachios.

With a constancy resulting more from our own carelessness than from the merits of the hotel, we again took up our quarters at the Rheinberg at Mayence. Our thoughts were now wholly bent upon returning to England as quickly as possible. We determined to bid

adieu to the Rhine at Cologne, and to proceed through Belgium to Antwerp.

At six o'clock in the morning we embarked on board the Frederick William steamer, bound to Cologne. The Rhine was as beautiful as ever, and had even acquired fresh graces from the slight autumnal tinge which pervaded its hills and woods. We dashed through the enchanting prospects with double the rapidity with which we had ascended the stream, and I found it no easy matter to complete those observations which had been neglected on the former occasion. At a quarter to twelve we arrived at Coblenz, an event which by no means contributed to our comfort, since the influx of passengers and carriages sorely cooped us up in the forepart of the vessel, where, for the sake of the view and economy, we had taken our places.

Having been informed that the steward generally took especial care of his table d'hôte,—that of the fore cabin, we were curious to ascertain whether the plebeians were favoured with the same attentions as the genteel and more taciturn members of the chief cabin. Never was an experiment more ill-timed, for happening to be extremely hungry, I had refused to partake of the lesser dainties in expectation of the appearance of the solids, when the steward informed us, with a rueful visage, that owing to the increase of patrician passengers, the more important portions of our meal had gone to consult their refined appetites. This would have been a joke to an invalid or to a moderately hungry man, but prepared as I was to do justice to a sub-

stantial repast, I confess I felt greatly aggrieved for at least ten minutes after the distressing announcement.

The voyage from Bonn to Cologne appeared exceedingly tedious, and it was with no small satisfaction that we hailed the spires of Cologne, and the low, lengthened form of the bridge of boats. Yet as I drew nearer the city I felt some emotion at the idea of quitting the shores of the Rhine—perhaps for ever. Some of the most innocent enthusiasm with which my heart had ever swollen had been kindled amidst its mountains and valleys; and I had drunk deeply of that intense delight which casts its poetic hues over every object, and bestows on all around that beautiful intellectual grace and meaning which may tempt to the indulgence of the rhapsodical and the eccentric, but which is nevertheless the only key to the treasures of nature and art.

Farewell to thy blooming shores, O Rhine! and may the decrees of Providence long ordain that Peace and her smiling train dwell amidst them! Long may thy noble stream tend to the glorious end of bringing man in ameliorating contact with his fellow-creatures, and of washing away those baneful remains of antique prejudice which clog the approaches of national amity, becoming stumbling-blocks in the way of truth!

Farewell, honest, social Germans! Long may your intellectual energies be devoted to those higher sympathies by which every object in nature is referred to some corresponding mental influence, and the more subtle operations of the mind reduced to a pure and irrefragable system. May these energies ever be de-

voted to the unveiling of error, and may the regeneration of Germany be effected by those weapons alone, with the firm conviction that, under all the phases of oppression, the world is still

By boundless love and perfect wisdom form'd,  
And ever rising with the rising mind.

At six o'clock we landed on the quay above the bridge, and to the exceeding jealousy of the porters who crowded about us, we hoisted our wardrobes and proceeded to the Post-office at the farther end of the city, where we intended to book our places for Aix-la-Chapelle.

We deemed it prudent to undertake the journey by day-light, and to pass one more night in the neighbourhood of the cathedral. We took up our abode at the humblest hotel in Cologne, the Römer, simply because it was the nearest, and having refreshed ourselves, we proceeded to a further survey of the capital of the Ubians. My notes on the subject do not enable me to furnish my friends with the result of our rambles, and I must content myself with again observing that the cathedral riveted my attention so thoroughly, that during my evening ramble it followed me to every part of Cologne, and robbed other edifices of a due share of notice. There is something truly sublime in the Gothic; and however powerfully the Grecian and the Roman may appeal to the cultivated taste, the fancy and the feelings are irresistibly affected by the eccentric grandeur and elegance of the Gothic. The gorgeous offsprings of feudalism are worthy of our highest respect, whether

we consider the scientific nature of their construction, the infinite variety of their designs, or the sublimity of their effect. They were the productions of dark ages—ages inferior to our own in reason and morality; but superior in aspirations of Genius and practical enthusiasm. We have, it is true, sounded the depths of material Nature, but it is not the province of practical knowledge and utilitarian philosophy to nurture the fancy or to stimulate enthusiasm.

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## CHAPTER XXXVII.

*Diligence to Aix-la-Chapelle—Cruelty of a Postilion—Aged Brutality—Aix-la-Chapelle—The Market Place and Statue of Charlemagne—Eagles—The Fountain—The Town Hall—Passports—The Cathedral—Tomb of Charlemagne—Silver Crown—Relics—Inauguration Miracle—Spirited Bishops—Church of the Virgin—The Redoute—Morning Ramble—Fontaine Elise—Theatre—Borcette—Journey to Liège—Custom-House Officers.*

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Distance from Cologne to Aix-la-Chapelle, 46½ English miles; fare, 3 thalers 2½ sl. gr.

Objects of interest at Aix-la-Chapelle—The Hôtel de Ville; the Cathedral and Tomb of Charlemagne; Church of Notre Dame; Churches of St. Nicholas, St. Paul; the New Theatre; the Hotel of the Regency; the Old Fountain; the Fontaine Elise; the New Redoute in the Comphausbad; the Hospitals of St. Mary, Joseph, Elizabeth, and St. Vincent; Orphan Asylum; The Market Place and Statue of Charlemagne.

The Ludwigsberg and Ball-room.

Bath-houses and Hotels at Aix-la-Chapelle; the Emperor's Bath; the New Bath; the Queen of Hungary's Bath; St. Quirinus' Bath; St. Charles' Bath and Comphausbad; the Rose Bath and Hotel; the Dragon d'Or; Grand Hôtel; Grand Monarque; Bellevue, Imperial Crown, Rheinische Hof, &c. &c.

Distance from Aix-la-Chapelle to Liège, 5 German miles.

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AT six in the morning we started by Diligence for Aix-la-Chapelle, where we arrived at half-past three. Our road lay through the villages of Munichdorf and Betlehem, by Bergheim, across the Erft to the forti-



fied town of Jülich or Juliers, containing 4000 inhabitants, who are principally devoted to the manufacture of leather and cloth. It is situated on a branch of the Roer, a river which flows into the Maas at Roermond. We then proceeded by Bornen and Aldenhofen, where I espied an old tower that somewhat excited my antiquarian propensities.

A circumstance occurred on the road which for a considerable time distracted my thoughts from topography. Owing to the heat of the day, one of the horses of the "*voiture supplémentaire*" was unable to proceed, and sank exhausted on the ground. The postilion, a young man of about twenty, descended and belaboured the poor suffering brute, with apparent good will. Putting my head out of the window, I protested against this unfeeling treatment; when, to my horror, the monster drew forth a clasp-knife, and lacerated the poor animal's mouth in a dreadful manner, casting at me a look of the most inveterate malignity, as though he would feel even less repugnance at committing the same outrage on me. I could not suppress my indignation, and vented a torrent of the most heartfelt vituperation, appealing to his countrymen to prevent such brutal treatment. But the scene was not complete. Youth had done its worst, and it was reserved for the aged postilion of our vehicle to chuckle at the barbarity, and to exclaim in French with scowling sarcasm—

"S.... D...! la mère de ce cheval n'est pas encore morte!!! Elle en aura bien d'autres!! Relève-toi, bête!"... So saying, the two monsters dragged the poor beast on his legs, and replacing the bit in his

bleeding mouth, proceeded to goad him into the required pace.

The scenery on approaching Aix-la-Chapelle is pleasing, and the descent into the town is varied and picturesque. The hills which encompass it present agreeable prospects, and form that delightful valley whose charms attracted Charlemagne from the other cities of his vast possessions. The imperial city, although divested of its antique grandeur, still maintains its character as a pleasant residence, if the number of visitors of every nation be allowed to speak in favour of its salubrity and pleasures. Of either, my short stay forbids my venturing an opinion; but I fear that the latter depend too much on the practice of gaming to be welcome to the man who can afford to lose neither his character nor his money.

To the right, before entering the city, are the Louis-berg and St. Salvador, the principal hills which command the town, while around are the numerous gardens, public and private, which add so much to the beauty of the immediate neighbourhood: to the left rise the picturesque heights of Burscheid. Entering the city by the Cölnner Thor, and proceeding up the Alexander Strasse past the market, we drove into the court-yard of the Post-office in Jacob Strasse.

The Grosse Rheinische Hof was at hand, and in despite of its being seventeen windows wide, we boldly sought accommodation within its walls. It bore the character of a regular commercial hotel, nor were we disappointed in board, lodging, or bill.

Sauntering into the neighbouring square, I found

myself in presence of the bronze effigy of the august founder of Aachen (Aix), which decorates the centre of the area of which the Town-hall forms one side. I gazed alternately at the imperial statue with its attendant eagles, and at the edifice (the Rathaus) towards which the face is turned, and which stands on the site of the palace where Charlemagne was born. Another eagle now rears its proud head on the walls of the Town-house, as if in mockery of the ephemeral power of Charles the Great, and of the symbols of sovereignty which surround him. It is the eagle of another military monarch whose ancestors were but the Margraves and Electors of petty states, and who leaped, but a short period since, into royalty—by political skips, claiming as right divine that which was granted to them by doubtful human right alone. In its turn, perhaps, will the Prussian eagle be degraded; and even as that of Napoleon once soared above the city of Charlemagne, so perhaps, in its turn, will the dove of peace,—the emblem of Christianity, replace the proud and mongrel heraldry of hereditary sovereignty, when the follies and crimes of irresponsible legislation are but records of the past.

The fountain, which forms the nucleus of the market, was constructed in 1353, by the Burgomaster Gerhard Chorus, who appears to have done much to embellish the city, since in the same year he rebuilt the Town-hall. This edifice replaced the palace erected in 988, by Otho III., on the site of the structure in which Charlemagne was born, and which was destroyed by the Normans in 882. The fountain was formerly adorned

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and seals, was delivered to me on payment of five francs, for permission to enter Belgium. Thus partly from the dull obstinacy of the Dutch King, the suspicions of the Belgians, and the willingness of the poor Prussian Government to pocket a fee, travellers may be subjected to the indignity of a refusal to enter Belgium with a Dutch passport, however countersigned by other authorities. Although serious enough to command obedience, this petty nonsense is sufficiently absurd to excite a hearty laugh.

The Cathedral deserves well of the antiquarian traveller, since the octagonal portion of it was constructed during the reign of Charlemagne, whose remains were deposited beneath the cupola. The eye wanders round its venerable walls in search of some fitting monument to Charles the Great, and the fancy recoils from the abruptly communicated fact, that the feet are trampling on the name which once filled the world with awe. A huge stone covers the vault in which once lay the remains of the Emperor; and the simple inscription "Carolo Magno" points out to the wondering tourist the small spot where so much greatness was obliged to sojourn. Yet even the amiable weakness which might have desired undisturbed repose for the soul-deprived clay was not destined to be consulted, and the bones of the mighty hero have been scattered abroad, denied the privilege which the serf claims not in vain. Such is the badge of greatness. Obtrusive publicity while living—and desecrating homage when dead. Above the tomb is an enormous crown of silver and copper gilt, presented to the Church by Frederick I. As service was being

performed, I refrained from exploring every part of the church, which, however, deserves an attentive examination.

It is not to be supposed that so ancient and important a cathedral could be without its relics, and its noble founder consequently collected some that were worthy of his pet fane. As I am not fond of relics I shall not furnish a list of them. The real head of St. Paul would be outweighed by a sentence of his discourses, and we might gaze on it to eternity, yet would it never impart to us so much of the true St. Paul as the smallest portion of his inspired words. The Grecian Sage spoke thus to Crito :—"I can never persuade you that Socrates is he who converses with you, and arranges the several parts of his discourse ; for you always imagine that I am what you are going to see dead in a little time ; you confound me with my carcase, and therefore ask me how I would be interred."

It suffices to say that these relics appear to have answered a purpose, since in the year 1496 upwards of 142,000 pilgrims assembled in one day to behold the septennial exhibition, and paid for the sight the round sum of 80,000 golden florins of that day. When will a charity sermon equal these relics ?

What may not be expected from an edifice in favour of whose inauguration a miracle was effected ? They were, it is true, somewhat common in those days, and do not appear to have entirely ceased in the Catholic Church in the present age. Charlemagne, who, like Napoleon, was a man of dashing ideas, determined to open his own Cathedral with *éclat*, and therefore summoned the

bishops of his vast territory to assist at the solemnity, desiring to be honoured with the presence of as many of these dignitaries as there are days in the year. But, alas! the vastest designs may be frustrated by trifles, and the small number two was destined to thwart the project of Charles the Great, only *three hundred and sixty-three* bishops having assembled to do him homage. This was a sad blow to the Emperor, who does not appear to have possessed the art of making bishops as easily as modern prime ministers, since he was deeply concerned at the incompleteness of his Episcopal Year. It was however too late to defer the ceremony, and the Cathedral was opened in great style by the *three hundred and sixty-five* bishops of Charlemagne's domains. But whence came the *two*? some may inquire. Like good and faithful ecclesiastics, two Bishops of Tongres, named Monulphus and Gondulphus, who had been buried many years in the church of St. Gervais at Maastricht, left their graves, and in a very *spirited* manner appeared amongst the living bishops in the church of Our Lady, to the great delight of Charlemagne and Pope Leo III., who officiated on this important occasion.

The Church of Our Lady, into which I was only able to peep, contains an altar-piece by Rubens, but of its merits I am not enabled to speak with decision.

The evening we devoted to the New-Redoute on the Compesbad, where in a brilliant saloon of noble dimensions the victims of ennui and gaming were dissipating their vapours and cash.

Early in the morning I started on my rounds to see as much of the city as was possible before the hour of ten,

when we were to start for Liege. Entering the Market place and passing the Town Hall, and descending a street to the right, I found myself in the Buchel, in the immediate neighbourhood of which are the superior Baths. Thence proceeding to the right along the Holzgraben I entered the new and handsome Friedrich Wilhelms Platz, in which is the elegant structure called the Fontaine Elise, so named after the Princess Eliza of Bavaria, the wife of the Prince Royal. It is a Doric structure 266 feet long, consisting of a central rotunda, 64 feet in height, and colonnades on either side 180 feet in length, terminated by wings devoted to refreshment. Continuing my walk I approached the new quarter of the town, where the utmost elegance and cleanliness cheer the eye accustomed to the gloom and oddity of the ancient portions. In the middle of the square, which commences this new district, is an elegant structure erected in 1823, which from the inscription on the handsome Ionic portico, *Musagetæ Heliconiadumque chora*, proclaims itself to be the Theatre. In the corner of the square to the right is the Hotel of the Regency, a noble mansion designed by M. Cremer, the architect of the Theatre. Pursuing the street behind the latter edifice, along a comfortable foot-path, I arrived at the avenue which leads to Burscheid or Borcette, a town distinct from Aachen, but which in a short time will be connected with it by the houses which are springing up in every direction.

It ill becomes the gravity of a Journalist to indulge in childish jesting, but I confess that the first sight of Borcette reminded me of a cry familiar to the denizens of



London, "Hot, All Hot, Piping Hot!" for in truth this truly German town begins and ends in smoke. This fifth element curls fantastically about the picturesque town, winding up to the heights on which portions of Borcette are built, and creeping along the narrow streets in the valley, obscuring the forms of the invalids and washerwomen, who make use of its boiling waters.

The name of Borcette is supposed to be derived from the Latin *porcetum*, the place having been formerly inhabited by wild boars. This supposition may not be without truth, especially if we connect it with the fact of the flesh of these animals being in high credit, owing to the facility with which they smoked their own hams in this region of hot water.

On my return I was again obliged to visit the Police, and at length obtained my whole length portrait and passport. At ten o'clock we rolled up the St. Jacob Strasse and through the Lütticher Thor, on our road to Liège. On leaving Prussia we showed our passports, and again on entering Belgium. At Henri Chapelle, on the frontier of Prussia and Belgium, we underwent a very troublesome Custom House examination.

I had as usual nothing to complain of, thanks to my knapsack, but others were severely visited by the heavy hand of the law. An invalid gentleman had amongst his luggage a trifling article which he used every night as a lamp, the utmost value of which could not have been more than three shillings. This was immediately placed aside as contraband, and, to the surprise of all present, 47 centimes were charged as duty by the Belgian donkey who presided at the inquisition. It is a trifle like this

that renders a government ridiculous in the eyes of travellers.

Our road lay through Clermont, Battice, Hervé, and Jupille. The scenery is nearly the whole way of a beautiful character, being well wooded and richly cultivated. Belgium is an extremely rich country, and after the flats of Holland, its swelling and richly-tinted features fascinate the eye. To the right of the road, in the distance, the traveller beholds Maastricht, and the fancy traces a line of demarkation between the fertile soil of Leopold the chosen, and the swampy levels of William the discarded.

The road which leads from Aix la-Chapelle to Brussels by Maastricht and Louvain was closed to diligences, thanks to the Dutchman's firmness of head, a small portion of the road having the audacity to penetrate his dominions.

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## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

*Atmosphere of Liège—Bishop's Palace—Harsh Opinion—Cathedral—Religious Notice—St. Martin's Mount—Whist Party—Diligence to Brussels—Château of Choquier—Huy—The Scrutiny—Valley of the Meuse—Namur—Jesuits' Church—Cathedral—Quatre Bras—Waterloo—Belgian Lion—Forest of Soignies.*

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Objects of Interest in Liège—The Cathedral of St. Paul; the Churches of St. James, St. John, and St. Martin; the Bishop's Palace now the Tribunal; the Town Hall; the *Maison de Piété*; the Citadel; the University and Theatre; the Dramatic Theatre; the Hospital; the Cannon Foundry; the Seminary, &c.

Hotels at Liège; *L'Aigle Noir*; *Pavillon Anglais*; *Pomme d'Or*; *La Couronne Impériale*; *Hotel de Hollande*; *La Pommelette*, &c.

Distance from Liège to Brussels, 16½ posts; fare 10 francs.

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A CHANGE in the atmosphere rather than a change in the scenery announced our approach to that seat of mechanical industry—Liège. I confess that the resemblance of the smoky veil which enveloped the city to the dismal clouds which hang over English cities did not in the least revive patriotic emotions, but served rather to sicken than to soften my heart. A German author, of 1732, says of Liège, "It produces a sort of mineral which is an earth proper to burn, and their common fuel, but a fuel very disagreeable because of its nasty smell, which is infinitely worse than the English coal, and renders Liège, in the winter time, as black

and sooty as London." I am a slave to atmosphere, and could submit to any privation beneath a pure unclouded sky . . . but my lot is cast, and I must therefore exclaim, "Evil, be thou my good!" and endeavour to endure patiently, where I enjoy so much. The appearance of Liège is striking; and the winding of the Maas through the hills which rise on either side, crowned by the citadel and other edifices, produces a fine effect, which is not lessened by an acquaintance with the interior of the city, which, in spite of its blackened soil, is in truth spacious and handsome.

We took up our abode at the Hotel de la Pommelette, in a narrow street opposite the Diligence Office. As it was only four o'clock, we proceeded immediately to survey the town. The first object which attracted us was the bishop's palace, an edifice upon which Scott has inflicted unmerited renown, since the traveller hurries to the square where it is situated to gaze upon the ancient residence of the venerable bishop so inhumanly murdered by William de la Mark, and discovers, to his regret, a more modern edifice erected on the site of the ancient structure which was burnt to the ground in 1503. This building is now devoted to the tribunals, having thus answered the double ends of religion and justice. The façade has nothing remarkable in its aspect but the twisted columns (no two of which are alike) which form the arcades of the inner court. The back of the edifice, which overlooks a very narrow, dirty street, is evidently much older than the front. I devoted, I fear, more time to the contemplation of a different scene, that of a working man in the most dis-

gusting state of intoxication, revelling in all the filth of the dirtiest corner of the street.

It was probably from similar examples that the Baron de Pollnitz drew his general character of the *Liegeois*. "The people of Liège," writes he, "go with joy to the bottle, and are, at best, men of warm brains, great talkers, railers and backbiters. They drive a great trade, with as little honesty as elsewhere. They are drunkards, quarrelsome, and so vindictive, that they think any sort of revenge sweet. I confess that of all the people I ever conversed with, there are none for whom I have less esteem." Bravo, M. le Baron! Verily the men of Belgium are obliged to the Baron de Pollnitz in the eighteenth century, and the Belgian ladies to Mrs. Trollope in the nineteenth.

Our next visit was to the cathedral, and it well deserves a visit, especially from the traveller who has just left the large, unfinished, and mongrel cathedrals of Rhenish Germany. Amongst the works of art which adorn it, but which demand no especial attention, is an Assumption, by *Lairesse*. The interior of this handsome church is profusely decorated with marble, the ceiling is extremely rich, and the altars, right and left, present a very splendid appearance. Opposite to this edifice, which has been the cathedral since the destruction of St. Lambert, is a fountain with bronze figures of the Virgin and Child, at the corners of which four lions eject streams of water into as many basins.

On the doors of the churches a notice was stuck up which I thought worthy of being transcribed. "Per-

sonne n'ignore le grand crédit de Saint Roch auprès de Dieu ; il semble que par une prédilection spéciale, le Souverain Dispensateur de toutes choses ait choisi son humble serviteur Roch pour en faire celui de sa bonté dans toutes sortes d'afflictions, principalement dans les maladies contagieuses." Ascending St. Martin's Mount, which commands the most open part of the city, we endeavoured in vain to get a sight of the church which crowns the eminence. Descending to the lower town by a precipitous staircase, we continued our rounds, and just as evening cast a blacker veil over Liège than the one which the sun endeavours to pierce, we returned to our hotel, full of *Liege* subjects.

I was amused at the character of a whist party which occupied the table next to us, and longed for the pencil of a Wilkie to do it justice. The principal player wore a blue smock frock which enhanced the value of his rubicund visage. He sadly discomposed the decorum of the game by his boisterous mirth, and seemed bent upon vigorous argument rather than taciturn whist. He scrupulously marked down the scores with a lump of chalk, and when any thing went wrong in the game, he vented his surprise or vexation by a prolonged whistle.

At half past five we started for Brussels, having taken especial care to inform the people at the Bureau that we wished to proceed by way of Namur and the valley of the Meuse or Maas. This is necessary, as blunders often arise, and the traveller finds himself on the other less interesting road.

We shortly quitted the blackened soil of Liège, and

approached the picturesque part of the valley of the Meuse, which has attractions for the traveller, albeit he behold it with an eye lately charmed by the ampler beauties of the Rhine. Many portions bear a considerable resemblance to the banks of our own poetical Wye. The road lies the whole way along the river, and passes through Flemalle, Choquier, Flaane, Amay, and across the river to Huy. The château of Choquier presents a very strange appearance, being built on the summit of a perpendicular and overhanging rock, with a daring that must have been somewhat uncomfortable to the first inhabitants. The centre of gravity has been taken, and the outer line of the building stands over the inner line of the rock, so that all in front of the château is suspended over the road. After passing some alum and steel works, and one of Cockerill's manufactories, Huy appears in sight, romantically situated between picturesque hills, and commanded by a solid and compact modern fortress. On crossing the bridge, the view is remarkably fine, embracing the noble features of the church and the fort, which soar above the town, while to the right the river is seen winding between imposing rocks. On arriving in the town, an unusual crowd surrounded us, and two gens d'armes immediately demanded our passports. One of them very abruptly asked me "D'où êtes-vous?" Not relishing his roughness, I repeated his question, and replied, "Drôle de question! D'où suis-je? De mon lit ce matin." "D'où venez-vous?" demanded he as abruptly as before; turning on my heel I referred him to my passport. The audience laughed, and the jack-boot hero looked grand, but put no further

question. I soon learned that all this extra severity was in consequence of the prisoners having escaped from St. Pélagie, and it is probable 'my looks were not such as to exempt me from suspicion.

The view of the fortress at a little distance from the town on the road to Namur is extremely beautiful, and but for its use, I should admire its execution. The scenery from Huy to Namur is very grand, presenting a succession of picturesque cliffs, which raise their imposing and threatening forms above the road which has been cut through their bases. At times they rear their naked and motley-coloured crags above the river, in abrupt and fearful majesty, riven by the elements into turrets and pinnacles, or torn into huge masses which seem to threaten the traveller with instant destruction. At others, they are screened by groves or clad with herbage, while their shattered crests tower above the smiling verdure in endless variety of form. The river is small, and the scenery in proportion; but few streams display more picturesque beauties. The industrious Belgians have turned these rocks to account, and have piled the squared blocks and slabs, torn from them by the road side, ready for the neighbouring markets. Marche le Dam, the Château of the Prince d'Arenberg, forms a pleasing variety in the scene, and the eye is also attracted by the beautiful coloured earths which mark the metal works that abound here, and which are strewn along the banks like samples of powder oil-colours.

The long line of the citadel stretching on the heights above announces Namur to be one of those unhappy towns which have been thought worthy of being forti-



fied, and consequently of being equally injured by friends and foes. At twelve o'clock we arrived at Namur, and were allowed two hours to dine and to inspect the town. The church of St. Loup, or of the Jesuits, is remarkably beautiful; the roof is intricately carved in stone, not in the purest taste, but curiously withal. Twelve marble pillars are amongst the principal ornaments, and the marble altars to the Virgin must also be enumerated as objects of admiration. The confessionals are finely carved in oak. It is to be regretted that the high altar should have been denied a portion of the marble which decorates the smaller ones. There are fourteen paintings in various parts of the church, but none of commanding merit.

In the cathedral, the principal object which arrested my attention was a remarkably fine Crucifixion, by Vandyck, rather richer in tone than the generality of that great painter's works. There are also several paintings by pupils of Rubens, and amongst the monuments is one deserving of notice to the memory of Bishop Pisani.

Before we could extend our survey our watchmen informed us that we had just time left to snatch a hasty dinner: we therefore hurried back to the hotel, and having repaired our constitutions, again mounted the diligence and started for Brussels.

Our road lay in an opposite direction to the Meuse, and the scenery lost its romantic character as we receded from Namur. Different feelings were now to be excited, more powerfully than by the mild influence of poetry. We were approaching scenes which the most vivid traits of history have immortalized, and where the commingled blood of nations has stamped a

record of man's power and weakness in characters at once fearful and fascinating. We were about to visit a spot where the horrors of merciless carnage affrighted the peaceful mind; and where the dauntless resolution of heroes and patriots made the breasts of thousands swell with sympathetic exultation.

This mixture of the grand and the little—the noble and the horrible—of virtue and vice, truth and error—staggered the mind and fills it with a wondrous combination of images, which distract the judgment and bewilder the fancy. This was my second visit to the field of Waterloo, and I felt even more emotion on traversing this memorable plain than I had done in the thoughtless season of youth, at a period when the untinted glory of the event yet spread a halo around the scene. Maturer age lent a different medium through which to behold it, and the exultation of the Briton was checked more frequently by the reflections of the man.

It is in truth a spot which cannot be visited without high-wrought feelings, and he who could traverse the battle-field of Waterloo without thought or word is devoid of human affections.

On approaching Les Quatre-Bras, my imagination filled the undulating landscape with the disorganized remains of the gallant army which had marched in its guilty triumphs over the soil of Europe to be hurled back on its own frontiers—baffled and degraded. I beheld the lowering visage of their chief as, stunned by the appalling reverse, he was hurried from the ensanguined field through the wreck of his once noble army. I also traced the blood-red phalanx of Britain's shattered army as it poured like a torrent of destruction,

from its nobly sustained position, upon the yielding and awe-stricken bands of its foes. My heart seemed bursting with emotion as I pictured the reviving vigour of Albion's sons as they leaped to the last charge;—and as I beheld the subdued pride, exultation and gratitude of the immortal chieftain who had repressed their eager valour into victory, I felt ennobled at the picture my imagination drew; but an eloquent tear which mingled in the poetical discourse told of evils too deep for the pen of that brilliant but faithless historian—Glory.

The whole scene was altered since my last visit: fresh houses were intruding, and trees had been felled. The Belgian lion was the principal feature, but to my sight far from a pleasant one. It was erected, it appears, on the spot where the Prince of Orange was wounded. So trifling an event did not authorize so imposing a memorial. If it be a testimonial of the glorious battle, surely the British lion and the Prussian eagle are fitter emblems. The Belgian lion is comparatively a new animal, and has no right to assume such airs in the forest of fame. Ill-natured report says that neither the Belgians nor the Dutch were the greatest heroes of the day.

Evening drew on as we entered the Forest of Soignies. Even there changes were discernible: its deep loneliness had been invaded by the axe, and the spaces thus cleared and the new buildings which have sprung up amidst its shady recesses had disturbed the unbroken solitude through which the bleeding remains of the victorious army of Waterloo but a few years since paraded its triumphant but melancholy procession.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

*Brussels — Scrap of its History — Place Royale and Park — Effects of Revolution — Railroad from Brussels to Mechlin — Vilvorde — Mechlin — Extortion — The Moon never in the right — The Cathedral — St. John's Church — Rubens' Pictures.*

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Objects of Interest in Brussels—The Town-Hall and Market-place; the Churches of St. Gudule, Notre Dame, St. James, St. Nicholas, St. Catherine, Notre Dame de Bon Secours, Notre Dame des Victoires, &c.; the Museum in La Vieille Cour; the Palais de l'Industrie; the Mint; the Royal Palace; the Prince of Orange's Palace; the Palace of the Congress; the Park; the Place Royale; the Palais de Justice; the Theatre; the Vaudeville; the Place des Martyrs.

Hotels at Brussels—Hôtels de Belle-vue de l'Europe; de Flandre; de Brabant; de Suède; du Grand Miroir de France.

From Brussels to Antwerp,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  posts (11 post leagues) or about 24 miles; fare by canal, 3 francs.

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At half past nine in the evening we entered Brussels, and drove into the yard of the coach-office in such gallant style that we splintered portions of the diligence, uprooted a large vase at the foot of a staircase, and grazed the little finger of your humble servant.

We put up at the Hôtel Impérial for the night, and sauntered through the city, as we were in duty bound. My survey of the town was somewhat interfered with by reflections upon the fate of this noble amplification of the "*île St. Geary*," which was the nucleus of the capital of Belgium. It derived the name of Brussels from

the *broussailles*, or briars, which covered its site; and it was with a melancholy adherence to analogy that I traced it from its briar-origin through its periods of suffering, till I beheld it writhing from the thorns planted in its bosom by misgovernment and revolution. It was still, in truth, a city of *broussailles*! Its origin as a city may be traced to its being environed with walls against the inundations of the river Senne, and it is interesting to trace its progress from the patronage of the Dukes of Brabant to its situation under the sway of Burgundy; thence to the dominion of Spain and the influence of Charles V., and ultimately to its fate under the tyranny of the Duke of Alva.

As I profess in this journal only to give an account of what I saw in this one journey, my notice of Brussels must necessarily be short, since I stayed there little more than half a day.

In the morning we ascended the town to the fashionable quarter, and lounged about the Place Royale and the Park. The effects of the revolution were apparent in every corner of this handsome square, and the marks of the bullets disfigured the surrounding edifices and the trees, while the elegant entrances to the gardens were mostly destroyed. The railing which inclosed it had been torn down and hurdles supplied its place. This pride of Brussels was a mere spectre of its former self, and it will cost the good folks who worked so zealously to get rid of the Dutch, almost as much labour to remedy the effects of their own valour.

The whole effect of Brussels was uncomfortable: the park was in disorder, and St. Gudule was under

repair; we therefore determined upon proceeding by the railroad to Mechlin, or Malines, so as to reach Antwerp in the evening.

The good people of Belgium seem exceedingly proud of their railroad, and bestow upon it the affection due to an only child. "Les braves Belges," who have occasionally shown themselves prudent in time of war, have not forfeited their character for prudence in time of peace, and have in this instance commenced their railroad mania upon a dead level. It is not however any demerit of theirs that nature has not created mountains between Antwerp and Brussels. At the period of my visit the undertaking was only complete as far as Mechlin, and that distance was performed in very creditable style for a small sum. Compared with similar works in England it is a mere trifle:—the calculations of the probable traffic having decided the engineer to lay down only one set of rails, the same train going and returning several times a day. No difficulties had to be overcome, consequently to the man of science the Brussels railroad is merely a pretty toy. Having to call on a young friend at the institution of M. Portales at Vilvorde, we stopped at that town an hour and proceeded to Mechlin by diligence, leaving the railroad to the right.

Having taken the precaution of inquiring the fare from Vilvorde to Mechlin at the former town, I was enabled to detect the extortion of the conducteur, who took considerably more than was his due. Resolving not to be bullied as well as cheated, I went to the Préfecture de Police, and M. le Préfet having been sent for

listened patiently to my case, but was evidently embarrassed at being solicited to interfere. I informed him that I should not have troubled him for the recovery of so trifling a sum, but I added, magniloquently, that I conceived the credit of his nation was at stake, and that I deemed it my duty to afford him an opportunity of wiping off the stain. The poor man evidently beheld no harm in any attempt at squeezing money from travellers, and I left him with the assurance that the affair concerned him more than me.

We had just time to visit the Cathedral and the Church of St. John, two buildings which are scarcely to be paralleled for the objects of interest they contain. The cathedral is a fine edifice, dedicated to St. Rumoldi, or Rombauld. The tower, which is incomplete, rises to the height of 348 feet, and was, in former days, the innocent cause of a violent attack upon the lustre of the moon by the worthy burghers of "Mechlin the Superb," who tremblingly beheld, as they imagined, the summit of their cathedral on fire. Be the moon high, the wise-acres of Mechlin deluge it with water as an incendiary; be it low, the simpletons of a Wiltshire hamlet vow it is no better than a cheese, and attempt to rake it out of a pond which it had considerably illumined by its reflection.

The principal features of the interior of this elegant church are the large statues of the Apostles, which adorn the nave, and the fine altar-piece by Vandyke, representing the Crucifixion. The altar, which is surmounted by a statue of the patron-saint, is richly adorned with marble, the floor being paved with the

same material. To the right and left are handsome tombs and pieces of sculpture, and the elegant pulpit completes the richness of the decorations.

The Church of St. John is, as far as the arts are concerned, superior to the Cathedral, as it contains numerous fine productions by the prince of Flemish painters. The sculptured pulpit, the finely carved pews and confessionals, the showy altars, and the bold, rich organ, combine to produce a fine effect;—but the Great Altar presents attractions which subdue all others. The altar-piece consists of three pictures by Rubens, representing the Adoration of the Magi, the Baptism of Christ, and St. John the Baptist. When the eye has revelled some time amidst the gorgeous hues of these beautiful works, the two wings are turned on a pivot and present on their reverse sides—the Beheading of John the Baptist, and the Martyrdom of John the Evangelist. In so small a space and in so short a period to behold so many masterly performances is a treat which rather takes the mind by surprise, and incapacitates it for criticism. I felt inclined to linger over these beautiful works, and was somewhat encouraged to protract my visit by the evident satisfaction of our guide, which prevented him from rattling his keys with the impatience natural to his calling. My own time however was drawing short, and I reluctantly retreated from this beautiful church and its quintuple altar-piece to mingle again in the commonplace world, from which Rubens had withdrawn me.



## CHAPTER XL.

*Antwerp—Cathedral, and Festival of the Virgin—Bad Taste—Contrast—Rubens' Pictures—Power of the Arts—The Arts considered as Instruments of Civilization—Their religious tendency—The neglect which High Art has experienced in England—Future Prospect.*

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Objects of Interest in Antwerp—The Cathedral; the Churches of St. James, St. Andrew, St. Paul, the Augustines, Charles Borromeo, &c.; the Hôtel de Ville; the Museum; the Exchange; the Theatre; the Citadel; the Place de Mer; the Palais Royal.

Hôtels at Antwerp—Au Grand Laboureur; Hôtel St. Antoine; l'Ours; l'Hôtel d'Angleterre, &c.

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We arrived at Antwerp in time to witness the grand mass which terminates the Festival of the Virgin. The noble cathedral resounded with the sublime music which echoed the praises of the Holy Mother amidst crowded ranks of zealous believers. Yet amidst the solemnity and even sublimity of the scene there were not wanting those trifling appeals to the eye which tarnish the brightness of Catholic pageantry. With the religious question I meddle not; but as a mere matter of good taste, why should the Virgin and her worshippers be alike outraged by a gaudy emblem apparelled in the most egregious trumpery, and blazing with the jewelled offerings wrung from crime, fanaticism and weakness?—Can the mind which has dwelt enraptured on the noble and soul-stirring strains which filled the wide vault,

sanction the mummery of a tawdry doll from which the rude Indian would turn away with contempt?—Can the eye which has gazed on the awful scenes of the Redeemer's sufferings, represented by the sublime pencil of Rubens, turn without disgust to the blasphemous effigy which priestcraft has set up to elicit golden offerings and to dazzle the outward vision of man? It is inconceivable that the powers which have sanctioned and perhaps appreciated the introduction of the noblest works of the pencil and the chisel into the sublimest of edifices, should have degraded their worship by the vilest caricatures.

I sickened at the violent contrast between the intellect of the mighty men who had endeavoured to elevate humanity by their noble works, and the subtle, dark, and sacrilegious conceptions of weakness and craft, and offered up a fervent prayer that the mind of man might one day be released from the thralldom which curbs its righteous aspirations, and pollutes its vigour.

This truly noble Cathedral contains two of the finest productions of Rubens,—the Raising of the Cross, and the Descent. These grand pictures and their wings are too well known to require a laboured analysis of their merits. The principal altar is also decorated with a large piece by Rubens, representing the Ascension of the Virgin, the lightness of which contrasts with the solemn tone of the Raising and Descent of the Cross. Whilst gazing at these sublime efforts of genius, and listening to the majestic swell of the solemn music, I could not help reflecting upon the power of the Arts in raising the tone of the mind, and preparing it for that well regulated

enthusiasm which renders the heart sensitive; and the judgment beneficent.

I cannot resist this opportunity of closing my humble Journal with a digression—a record of the thoughts thus suggested, and trust the reader will pardon much that he may term rhapsodical in favour of the sincerity with which it is penned.

A period has approached when events assume an air of the deepest importance, prognosticating changes of vast interest to the nations of the world. It is to be hoped that amidst topics of more vital necessity the claims of British Art will be duly satisfied, since, if it become neglected and powerless, civilization retrogrades. The Fine Arts are the handmaids of Reason: they gracefully blend the beauties of reality and fiction, and attempt to create a minor world, where the philosophical and poetical powers of the human mind may be exercised on concentrated and enduring themes. They snatch from the scythe of Time events teeming with grandeur, and arrest his pinion ere he wafts into oblivion the great and glorious models of the human race. They re-create the Past, and the forms and hues of the Present are emulously registered for the contemplation of the Future.

By an anomalous power they bring Nature nearer to the mental vision than when her glorious works are spread upon the verdant footstool of the Almighty in the beauty of infinite variety. They have an eclectic jurisdiction over the works of Creation. By a condensation of effect the feeble intellect of man conceives at once in a congenial mode that which was too vast for his comprehension. Some honour is due to the interpreters of

the majestic language by which Nature is successfully wooed, and which all may perceive, but which the chosen few alone appreciate in its eternal round of sublimity and loveliness. Some consideration belongs to those who humbly worship the hand-writing of the Divinity, and, analyzing its minutest characters, teach those who admire in ignorance, but not in error, the charms of each part—the majesty of each harmonious whole. Their language is second only to the accents of the inspired men who breathed forth the oracles of Heaven.

Many causes are assigned for the decline of Art in Europe, and many ingenious surmises have been advanced, tending to cast the blame alternately on rulers, artists, and the people. There is, however, a wisely-ordained law, which mysteriously brings forth every thing in due season. It is by the operation of this law that we may be destined, at no remote period, to dispute the palm of victory in the arena of art, even with the mightiest intellectual gladiators of antiquity. Man is made to operate upon his future destiny by means at once subtle and conclusive. The measures he adopts at a late period to conduce to a certain end were as feasible in the abstract view, when they were but conclusions of reason, not modes of action; but the time had not come, the precise moment of sympathetic alliance had not yet arrived: the igniting spark was wanting.

The claims of the Arts have never been hitherto sincerely recognized in England as identified with national dignity. They have been acknowledged by the wealthy as trifling portions of intellectual gratification and objects

of fashionable necessity: by many they have been regarded as enervating luxuries, and denounced as the heralds of corruption.

We have risen to an unparalleled degree of commercial power, and the sea-girt asylum of liberty has become a pilgrimage to the nations of the earth. But ah! there is a power more flattering, more genial, more perverting; there is a pilgrimage more ennobling, more fraternal. The acute eye of Commerce, as it steals over the mimic globe with a selfish glance, gleams the secret of wealth and enjoyment. The haughty genius of Politics, as it weighs the nations of the earth in its balance, betrays no kindred emotion for national virtues and national misfortunes, but measures to a hair the less endearing requisites of rival states, pondering with exultation over their weakness, and beholding with envy their successes.

How mildly does the Muse's vision light upon those favoured spots where the altar of Apollo gleams with the congenial offerings of his votaries! How tranquil, yet how fervent, the enjoyment derived from the Arts! They foster no passions, engender no prejudices, nurture no folly, and are, therefore, opposed to those unintellectual and destructive elements which it is their aim to eradicate from the world.

The Arts were cradled in monographic simplicity, and advanced, by the modification and renovation of succeeding ages, through all the gradations of the linear and chromatic scale, to the combined splendour of sensual beauty and moral sublimity. The human mind requires to be taught to perceive excellence in Art, and it is in vain that the noblest models are placed before the artist

until he has acquired by deep study the language in which they are expressed.

Ideal beauty is the beneficent spell cast around the artist's mind ; it has an ethereal existence, but he hopes to infuse a portion of its loveliness into his works. It is the source of those waking dreams of perfection which render the finest creations of the pencil and the chisel vapid to the mind which conceived them. It is to the artist a pillar of fire, guiding him on his way through the darkness of confined powers to the haven of human perfection. It is this ideal beauty which must be kept, like the Vestal flame, ever glowing on the altar. It is the star of hope of all schools. An agreement as to its unattainable perfection has pervaded the conceptions of generations, and has been the fertile source of those practical yearnings after beauty which have impelled the arts from a state of unambitious imitation to the combined harmonies of form and effect.

This ideal beauty has been hitherto neglected by the English school and worshipped imprudently by the French. Both being founded on error, have fallen short of greatness. The frigid and unnatural propriety of the one, and the unrefined boldness of the other, are equally removed from the graceful and vigorous ideal. With the British school, what want of capacity originated, want of patronage completed ; and while the art has been degraded, artists have been enervated.

A brighter æra is approaching. The wealthy of the nation vie with each other in the patronage of talent, and though their emulation be not always excited by the

loftiest efforts of genius, a kindred feeling will descend to their successors, refined into enlightened virtue by the increasing intelligence of ages. Our clergy are now too enlightened to oppose the appeal of the painter's and sculptor's arts, and do not fail to perceive that there is a bond of union between our intellectual powers and our moral nature, which sanctifies the union of piety with poetry. All who are recognized as the fosterers of art appear alive to its beauty and influence, although they may at times mistake the mode of applying their rewards and the efforts most deserving their protection. The nation, from whose universal accents the man of genius derives his sweetest consolation for deep thought and unremitted labour, is rapidly arriving at that relish for the fine arts, that true and innermost enthusiasm for the condensed charms of art, which is the corrector of vulgar emotions and the parent of elevated thoughts and noble sympathies. When all, then, are agreed as to the importance of the subject, what bar is there to our successful career?

Patrons have yet to learn that a moderate share of talent will enable a man to cover a large space with striking figures; that real art is not an empty coquette who flauntingly displays her attractions to the eye; and that the real artist is sensitively tenacious of his independence of thought, and shudders at the idea of becoming a parasite with his pencil. The artist in his turn has to reflect that upon him devolves the labour of creating a school, and that he has to bring forth those efforts of skill which are to be rendered national by due apprecia-

tion, and dignified by their moral tendency. He has to force out of inferior channels the patronage which should be the reward of the highest merit alone.

These desirable effects are not the result of an age, and it is for little more than a century that England has possessed a school of art. Praxiteles was the creation of ages, each imparting some fresh grace or feature to the lovely statue of the Grecian ideal. As the ceaseless tricklings from the glacier swell into the ample stream, the mind of man rolls onwards towards eternity, collecting the bright and varied imaginings of years and ages.

Let us, then, pursue our labours with zeal and discretion, and, while we gratefully hail the brightness of the rising sun of art, let us prepare our mental vision for the period when the meridian orb shall cast its refulgence around, and we shall be enabled, with national pride and virtuous delight, to realize

“ ——— that concord of harmonious powers  
Which forms the soul of HAPPINESS.”



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